Ulrich Middeldorf

William Hogarth.

THE WORKS of Mr. Hogarth MORALIZED.

LONDON.

Price Bound, One Pound Eighteen Shillings.

TO THE GENEROUS

PATRONIZERS OF MERIT;

THIS

WORK

IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

By their Moſt Grateful,

And Devoted Servant,

JOHN TRUSLER.

ADVERTISEMENT.

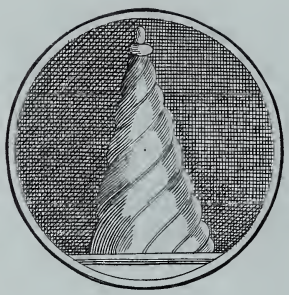
THE author of theſe ſheets hopes to ſtand excuſed in his omiſſion of the print of the TIMES, it being merely a temporary publication, now out of date; and, of hoſe of BEFORE, and, AFTER, they being of too ludicrous a nature to have a place in this work.

THE PREFACE.

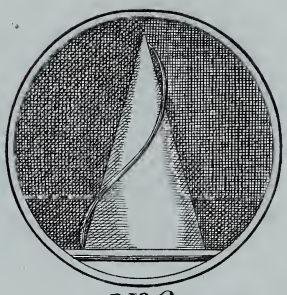
SO much having been ſaid, in the courſe of this work, of Mr. *Hogarth*'s abilities, and, excellence; any thing more, on that head, would be deemed tautology. I ſhall only ſay, (as to uſher a book into the world without a preface, would, in this age, be thought an abſurdity) leſt I ſhould be condemned, for want of taſte, and, not entering a little more into the ſpirit and execution of our author's performances, that I never deſigned to point out that which ſtands ſo viſible to the world, or, pay the public ſo ill a compliment, as not to imagine them as capable of judging of beauties and deformities, as one that never made them his ſtudy. My intentions, in giving the following explanations, were to bring ſome minute objects to view, which lay concealed amid a crowd of larger ones; to hold the painter forth in a moral light, and, convince the age, there is more in his deſign, than to ridicule and laſh the follies of it. For the time our author lived, no one could apply himſelf more than he did, to the ſervice of the public. He ſtands the foremoſt in the liſt of artiſts, both with reſpect to execution, and, diſcovery. It was long the opinion of his profeſſion, that the ſtandard of beauty was a right line; in conſequence of this, *In recto, decus* *, became an eſtabliſhed maxim. Indeed, of late years, it has, rather, been conſidered in a moral view; yet, ſtill, it is plain, it took its riſe from imagery; for, in the

* Beauty conſiſts in a right line.

frontiſpiece of the Univerſal Hiſtory, is engraved an upright column, with the above-mentioned motto, beneath; a ſufficient proof of my aſſertion. Mr. *Hogarth* was the firſt perſon that contradicted this erroneous notion; he publiſhed a treatiſe *, in order, to ſhew, that the line of beauty is ſerpentine; agreeing in this with the ancients, who worſhipped the goddeſs of beauty under a conical form, as at *Paphos*, in the iſland of *Cyprus*. The medals ſtruck, when a Roman emperor viſited the temple, confirming it; of which the plate, (Fig. I.) is a repreſentation.



N°. I.



N°. 2. Dent Sculp.

Simulacrum deæ, non effigie humanâ; continuus orbis latiore initio, tenuem in ambitum, metæ modo, exſurgens et ratio in obſcuro †. Tacitus *Hiſt. lib.* 2. So again, *Venus a Paphiis colitur, cujus ſimulacrum nulli rei magis aſſimile, quam albæ pyramidi* ‡.

* Analyſis of Beauty, 4to. Price 15s.

† The image of the goddeſs, not of human form, is an orbit, winding from a broad baſe, upwards, to a point.

‡ *Venus* is worſhipped by the *Paphians*, under the ſimilitude of ſomething very much reſembling a white pyramid.

Maximus

Maximus Tyrius, *ann.* 157. Hence, it appears, that our author has revived what, for many years, laid buried in oblivion. Now, compare this plate to that beſide it, (Fig. 2.) which is a true copy of the preciſe line of beauty, as it ſtands in the firſt explanatory print, in his *Analyſis*, and, you will find them extremely ſimilar. Who, then, can doubt the judicious diſcovery, or, heſitate a moment at adopting it; eſpecially, when a view of every one of our author's publications corroborate the fact, they being allowed to charm the eye, which they could not do, was not every group pyramidical, and, did not the ſerpentine line flow very conſpicuouſly throughout? † Here, then, is judgment; here, is maſterly care! ſufficient to perpetuate our author's memory to the end of time. Thus much for the painter; now, for the man. As *he* muſt be a faithleſs biographer, who trumpets forth the perfections of his hero, and, conceals his foibles; and, as the beſt of us all are liable to little weakneſſes, which we cannot diſavow; on theſe conſiderations, I flatter myſelf, I may be allowed to ſay, that Mr. *Hogarth* could not avoid the infection of the times, but employed his talents in *political* matters, a ſubject none can take part in, be it on which ſide it will, without drawing on his head the malevolence of ſome. Whether led by principle, or, intereſt, I ſhall not ſay; but, the print, below, ſufficiently declares, he directed his artillery againſt the leaders of faction, and, held with the court; a faithful ſervant to that maſter, in whoſe employment he was ‡.

† Two right lines, touching the outſide of the figures in every group, will be found to meet, above, in a point, forming an angle within.

‡ Mr. *Hogarth* was, at that time, ſerjeant-painter to the king, which place he enjoyed to the day of his death.

THIS is a fine *caracatura*, and, no ſmall likeneſs of *John Wilkes*, then, member for the borough of *Ayleſbury*, in the county of *Buckingham*; a man, who ſtood forth as the leader of a party, formed againſt the adminiſtration. The views, with which he acted, are, now, publicly known, and, he lies under that diſgrace, he gathered for himſelf. *Liberty*, he roared out on all occaſions, and, was the very bellweather of his flock. With an eye to this, Mr. *Hogarth* has repreſented him, as having been twirling the cap of *liberty* (a fool's-cap) upon the end of a ſtick; for, a *fool's-cap* it proved to him, it having baniſhed him his country, entailed upon him beggary, and, made him the laugh of a jeering populace. On the table, beſide him, are two papers of the *North-Briton*, of which he acknowledged himſelf the author*. In defence of this man,

* No. 45, and, 71, the firſt of which was burnt by the common hangman.

roſe

roſe another *, who called himſelf *his* friend; one, who indeed, poſſeſſed extraordinary talents, as a writer, but, who was as remarkable for a vitiouſneſs of character: if he had any diſcretion, it was that of joining the popular ſide; but, that can hardly be called a *diſcretion*, when, had he lived a few years longer, *he* would, probably, have experienced an equal fate with his cotemporary, *Wilkes*. This man, a *miniſter*, once, I think, he called himſelf, tho' he afterwards wiſely laid aſide that ſacred office, he could only diſgrace; this man, I ſay, took up the pen againſt Mr. *Hogarth*, and, in an epiſtle to him, which he publiſhed, charged him with envying every man that had any degree of excellence, and, with his being a friend to no one: this naturally drew on him Mr. *Hogarth's* reſentment, and, was the occaſion of his publiſhing the following print.

Dent Sculp.

In order, to enter into the ſpirit of this print, the reader

* *Charles Churchill.*

muſt

muſt be told, that the perſon it was deſigned to repreſent, was ſtout, luſty, and, broad-ſhouldered, equally rough in his perſon, as his manners, and, one who prided himſelf in being frank, and, open; conſequently, among the politer part of mankind, was conſidered as *bearish*. This, added to the received notion, that robuſtneſs proceeds from coarſeneſs of living, and, carries with it a ſtamp of vulgarity, determined our author to hold him forth in the character of a bear, or, "a "Ruſſian *Hercules*, (yet, no ſmall likeneſs of the man) regal-"ing himſelf" with a pot of porter, "after having killed the "monſter *Caracatura*, that ſo ſorely galled his *virtuous* friend, "the *heaven-born* WILKES*;" and, has admirably deſcribed, by his hugging the pot, and, the drops falling from his mouth, his ſecret enjoyment of that delicious drink. He has tied a band about his neck, alluding to his profeſſion; deſcribed it as torn, to intimate his having been in ſome fray; and, put ruffles about his paws, in order, to ridicule his general cuſtom of wearing them. With his left paw, he holds a knotted club, which, by the letters *N B*, above, he would have us underſtand to be the *North-Briton*, a weekly publication he, and, his friend, Mr. *Wilkes*, were engaged in: a production, Mr. *Hogarth* evidently conſidered, as containing little elſe than falſehood, by writing on this club, *infamous fallacy*, and, deſcribing its knots, as ſo many notorious, injurious lies. By way of enriching the piece, this picture is raiſed from the floor, on which lie a painter's pallet, and, a graver's tool, emblems of our author's joint profeſſion, by two or three books, on one of which is entituled, *A new way to pay old debts, a comedy, by* Maſſenger; on another is written, Great George-ſtreet†, *a liſt of the ſubſcribers to the* North-Briton; with

* Theſe words, between inverted commas, are Mr. *Hogarth*'s own words, engraved at the bottom of the plate.

† The place where Mr. *Wilkes* reſided.

begging-

begging-box, over it, to intimate their writing that paper merely for ſupport. On one ſide, is *Trump*, a faithful dog of Mr. *Hogarth*'s, contemptuouſly treating the epiſtle that gave riſe to this print: on the other, a political painting, to the following purpoſe: in one place, Mr. *P—t* * is repreſented ſitting at his eaſe, with a millſtone hanging over his head, on which is written, 3000l; † firing a mortar-piece, levelled at a dove, bearing an olive-branch, (the ſymbol of peace) perched on the ſtandard of *England*. He is attended, on each hand, by the two giants of *Guildhall* ‡, with pipes in their mouths, referring to the ſupport he met with from the city of *London*; particularly, that of a wealthy American §. One of theſe giants is putting a crown on the hero's head, as if aiming at ſupreme power; the other is holding in his hand, a ſhield, containing the Auſtrian arms, which Mr. *P*— is ſpurning from his feet. On the other ſide, is Mr. *Hogarth*, leading *Wilkes* and *Churchill* in a ſtring; the firſt deſcribed as a monkey, riding on a hobby-horſe, with the cap of liberty on the top of it, and, the *North-Briton* in his hand: the ſecond, as a muzzled bear, ruffled, with a band about his neck, and, a laced hat upon his head ‖, he flogging them, and, making them dance to the ſcrapings of a fiddler, deſigned to repreſent a nobleman ¶ who patronized them in the year 1763, when this print was publiſhed, who, for his unmeaning face, has ever been deſcribed, without a feature. It would be folly to animadvert on the ſubject of this painting, the circumſtances being well known, (it being a temporal matter) and, now, out of date. Suffice it to ſay,

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* Now earl of *Ch—m*.

† Alluding to his ſaying, *Hanover* was a mill-ſtone round the neck of *England*, on account of the expences attending it; and, his afterwards adding to the public expences, by accepting a penſion of 3000l. a year.

‡ Two wooden figures, erected in *Guildhall*.

§ Alderman *B—kf—d*.

‖ Mr. *Churchill*, though a clergyman, generally appeared in ruffles, and, a laced hat.

¶ Earl *T—ple*.

it,

it, at that time, anſwered our author's purpoſe, and, was much admired by the public *.

PERMIT me, now, to ſay, during the publication of this work, in numbers, I have been blamed by ſome, for making the pages breathe ſo great an air of piety; and, cenſured by others, for, here and there, an indecent, or, unbecoming expreſſion. With reſpect to both, I endeavoured to avoid them, as far as was conſiſtent with my original plan. While I *moralized*, I ſtudied to *explain*; and, while I *explained*, I ſtudied to *moralize*. Some there are, that can *never* approve; I addreſs not myſelf to ſuch, but, to the *candid* reader, who, in *cenſuring*, knows how to *make allowance*, and, in *condemning*, has mercy, ſometimes, to *acquit*. However culpable I may have been, with regard to the charge brought againſt me, I have taken ſome pains to do my author juſtice, having ſuffered nothing to eſcape me, of moment, or, importance. I have alſo, with the approbation of his widow, given the public a complete edition of the works of that celebrated artiſt, and, that, at a price much leſs than any of the copies have been ever ſold for. As a *copy*, this ſmall edition may claim the preference; for, to give the engraver his due, they have great ſpirit and delicacy: whereas, ſuch other impreſſions as have been hitherto publiſhed, are of ſo poor a nature, as to be a diſgrace to the memory of Mr. *Hogarth*, a manifeſt injuſtice to his family, and, a groſs impoſition on the public.

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* At the bottom of the plate, are the following lines:

——But he had a club, this dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er don't, I warrant ye.——

Dragon of Wantley.

☞ FOR the lines at the bottom of the ſeveral plates, Mr. *Hogarth* was obliged to Mr. *Hoadly*, ſon of the biſhop of *Winchester*, and, ſome others.

HOGARTH

MORALIZED.

THE

HARLOT's PROGRESS.

IN this age, when wickedneſs is in ſearch, to entrap the unwary; and, man, that artful deceiver, racking his invention, for wiles to delude the innocent, and, rob them of their virtue; it is, more particularly, neceſſary, to warn the riſing generation, of the impending danger; lay before the female world, the perils they are expoſed to; open to their view, a ſight of that wretchedneſs, that will, inevitably, be the conſequence of their miſconduct; and, by a timely admonition, prevent, if poſſible, the irrevocable misfortunes attendant on a life of proſtitution, brought on by falling, perhaps, in an unguarded moment. This was the deſign of *Hogarth*, in the hiſtory of the Harlot before us, in the proſecution of which, he has, minutely, pictured out the moſt material ſcenes of her life, from the time of her fall from virtue, to the hour of her death; a hiſtory full of ſuch intereſting circumſtances, as muſt, certainly, give the unthinking maid, a ſenſe of her danger, and, alarm her, leſt ſhe, alſo, becomes a prey to man.

Corbould & Dent sc. Lombard Street

OUR author has, here, described her, as the daughter of a country curate, in order to shew us the amazing frailty of the sex; that, notwithstanding she might have been brought up, properly instructed in the paths of virtue, yet, is there such an inchantment in vice, as to allure the person on, who once gives the least ear to her persuasions. In these plates, as in most others, he has indulged his natural vein of humour, and, by that means, has intermixed the *dulce* with the *utile*, and, made them, at the same time, both entertaining and instructive. The heroine of this piece, about sixteen years of age, is supposed to be, just alighted from the *York* waggon, on its arrival in the inn-yard, at *London*, accompanied by her father, on horseback, in search of better fortune. (This particular county, is alluded to, as being far distant from the metropolis, and, as such, supposed to be least acquainted with its intrigues.) That this, also, was her father's view, is evident from the letter of recommendation, whose direction he is reading, addressed to some bishop in town. (The mistaken notion, that prosperity is centered in *London*, has led many to their ruin.) His extreme necessity (for such is the misfortune of the clergy, that want seems attendant on their order) is well decyphered, by the appearance both of him, and, his horse, a sorry broken-knee'd and foundered animal, who (not like our high-fed beasts) is, eagerly, catching at a mouthful of straw, in which some earthen vessels are packed; and, so full is his master of the business he is upon, as to pay no attention to the damage it occasions.

AT

At the time, when these prints were first published, there existed a notorious letcher, one *Chartres*, a man of some fortune, which he appropriated to the worst of purposes, that of accomplishing the ruin of virgin innocence, in order to gratify his lascivious inclinations: to effect this horrid end, he kept in his pay a number of men and women, who made it their business to delude the unknowing. This wretch, a proper subject for the story, is here, drawn from the life, as looking from an alehouse-door (in company with one of his panders, flattering his reigning vice), considering this artless maid, already, as his prey, whom his vile procuress is deceiving. She is here supposed, offering to take her as her servant: the raw country-girl, amused and dazzled with the artful tale, readily, embraces the offer, and, thus, falls a victim to her betrayer. One would, naturally, be led to think, that her father, from the education he must, necessarily, have had, would have seen through the deceit, or, at least, would have been more cautious, and, counselled her otherwise; but, by his supposed consent to her acceptance of the proffered place, we are to understand, that, there are none so ignorant of the ways of life, as those, who have, wholly, applied themselves to the knowledge of books: this ignorance of men and things, led the unthinking father, pleased with this prospect of good fortune, in finding provision for his daughter, immediately, on his arrival, innocently, to consent to the ruin of his child. Thus, do we, often, in an unguarded moment, lay the foundation of endless misery; and, thus, commenced that series of disasters, that makes up the several parts of this story.

We are, next, to imagine her, in the house of this procuress, not treated as a servant, but, seemingly, respected as a friend; that being, generally, the first step, these designing wretches take, in order, to gain favour, and, make the object of their villany, in love with their situation: she is, now, dressed in the gayest manner; the pincushion and scissars, those implements of housewifry and diligence, that, formerly, hung by her side, are changed to the striking watch and glittering etwee, the sordid pay and badge of infamy: her face, by the disgustful ornament of paint and patches, loses at once, its original innocence and simplicity; she is, now, told, that, beauty has been the making of thousands, that, she looks charming as an angel, and, was born to be a lady; filled with such idle notions, she is introduced to this man of fashion, and, though his appearance has nothing in it engaging, a shew of gold, and, promises of marriage, are not easily withstood: thus, dazzled with imaginary greatness, and, wanting the pious admonitions of her father, the poor unthinking maid, gives herself up to the embraces of her betrayer, and, plunges herself, headlong, into irretrievable wretchedness. From this instant, she finds herself deceived; sees through the artifices of her pretended friend, who, now, treats her, no otherwise, than, as a dependant; brings her into company, with different men; makes her acquainted with her future way of life; and, gives her to understand, that she must, either,

do this, or, ſtarve. The poor girl, who, yet, is not, entirely abandoned, bluſhes at the impiety of her inſtructreſs, and ſhudders at the rueful ſcene; but, thoughts of preſent diſtreſs, ſoon gets the better of her virtuous reſolutions; and, what diſcretion would forbid, is now, urged by neceſſity. Gladly, would ſhe have returned to her poor, but honeſt, parents, or, worn her fingers to the bone, in the loweſt ſervitude, had not ſhame and remorſe of conſcience made her deſpair of a reception at home; and, the want of a friend told her, that the other was impracticable: led then, unthinkingly, into this dreadful ſituation, and, threatened, on refuſal, with impriſonment, by her wicked miſtreſs, ſhe, reluctantly, ſubmits to her horrid propoſol, and falls into that courſe of life, ſhe knew not how to avoid. Now, then, for the firſt time, ſhe gives a looſe to proſtitution; and, by an intimacy with others, of her own ſtamp, becomes, at laſt, hardened in infamy.

2 Yorkould & Dent ſc.

HERE, then, we ſee her launched into high life, in keeping by a Jew, n the midſt of ſplendor and profuſion: having quitted her innocence, with her modeſty of dreſs, ſhe now, goes on to act, as inconſiderately, as at the firſt, and, keeps up the ſpirit of the character ſhe profeſſes, in giving way to extravagance and inconſtancy; the firſt, being evident from the monkey's being ſuffered to drag about her laced head-dreſs; and, the latter, from the general tenor of the piece. Our author has particulariſed the Jew, that people being, generally rich, and, commonly, duped, in mat-

ters

ters of love. He is repreſented, as being come early in the morning, to breakfaſt with his miſtreſs, before the departure of his rival; for, notwithſtanding theſe women are indulged in every thing they can wiſh, they ſeem determined to gratify their inclinations, at the expence of their future welfare; as, when once they bid adieu to virtue, neither honour nor gratitude can, afterwards, bind them. By thoſe Scripture-pieces of painting in her room, we are given to learn, that ſo ſeared is the conſcience of the ſinner, as not to be awakened by any diſtant admonition; nay, that ſome are ſuch hypocrites, as to gloſs over a foul and corrupt life with the colour of religion. His unexpected viſit gives a general alarm, and, puts the invention both of her and her maid, to the rack, in order, to find out ſome means of favouring her ſpark's eſcape; but, as an intriguing woman is ſeldom at a loſs, in this reſpect, ſhe, readily, brings that to bear, by taking an opportunity of quarrelling with her keeper, and in a pretended paſſion, of over-turning the table; the clattering noiſe of which, and, the ſurprize it occaſions, added to the ſcalding of his leg, ſo engages the attention of the Jew, as to give the other an oppportunity of eſcaping, unnoticed.

THOUGH this paſſed, for the preſent, yet, by a continual practice of the ſame, ſhe is, at laſt, diſcovered, either, through her own indiſcretion, or, the faithleſſneſs of her ſervants; for the wretches they employ, are no longer true to their truſt, than, while they are partaking of the extravagance of their miſtreſſes. This fatal diſcovery of her inconſtancy, we are to learn, brings on a new face of things: ſhe is, inſtantly, diſcarded by her keeper, and, left, as it were, to begin the world a-new: in conſequence of this, ſhe, now, takes a decent lodging, determining to welcome every comer. For ſome ſhort time, matters, are imagined to go on well, that is, ſhe is ſuppoſed, as yet, to know no want, at leaſt, while ſhe is poſſeſſed of any thing of value; the plunder of her former grandeur; for, when ſuch perſons are diſcarded, they are, generally, ſtript of every thing of worth. On theſe ſhe lives, a-while; making away with them, one after another, till, at laſt, ſhe is reduced to the greateſt diſtreſs: ſuch being the misfortune of theſe women, that, they are perfect ſtrangers to œconomy, ſpending even the laſt ſhilling, extravagantly, though, it is very uncertain, when they ſhall be miſtreſs of another.

Corbould & Dent sc Lombard Street

VIEW, then, her amazing downfall; every good thing ſhe, once, was miſtreſs of, is, now, intirely, gone; her ſilver tea-kettle, converted into a tin-pot; and, her ſplendid toilette, once, decorated with coſtly boxes, changed into an old leaf-table, covered with the filthy equipage of her night's debauch, and, a piece of broken looking-glaſs; her magnificent apartment, in a reputable neighbourhood, is, now, dwindled into a beggarly room, in the purlieus of *Drury* * (plain from the inſcription on the pewter-pots); and, ſhe, that, once, breakfaſted in ſtate, is at laſt, conſtrained, to make the beſt ſhift ſhe can. There was a time, when none but the beſt and moſt expenſive wines could pleaſe her; though ſhe is, now, reduced to chear her ſpirits, or, baniſh reflection, with the miſerable regale of gin and beer. Having nothing valuable of her own, ſee her acting a diſhoneſt part, ſending out a watch to pawn, her laſt gallant is ſuppoſed to have left behind him, through forgetfulneſs: for diſhoneſty conſtitutes part of the proſtitute's character, plunder being, generally, one of their chief ſupports; this is, further, evident from the wig-box, on the teſter of the bed, which, we are told, by the name, on the outſide, formerly, belonged to one, *James Dalton*, a notorious ſtreet-robber, afterwards, hanged; a ſufficient indication with what kind of perſons, ſuch people,

* A ſtreet in *London*, called by that name, formerly, one of the meaneſt receptacles of abandoned women.

generally

generally herd. As to her laced head-dreſs, and, taudry cloak, they may be conſidered, as neceſſaries of her profeſſion, being ſuch as ſerve to decorate a loathſome body, and, attract the eyes of heedleſs youth; for, we are, oftener, caught by appearance, than reality; and, 'tis not beggary only that is the portion of theſe unhappy wretches, but a complication, alſo, of foul diſorders, intimated by the phials, *&c.* in the window; ſuch diſorders, as deſtroy the conſtitution, and, whoſe infection will, ſometimes, ſpread, if not timely prevented, through many generations.—Wiſe then, was that inſtitution of the *Lock* *, that provided a remedy for this growing evil, and, overlooked the vices of a few, in order, to ſecure the preſervation of the whole! Mr. *Hogarth*, has, here, taken an opportunity of ſhewing us the great degeneracy of the age, in matters of religion, by laying on the table a piece of butter, wrapt up in the title-page of a Paſtoral Letter, which a great prelate †, about that time, addreſſed to his dioceſe; many copies of which, had the misfortune to be ſold, as waſte paper: ſuch being the general wickedneſs of mankind, that every thing religious is held in diſeſteem. If any ludicrous or obſcene publication ſhould iſſue from the preſs, it is ſure to meet with an immediate and rapid ſale; every man, who is maſter of a ſhilling, is, inſtantly, a purchaſer: but, on the contrary, an edition of any piece, tending to correct the vices or follies of the age, lies in the ſhop, either unnoticed, or, diſregarded.

THERE are many other little objects in this plate, met with in the chamber of the proſtitute, that, ſufficiently, explain themſelves, to the more knowing part of mankind, which decency will not permit me to make ſuch of my readers acquainted with, as theſe pages are calculated to improve: what is further neceſſary to be taken notice of, is, only, the perſon ſtealing into her chamber, with ſome attendants: this is a magiſtrate ‡, who, at this time, greatly, diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the puniſhing of abandoned women, and, in the ſuppreſſion of infamous houſes. He is ſuppoſed, here, entering, in order to take her to a houſe of correction.

IMAGINE her, then, with her worthleſs ſervant, in oppoſition to all her cries and intreaties, dragged from her home, and, hurried through the ſtreets, to *Bridewell* ‖, amid the inſults of the jeering populace; committed there to hard labour, for ſome months, in hopes of reforming them.

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* An hoſpital in *London*, called by that name, appropriated to the cure of venereal diſorders, ſupported by voluntary contribution.

† Dr. *Gibſon*, Biſhop of *London*.

‡ Sir *John Gunſton*, of *Covent-Garden*.

‖ A houſe of correction.

4 Corbould & Bent sc.

HERE, then, we ſee her lodged, in company with pick-pockets, ſharpers, and, others of her own ſtamp, of all ranks, and ages, reduced to the miſerable alternative of beating hemp, or, receiving the correction of the keeper; expoſed to the deriſion of her own ſervant, who ſeems well acquainted with the place, and who, like many other people in the world, cannot even refrain from inſulting her, though, by her tying up of her ſtockings, which, together with the ſhoes, were a preſent from her miſtreſs, we are given to underſtand, ſhe is not without a monitor, to remind her of the gratitude ſhe owes her. In this horrid receptacle of filth and vermin, are various kinds of puniſhment inflicted, according to the greater or leſs degree of obſtinacy in the offenders: ſome are obliged to drag about a heavy clog, locked to their legs; ſome are, wholly, ſtapled to the ground; others are hung an hour, by the wriſts; others, again, are faſtened to a poſt, and, whipped ſeverely; but all, in general, are made to work hard, and, that, with little intermiſſion, being left to the mercy of a rigid keeper, whoſe intereſt it is, to keep them at it, he, reaping the profits of their labour. We are, further, taught, that it is not his abhorence of vice that makes him ſo, his ſurlineſs proceeding from diſhoneſt principles in himſelf, giving his blear-eyed wife, by that means, an opportunity of picking our heroine's pocket of her handkerchief, caſting at the ſame time a wiſhful look upon her lappets.

IN

In this diſagreeable ſituation, we are not to imagine her, without ſome degree of reflection; what then more natural, than to think of the many anxious moments ſhe has given her tender and affectionate parents, and, to recollect her former eaſe and happineſs?—Such like conſiderations heighten her diſtreſs, and, give acuteneſs to her wretchedneſs.—Now, ſhe looks, inwardly, for the firſt time, upon her late courſe of life; reflects, with horror, on the odious ſcenes; in ſome meaſure, deteſts her proceedings, and, determines upon a thorough change.——Full with this pious reſolution, her time of confinement expires, and, ſhe is, once more, at large;—at large, 'tis true, but, without a friend, without a penny!—What ſtep, then, ſhall ſhe take, or, whither ſhall ſhe fly?——Here, then, we ſee the great uſefulneſs, and, noble deſign of the *Magdalen-houſe* *, an inſtitution that does honour to our country; where the penitent proſtitute, when, intirely, deſtitute, finds a friend; and, the good man is enabled to exert his chriſtian diſpoſition, in ſaving, as it were, a ſoul from death: one of the beſt and greateſt charities extant; eaſing the pricking conſcience of the female ſinner, re-inſtating the happineſs of broken-hearted families, and, thus, reſtoring, many uſeful members to ſociety.—Had this bleſſed inſtitution been then, in being, our heroine, would, in all probability, have taken refuge beneath its friendly roof, and, lived an honour to her ſex, and, a comfort to her parents;—but, in this ſad dilemma, ſhe could find no other reſource, than that of returning to her former courſe; and, as habit is ſecond nature, ſhe wanted, little or no encouragement.—On, then ſhe goes, in her uſual way, without reſerve, till, eaten up with want and diſeaſe, ſhe ſinks into rottenneſs, and, falls a martyr to proſtitution.

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* A place of refuge for penitent proſtitutes, where they are received for three years, inſtructed in virtuous principles, and afterwards returned to their friends, or, recommended to ſervices of credit; ſupported, alſo, by voluntary contribution.

Corbould & Dent sc

VIEW her, then, in all the extremity of penury, viſible from the general appearance of her chamber, the coals lying in one corner, the candles hanging in another, dying of the diſeaſe peculiar to her profeſſion.—— What muſt have been her thoughts, before the power of thinking left her!—gladly could ſhe have wiſhed to have paſſed her life a-new, in order, to have made a friend of God, at whoſe great tribunal, ſhe dreaded to appear. At this diſtreſsful hour, her ſins ſtood up as her accuſers, and, ſhe, ſtruck ſpeechleſs with the horror of her guilt; unable, then, to ſhift off the evidence, ſhe could, only, rely on the infinite mercies of that Judge, whoſe friendly admonition ſhe had, ſo long, diſregarded; whoſe authority ſhe had, always, deſpiſed; and, whoſe power ſhe had, conſtantly, defied. Incapacitated to obtain that neceſſary relief, the *Lock*-Charity, now, affords, ſhe is reduced to the application of ſuch medicines, as have nothing to recommend them but the bold aſſertions of their venders, who palm upon the world their particular noſtrums, without any knowledge of their reſpective qualities.—Pity is it, that ſuch men ſhould be ſuffered to prey upon the conſtitution of the public!——In ſupport, then, of their efficacy, take notice of two quacks *, noted, at that time,

* The meager figure is, Dr. *Mizebank*, a foreigner.

for

for boasting of their skill in venereal cases, absolutely, at high words, whose medicine was the best, over-turning the table; (and, this, at a time, so very improper,) without paying the least attention to their expiring patient. A manifest token of the self-sufficiency of these wretches, who study more, the enriching of themselves, than the particular disorder they undertake to cure. That this inattention to any but ourselves, is general among all ranks of people, is intimated by the nurse's rummaging her mistress's trunk for plunder, ere her breath has well left her, neglecting those necessary and friendly offices, we are bound to do for one another; and, so occupied are her thoughts on what she is upon, as to be, perfectly, absent to what passes in the room. The only one, properly, engaged, is the child, (the innocent fruit of her debauchery,) who is busied, in turning a piece of meat, roasting at the fire.

In the midst of this general confusion, expires, in the greatest agony, the heroine of this piece, at the age of twenty-three, and, thus, puts an end to the story; as, she lived in disgrace, so she died in infamy. Mr. *Hogarth* seems, here, to have finished his plan; having led us through the most distressful scenes attendant on a life of prostitution; and, sufficiently executed his design, in giving so odious a representation of it, as to warn others from falling into the like misfortunes. Thus, may we say, is the tragedy compleated: with respect to the following plate, it may be considered, as the farce, of which, death is, oftener, the occasion than the subject. Our author took this opportunity of indulging his humour, in the general ridicule of a funeral ceremonial; in which there is, frequently, more hypocrisy than sincerity.

6 Corbould & Dent sc.

In order, to do this, properly, he has been under a neceſſity, of deſtroying, in ſome meaſure, the conſiſtency of the piece; many little things being here obſerved, which are ſeldom, if ever, met with at the funerals of the poor; ſuch as, the eſcutcheons, (*viz.* the arms of her profeſſion, three ſpigots and foſſets,) the giving of gloves and mourning rings, *&c.* One thing, however, this teaches us, namely, the folly of mankind, in making expenſive funerals, particularly, of thoſe, who cannot afford it; but, ſuch is the general pride of the world, as to be, always, aiming at ſomething above them; the poor apeing, as it were, the vanities of the rich. We dreſs up the dead, for public notice, as on a bridal-day, and, take great pains to adorn our perſons, with all the outward formalities of grief, as if our future good fortune depended on the elegant appearance we made. That this was the Painter's meaning, is evident, from one of the women, viewing the body; and, another, tricking herſelf out before the glaſs. The company, here aſſembled, are ſuppoſed to be of our heroine's profeſſion; and, as it has been remarked, that none are more ſaintly, than "a whore at a chriſtenrng," ſo, it may be, here, obſerved, that none ſeem more diſtreſſed at a funeral. In one corner, ſits an old procureſs, howling for the dead, with a bottle of nantz by her ſide. Hence, are we taught, in the firſt place, that theſe wretches, have ſo long made hypocriſy their trade, as to have tears at will; for, ſo ſteeled are their hearts, to any degree of tenderneſs, that they cannot be preſumed to proceed from

from ſorrow; and, in the ſecond, that, amidſt all their ſeeming concern, they miſs no opportunity of drinking, under a pretence of recruiting their waſting ſpirits. One would, naturally, imagine, that, at this ſilent ſcene of mortality, the voice of conſcience would be heard; but, on the contrary, we ſee the ear obſtinately ſhut to its loudeſt calls, and, a propenſion to ſin, ſtifling the little ſpirital appulſes of reflective thought.—View, then, the luſtful undertaker, unappalled at the ghaſtly corpſe, fixing his beaſtly eye upon the woman, whoſe glove he is pulling on, and, ſhe, unaffected at the awful ſolemnity, artfully, robbing him of his handkerchief. Near the door, are two mourners, in all the pride of affliction, one of whom is turning up her eyes, in hypocritical ejaculations. Such people accuſtom themſelves to a certain ſett of good words, as, *'tis what pleaſes God, the Lord's will be done, we are all mortal,* and, the like; which they run over, at particular times, juſt as a bell-man does his godly rhymes, without thinking what they ſay, or, being the leaſt affected by it. The ſame inattention to the ſolemnity of the meeting, is viſible even in the miniſter, who, though in years, is particularly employed with his agreeable neighbour, (who has in her hand a ſprig of roſemary, formerly, diſtributed on theſe occaſions), as, through abſence of mind, to ſpill his wine upon his handkerchief. The boy, winding up his top, keeps up the ſpirit of the piece, and, adds not a little to its humour. Thus, we ſee, the farce of life, is carried on, even, to our lateſt hours; and, we continue our follies, without intermiſſion, to the grave.

FROM this diſtreſsful ſtory, let me warn my female readers of the lurking danger that threatens them: as there is no greater Chriſtian virtue than *chaſtity*, none more pleaſing to God, or, more agreeable to man, it is the intereſt of every young lady, to be, particularly, attentive to it: 'tis not, that I imagine them ill inclined in their diſpoſition; but, 'tis their natural eaſineſs of temper, and, their too favourable opinion of the world, that expoſes them to the perils I have mentioned. Men, however they may deteſt the loſs of virtue in the women, are, continually, laying ſnares to rob them of it, and, the women, who are not proof againſt the attacks of the men, too often fall their victim: ſhe, who lends a patient ear, ſays an ingenious writer, to the praiſe of her wit and beauty; may do it at firſt, perhaps, to gratify vanity, only; but, the flattery bewitches her in the end, and, ſhe, inſenſibly, inclines to a kindneſs for that perſon, who values her ſo much; ſhe begins with thinking his paſſion, to be, only, an eſteem; and, as ſuch, will cheriſh that out of vanity, which ſhe, afterwards, will reward out of love: ſhe will be apt to put the beſt conſtructions on whatever he ſays, or does: his rudeneſs will be taken for the violence of his paſſion, and, eaſily obtain pardon: ſhe, by degrees, ſuffers in him, what ſhe would look on as inſolent in another; and, fancying in herſelf, that one who loves her ſo much, can never entertain a thought injurious to her, ſhe forgets that all his compliments, are

mercenary;

mercenary; all his paſſion, luſt; that to hear him, is immodeſt; to be pleaſed with him, wicked; and, that, if ſhe does not fly in time, ſhe will catch the flame that is kindled in him, and, periſh in it for ever.

HAVE a care, then, how you preſume on the innocence of your firſt intentions; you may as well, upon the confidence of a ſound conſtitution, enter a peſt-houſe, and, converſe with the plague, whoſe infection does not more ſubtily inſinuate itſelf, than this ſort of temptation. And, as in that caſe, a woman would not ſtay to learn the critical diſtance to which ſhe might approach with ſafety, but, would run as far from it as ſhe could; ſo in this, it no leſs concerns her, to remove herſelf from the poſſibility of danger, and, how unfaſhionable ſoever it may be, put on ſuch a ſevere modeſty, that her very looks may guard her, and, diſcourage the moſt impudent attacks—Had our heroine followed this prudential rule, ſhe would, in all probability, have avoided thoſe dreadful rocks on which ſhe ſplit: innocently liſtening to the deceitful tongue of her betrayer, ſhe made a ſhipwreck of that virtue, that would otherwiſe have carried her through life with honour. Make it, then, your determined rule, to fly the company of every man, who would inſinuate himſelf into your favour by flattery: depend upon it, he has ſome artful deſigns at bottom: if his intentions are honeſt and ſincere, he would begin his ſuit, by an application to your parents or guardians; when, therefore, he makes any advances unknown to them, be aſſured, they are ſuch, as you ought, by no means, to give the leaſt encouragement to: ſhe, who deſcends to treat with a lover, whatever he may tell her, of being her captive, his purpoſe, generally, is to make her, his. He pretends to be intirely at her devotion, when, all the time, he is working her deſtruction; which, when he has, once, acquired, he will triumph over, as a victor, o'er his conqueſt. Need I, after this, ſay any more, to deter you from falling into ſuch a courſe of life, as theſe pages have deſcribed? If it is neceſſary, I ſhould tell you, that a woman, by loſing her reputation, loſes every friend ſhe has; expoſes herſelf to the deriſion of the world, and, becomes the object of contempt; no perſon of credit will be ever ſeen in her company; ſhe does not partake of the comforts of ſociety, nor, does ſhe reap one bleſſing that is even common to her ſex: while others are enjoying the ſweets of happineſs, ſhe is, completely, miſerable; jeered by the world, and, pointed at by all her acquaintance, ſhe waſtes her days in ſcorn and reproach, lives a burthen to herſelf, a diſgrace to her ſex, and, a nuiſance to the neighbourhood: that the ſervitude of a proſtitute, is the moſt ſlaviſh in the world; for, beſides all the intereſts of another life, which ſhe baſely reſigns, ſhe ſacrifices all that is valuable in this; ſhe puts her reputation, wholly, in the power of him, who has debauched her; and, which is more, her reformation too; ſhould ſhe have an inclination to return to virtue, ſhe dares not, leſt he ſhould divulge her former errors. She ſubjects herſelf not only to his luſt, but to all his humours and fancies; nay,

nay, to the humours and fancies of all, who have been privy to her intrigues; leſt what ſhe has done, ſhould be revealed. Some, indeed, have hoped to prevent accuſation by impudence, and, by ſeeming to deſpiſe ſhame, have endeavoured to avoid it. But, what miſery are ſuch creatures fallen into! Need there be a hell to puniſh them? They are inſulted by wretches as abandoned and miſerable as themſelves, and, have no defence againſt their inſults, but, that of inſenſibility. Better, in ſuch caſes, would it be for them, could they return to their original nothing, than be obliged, to drag on a wretched life of ſhame and contempt, and, ſtand fully expoſed to the intolerable wrath of the God of Purity; which the conſcience of the hardened ſinner, in ſome meaſure, anticipates, at her dying hour, when the poor diſtracted ſoul, purſued by bitter and ſevere reflection, raves round its clay-tenement, runs to each avenue, and, ſhrieks for help; but, ſhrieks in vain, till, hurried on to the precipice of deſpair, it headlong falls, and, ſinks into eternity, there, to meet the vengeance of an angry God, and, receive the puniſhment allotted for the ſinner.——Reflect, then, on this, ye unthinking females; ſhun the horrid gulph, while heaven has left it in your power, and, draw not temporal miſery on your families, and, eternal vengeance on yourſelves.

It would be unpardonable, was I not here to take ſome notice of the *Aſylum* *, the firſt of thoſe charities, that has any connection with the foregoing ſtory, inſtituted as a prevention againſt a life of proſtitution; where, by the interpoſing hand of humanity, ſuch girls, as are deſtitute of any legal parochial ſettlement, are preſerved from that miſery, they would, otherwiſe, be hardly able to avoid. Reſcued, then, by god-like, Britiſh charity, which we are, happily, remarked for, the moſt forſaken of the human race, who were before, perhaps, lurking amid the deſpairing haunts of wretchedneſs, expoſed to the inclemencies of the midnight air, ſleeping on cinder-heaps and dunghills, feeding on huſks and rinds, and, prepared, thus, as a judicious writer once obſerved, through their extreme want, and, a total darkneſs of their minds, to plunge into every kind of crime, without remorſe; and, ripening into theft, proſtitution, robbery, and, murder; become truly ſenſible of the happineſs of a virtuous courſe, avoid the rocks and ſhoals of iniquity, ſerenely, cut through the ſeas of life, and, ſteer their way into the port of endleſs bliſs.

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* A houſe of refuge for deſerted female orphans, under twelve years of age, ſupported by public benefaction.

THE

RAKE's PROGRESS.

OF all the follies in human life, there is none greater, than that of extravagance, or, profuſeneſs; it being conſtant labour, without the leaſt eaſe, or, relaxation. It bears, indeed, the colour of that, which is commendable, and, would fain be thought to take its riſe from laudable motives, ſearching, indefatigably, after true felicity: now, as there can be no true felicity without content, it is this, which every man is in conſtant hunt after; the learned, for inſtance, in his induſtrious queſt after knowledge; the merchant, in his dangerous voyages; the ambitious, in his paſſionate purſuit of honour; the conqueror, in his earneſt deſires of victory; the politician, in his deep-laid deſigns; the wanton, in his pleaſing charms of beauty; the covetous, in his unwearied heaping up of treaſure; and, the prodigal, in his general and extravagant indulgence.——Thus far it may be well;—but, ſo miſtaken are we in our road, as, to run on in the very oppoſite, tract, which leads, directly, to our ruin. Whatever elſe we indulge ourſelves in, is attended with ſome ſmall degree of reliſh, and, has ſome trifling ſatisfaction in the enjoyment; but, in this, the farther we go, the more we are loſt; and, when arrived at the mark propoſed, we are as far from the object we hunt, as when we firſt ſet out. Here, then, are we inexcuſable, in not attending to the ſecret dictates of reaſon, and, in ſtopping our ears at the timely admonitions of friendſhip. Headſtrong and ungovernable, we purſue our courſe without intermiſſion; thoughtleſs and unwary, we ſee not the dangers that lie, immediately, before us; but, hurry on, even, without ſight of our object, till we bury ourſelves in that gulph of woe, where periſhes, at once, health, wealth, and, virtue; and, whoſe dreadful labyrinths admit of no return.

STRUCK with the foreſight of that miſery, attendant on a life of debauchery, which is, in fact, the off-ſpring of prodigality; our author has, in the ſcenes before us, attempted the reformation of the worldling, by ſtopping him, as it were, in his career, and, opening to his view, the many doleful calamities awaiting the proſecution of his propoſed ſcheme of life: he has, I ſay, in hopes of reforming the prodigal, and, at the ſame time, deterring the riſing generation, whom Providence may have bleſſed with earthly wealth, from entering, at all, into ſo iniquitous a courſe, traced out the life of a young man, hurried on, through a various ſucceſſion of different pur-

ſuits, for the few years nature was able to ſupport itſelf; and, this from the inſtant, he might be ſaid to enter into the world, till the time of his leaving it. But, as the vice of avarice is equal to that of prodigality, and, the ruin of children is, often, owing to the indiſcretion of their parents, he has opened the piece with a ſcene, which, at the ſame time, that it expoſes the folly of the youth, ſhews us, the imprudence of the father, who is ſuppoſed to have hurt the principles of his ſon, in depriving him of the neceſſary uſe of ſome of that gold, he had, with the greateſt covetouſneſs, been hoarding, to no kind of purpoſe, in his coffers.

THE hiſtory opens, then, repreſenting a ſcene, crowded with all the monuments of avarice, and, laying before us, a moſt beautiful contraſt, ſuch as is too general in the world, to paſs unobſerved; nothing being more common, than for a ſon, to ſquander away that ſubſtance, his father, perhaps, had his whole life been amaſſing.——Here, we ſee the young heir, at the age of nineteen or twenty, raw from the univerſity of *Oxford*, juſt arrived at home, upon the death of his father. Eager to know the poſſeſſions he is maſter of, the old wardrobes, where things have been rotting, time out of mind, are, inſtantly, wrenched open; the ſtrong cheſts are unlocked; the parchments, thoſe ſecurities of treble intereſt, on which, this avaritious monſter lent his money, tumbled out; and, the bags of gold, which had long been hoarded, with griping care, now, expoſed to the diſhoneſt hands of thoſe about him.

To

To explain every little mark of uſury, and, covetouſneſs, ſuch as the mortgages, bonds, indentures, &c. the piece of candle ſtuck upon a ſave-all, on the mantle-piece; the rotten furniture of the room; and, the miſerable contents of the duſty wardrobe; would be unneceſſary: the more ſtriking things, I ſhall take the liberty of animadverting on. From the vaſt quantity of papers, falls an old, written journal, where, among other memorandums, we find the following, *viz.* "*May* the 5th 1721. Put off my bad ſhil-"ling." Hence, are we taught, that ſo penurious is the diſpoſition of the miſer, that, notwithſtanding he may be poſſeſſed of many large bags of gold, the fear of loſing a ſingle ſhilling, is a continual trouble to him. In one part of the room, we ſee a man hanging it with black cloth; too general a cuſtom, on theſe occaſions, among people of fortune, who, through oſtentatation, and, a falſe notion of grandeur, will, often, expend as much, in one day, as would maintain a ſmall family, for years. On this hanging, are fixed eſcutcheons, by way of dreary ornament; theſe eſcutcheons contain the arms of the covetous, *viz.* three vices, hard ſcrewed, with the motto, BEWARE. On the floor, lie a pair of old ſhoes, which this ſordid wretch is ſuppoſed to have long preſerved, for the weight of iron, in the nails, and has been ſoaling with leather, cut from the covers of an old Family-Bible: an excellent piece of ſatire, intimating, that ſuch men would ſacrifice, even, their God, to the luſt of money. From theſe, and, ſome other objects, too ſtriking to paſs unnoticed, ſuch as, the gold falling from the breaking corniſh; the jack, and, ſpit, thoſe utenſils of original hoſpitality, locked up, through fear of being uſed; the clean and empty chimney, in which, a fire is, now, juſt going to be made, for the firſt time, and, the emaciated figure of the cat, we are given to underſtand, that ſuch is the natural temper of the covetous man, as to ſuſpect all about him to be rogues; he, continually, fears the evil day is coming; on that account, deprives himſelf of the neceſſaries of life, and, ſtarves, as it were, in the midſt of plenty.—But, ſee the mighty change!—View this unfortunate youth (for the cataſtrophe, undoubtedly, proves him ſo) left to himſelf, upon the death of his father, poſſeſſed of a goodly inheritance. Mark, how his mind is affected!—determined to partake of the mighty happineſs, he, falſely imagines others, of his age and fortune, enjoy; ſee him running, headlong, into extravagance, *with-holding not his heart from any joy*; but, implicitly, purſuing the dictates of his will.—How is he caught by every ſplendid ſhew, and, glittering appearance!—Diverſion's joyful train welcomes his approach, and, Vanity, in the maſk of Happineſs, embraces him; Beauty opens all her charms before him, and, Mirth ſhakes him by the hand.—Now, his ear dances to Muſic's ſoft vibrations; his ſenſes are, exquiſitely, charmed, and, his ſpirits are upon the wing. He is, as Solomon ſays, *in the midſt of men-fingers, and, women-fingers*, he becomes, for a while, the admiration of the women, and, the envy of the men; and, is, ſeemingly, placed in the very center of felicity. To take this deluſive ſwing of pleaſure, his firſt application is to the taylor, whom we ſee, here, taking his meaſure, in order, to trick out

his pretty perſon; but, ſo bewitching is the ſight of gold, as to draw more this man's attention, than, even, the buſineſs he was ſent for. In the interim, enters a poor girl (with her mother) whom this young man has debauched, under profeſſions of love, and, promiſes of marriage; in hopes of meeting with that notice, ſhe had the greateſt reaſon to expect; but, he, corrupted with the wealth, of which he is, now, the maſter, forgets every engagement he once made, finds himſelf too rich to keep his word, and, as if gold would atone for a breach of honour, is offering money to her mother, as an equivalent for the non-fulfilling of his promiſe. Not the ſight of the ring, given as a pledge of his fidelity; not a view of the many affectionate letters he, at one time, wrote to her, of which her mother's lap is full; not the tears, nor, even the burthened condition of the wretched girl, could awaken in him, one degree of tenderneſs; but, hard-hearted and unfeeling, like the generality of wicked men, he turns her off, to weep away her woes in ſilent ſorrow, and, curſe, with bitterneſs, her deceitful betrayer. One thing more, I ſhould take notice of, which is, that this unexpected viſit, attended with abuſe from the mother, ſo alarms the attention of our youth, as to give that old pettifogger, behind, an opportunity of robbing him. Hence, we ſee, that one ill conſequence, is, generally, attended with another; and, that misfortunes, according to the old proverb, ſeldom come alone *.

We are, next, to conſider him, as launched into the world. Having, firſt, performed the laſt office with reſpect to his father, that of attending him to the grave; and, in a manner very different to the appearance he made, while living, burying him with the utmoſt pomp and parade; and, having equiped

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* In juſtice to our author, the lines, engraven at the bottom of each plate, ſhould not be omitted; the following, then, are thoſe, which are annexed to this.

O vanity of age, untoward,
Ever ſpleeny, ever froward!
Why thoſe bolts, and, maſſy chains,
Squint ſuſpicion's jealous pains?
Why, thy toilſome journey o'er,
Lay'ſt thou in a uſeleſs ſtore?
Hope along with time is flown,
Nor canſt thou reap the field thou'ſt ſown.
Haſt thou a ſon? in time be wiſe,—
He views thy toil with other eyes:—
Needs muſt thy kind paternal care,
Lock'd in thy cheſts, be buried there:
Whence then ſhall flow that friendly eaſe,
That ſocial converſe, home-felt peace,
Familiar duty, without dread,
Inſtruction from example bred?
That youthful mind, with freedom, mend,
And, with the Father, mix the Friend.

himſelf

himſelf with all the neceſſaries to conſtitute him a man of taſte, he plunges, at once, into all the faſhionable exceſſes, and, enters, with ſpirit, into the character he aſſumes.

2

VIEW him, then, at his levee, attended by maſters of various profeſſions, ſuppoſed to be, here, offering their intereſted ſervices. He, who ſtands foremoſt, is, readily, known to be, a dancing-maſter; behind him, are two men, who, at the time, when theſe prints were firſt publiſhed, were noted for teaching the arts of defence, by different weapons; and, who are, here, drawn, from the life; one of whom is a Frenchman *, teacher of the ſmall ſword, making a thruſt with his foil; the other, an Engliſhman †, maſter of the quarter-ſtaff; the vivacity of the firſt, and, the cold contempt, viſible in the face of the ſecond, beautifully, deſcribe the natural diſpoſition of the two nations; namely, the boyiſh levity of the one, and, the manly ſolidity of the other. On the left of which laſt, ſtands a layer out of gardens ‡, drawn, alſo, from the life, offering a plan for that purpoſe. A taſte for gardening, muſt be acknowledged, to have been the ruin of numbers, it

* One *Du-Bois*, remarkable for his high opinion of the ſcience of defence, preferring it to all others. He was killed in a duel, by one of the ſame name.

† *Fig*, the noted prize-fighter.

‡ *Bridgeman*, a man, at that time, in great eſteem,

being, a paſſion that is ſeldom, if ever, ſatisfied, and, attended with the greateſt expence. The more improvements we make, the more we are deſirous of making; nor, can we be induced to deſiſt, till ſuch time, as we can ſupport our extravagance no longer. In the chair ſits a profeſſor of muſic *, at the harpſichord, running over the keys, waiting to give his leſſon; behind whoſe chair, hangs a liſt of the preſents, one *Farinelli*, an Italian ſinger, received, the next day after his firſt performance at the Opera-houſe; among which, there is notice taken of one, which he received from the hero of our piece, thus; "a gold ſnuff-box, chaced, with the ſtory of *Orpheus*, "charming the brutes, by *J. Rakewell*, Eſq." By theſe memento's of extravagance, and, pride, (for gifts of this kind proceed, oftener, from oſtentation, than generoſity) and, by the engraved frontiſpiece to a poem, dedicated to our faſhionable ſpendthrift, lying on the floor, which repreſents, the ladies of *Britain* ſacrificing their hearts to the idol *Farinelli*, crying out, with the greateſt earneſtneſs, "one G—D, one *Farinelli*," we are given to underſtand, that, diſſipation and luxury hath over-ſpread the politer world; that, they are deſirous of ſupporting their general character, even, at the expence of their good ſenſe and reaſon; that, they, raſhly, run into the greateſt inconſiſtencies; that, they revel, without pleaſure; hear, without ears; ſee, without eyes; admire, without taſte; commend, without knowledge, and, adore, without love; and, that, they are eager to ſacrifice their fortunes, to the faſhion of the times. The principal figure in this plate, is that of him, with one hand on his breaſt, the other, on his ſword, whom, we may, without much difficulty, diſcover to be a bravo, in pay; he is repreſented, as having brought a letter of recommendation from one, diſpoſed to do all ſorts of ſervice. This character is, rather, Italian, than Engliſh; but is, here, introduced, to fill up the liſt of perſons, generally, engaged in the ſervice of one, who indulges himſelf in every ſpecies of profuſion. Our author would have it imagined, in the interval between the firſt ſcene and this, that the young man, whoſe hiſtory he is painting, had given himſelf up to every faſhionable extravagance, that is to ſay, that he had imbibed a taſte for cock-fighting, and, horſe-racing; two amuſements, which the man of faſhion can no ways diſpenſe with; notwithſtanding they have been the ruin of thouſands. This is evident, from his rider bringing in a ſilver punch-bowl, which one of his horſes is ſuppoſed to have won; and, his ſaloon being, ridiculouſly, ornamented with the portraits of ſome few celebrated cocks. 'Tis not, that there can be any great pleaſure in ſuch ſort of diverſion; it, only, furniſhing opportunities of keeping up the ſpirit of gaming, in laying conſiderable betts on ſuch a cock, or, ſuch a horſe. The figures in the back part of this plate, repreſent taylors, peruke-makers, milliners, and, ſuch other perſons, as, generally, fill the antichamber of a man of quality, except

* *Handel*,

one,

one, who is ſuppoſed to be a poet, and, has written ſome panegyric on the perſon, whoſe levee he attends, and, who waits for that approbation, he, already, vainly, anticipates. Upon the whole, the general tenor of this ſcene, is to teach us, that the man of faſhion is, too often, expoſed to the rapacity of his fellow creatures, and, is, commonly, a dupe to the more knowing part of the world.

The lines engraved at the bottom of this plate, are,

Proſperity, (with harlot's ſmiles,
Moſt pleaſing, when ſhe moſt beguiles)
How ſoon, ſweet foe, can all thy train
Of falſe, gay, frantic, loud, and, vain,
Enter the unprovided mind,
And, Memory in fetters bind;
Lead Faith and Love, with golden chain,
And, ſprinkle Lethe o'er the brain!
Pleaſure, on her ſilver throne,
Smiling comes, nor, comes alone;
Venus moves with her along;
And, ſmooth Lyæus, ever young;
And, in their train, to fill the preſs,
Come apiſh Dance, and, ſwoln Exceſs.
Mechanic Honour, vicious Taſte,
And, Faſhion, in her changing veſt.

To confirm this, ſee him, now, at ſuch an hour of night, when ſober and conſiderate people are taking their reſt, in order, to rub through the day, with ſatisfaction, revelling at a tavern, ſuppoſed to be the *Roſe*, in *Drury-Lane*, (a houſe, noted, at that time, for the reception of abandoned women, and, ſuch perſons, as took more delight in lewd and licentious enjoyment, than, in the more rational entertainment of mutual converſation;) with a number of thoſe ragged, unfortunate girls (I ſay, ragged, though ſome of them are artful enough to conceal their being ſo, by keeping on their cloaks) of which the Streets of *London*, in an evening are full. Behold him, here, after having, in the bucks phraſe, *beat the rounds*, overſet a conſtable of the night, and, knocked down a watchman, evident from the ſtaff and broken lanthorn, which he is ſuppoſed to have brought off with him, in triumph, together with his naked ſword, which he was not able to re-ſheath; I ſay, behold him, in conſort with the major part of his company, abſolutely drunk, and, to that degree, as not to know his right hand from his left; intimated by the buckling of his ſword-belt. In this abſence of reaſon, and, unguarded ſituation, (for, ſuch, ſurely, it may be called, when we are, either, mad, or ſtupid, with the fumes of liquor,) he is robbed of his watch, and, of every thing, of value, by the girl, whoſe hand is in his boſom. One would, naturally, imagine, that a man, the next day, upon the return of his ſenſes, when his blood is, in ſome reſpect, cooled, and, the fumes of his night's debauch evaporated,

rated, would ſee the folly of his ſteps, conſider the treatment he met with, deteſt ſuch abandoned company, and, reſolve to avoid it for the future; but, on the contrary, ſo raſh, and, inconſiderate is youth, as not to regard the precipice before it; ſo ſtupid, and, inſenſible, as not to be awakened, even, by the ſcourgings of pain. Had our debauchee indulged himſelf, with a few minutes ſerious reflection, it is preſumed, he would not have returned to that vice, by which, he was, then, a ſufferer: (plain, by the box of mercurial pills, lying on the floor, ſuppoſed to have fallen from his pocket) no; he acts, like the ſilly moth, that flutters about the candle; though it, frequently, ſinges its wings, it will not deſiſt; but, obſtinately, bent on its own deſtruction, continues on its idle round, till it approaches too near the flame, ever to eſcape again, and, meets its death, untimely, and, unthought of. In the early part of the evening, the company is ſuppoſed, from the beaſtly covering of the floor, and, the deſtruction of the furniture, *viz.* the torn pictures, and the broken looking-glaſs, to have been at high romps; tired, however, at laſt, with ſuch wild ſort of merriment, they are now, ſeated, in order, to indulge their laſcivious inclinations, glut their inſatiable throats with liquor, and, feaſt their ears with ſounds, of ſeeming harmony; a little ragged wench, whoſe action declares the pitch of her imagination, being called in, for that purpoſe, to bawl out ballads of obſcenity, and, two blind ſtreet-muſicians, to accompany her. To increaſe this uproar, two of the company are at high words, one of whom, is ſpouting wine in her companion's face, the other, in return, threatening her, with a knife; behind them, is another, in exceſs of anger, at being neglected, wantonly, putting a candle to a map of the world, ſwearing ſhe will fire the globe, and, expire in its flames; intimating the wicked diſpoſition of theſe creatures, who care not what extenſive miſchief they occaſion, ſo they can revenge themſelves, and, gratify their licentious humour. In the front, is a woman *, ſtripping herſelf, in order to exhibit ſome indecent poſtures; a filthy talent ſhe was celebrated for; that large diſh, the man † is bringing in, being deſigned as an apparatus of one of her poſitions. By ſuch kinds of ſtudied libidinous entertainment, if entertainment it can be called, the beaſtly debauchee gives a looſe to his deſires, and, indulges his luſt, at the expence of every thing, that is decent, rational, and, manly ‡.

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* *Aratine*, a woman, who exhibited ſuch poſtures, publickly, for a maintenance.

† One *Leatherhead*, a noted porter, who belonged, many years, to the *Roſe* tavern, remarkable for his univerſal knowledge of the women of the town.

‡ The poetry engraved on this plate, is,

O, vanity of youthful blood,
So, by miſuſe, to poiſon good!

By ſuch exceſſes as theſe, 'tis no wonder, he ſhould, at laſt, be reduced, it being impoſſible to ſupport extravagance long; for, wealth, profuſely

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Woman, formed for ſocial Love,
Faireſt gift of powers above!
Source of every houſhold bleſſing,
All charms in innocence poſſeſſing:
But, turn'd to vice, all plagues above,
Foe to thy being, foe to Love!
Gueſt divine, to outward viewing,
Ables miniſter of ruin!
And, thou, no leſs of gift divine,
Sweet poiſon of miſuſed wine!
With freedom led to ev'ry part,
And, ſecret chamber of the heart;
Doſt thou thy friendly hoſt betray,
And, ſhew thy riotous gang the way
To enter in with covert Treaſon,
O'erthrow the drowſy guard of Reaſon,
To ranſack the abandon'd place,
And, revel there with wild Exceſs?

ſpent,

ſpent, waſtes, as liquor from a leaking caſk: as a proof of this, ſee him ſtopt in his career, by the hand of a ſheriff's officer: arreſted, as he is going to court, it being the birth-day of the late Queen *, which happened on the firſt of *March*, the day ſacred to the tutelar ſaint of *Wales*. This, ſufficiently appears, by the ſignificant ſtrut of the ſelf-ſufficient Welchman, proud of the enormous leek, which, in honour of the day, he carries in his hat. By the ſhallow importance of his face, we learn the diſpoſition of that people, who, vainly boaſt of what they have no pretenſions to, and, ſignalize themſelves in empty pride, and, ſenſeleſs particularity; for, no other motive could, ſure, induce him to wear his ſword, on the wrong ſide. During this unexpected diſaſter of our faſhionable Spendthrift, the young woman whom he, formerly, debauched, and, whom Providence had made the miſtreſs of a little money, in the millinary way, very opportunely, paſſes by; and, with a heart full of tenderneſs and affection, gives him a convincing proof of her continued love; returns his baſeneſs, with unmerited kindneſs; pays the debt, and, ſets the man at liberty. Hence, we perceive the virtuous conſtancy of the female ſex, whoſe affection, when, once, rooted, the ſevereſt treatment can, hardly, alienate; and, on the contrary, the fickle diſpoſition, and, killing cruelty of the other, which prides itſelf in the ruin of virgin innocence, and, glories in acts of ſtudied barbarity. In this view of St. *James's* ||, we have at the ſame time, that of *White's* †, a houſe, againſt which, for its continued iniquity, heaven ſeems, now, to direct its ſevereſt vengeance. By way of contraſt, and, to ſhew us, that the true ſpirit of gaming ſubſiſts, as well in low life, as in that of high; our author has, humourouſly, repreſented an aſſembly of ſhoe-blacks, chimney-ſweepers, poſtillions, and, others, gambling, with the greateſt earneſtneſs; and, diſtinguiſhed it, in oppoſition, to that of *White's*, by the name of *Black's*. He has brought to our view, alſo, the various ways of gaming, among the lower claſs of people, ſuch as the tricking cups and balls, the pricking in the belt, the throwing of dice, and, playing at cards. One is ſuppoſed to have loſt his cloaths, and, is now, propoſing to play for his baſket and bruſhes; an evident proof of the madneſs of ſuch perſons, who will, often, enter ſo far into the vice in queſtion, as to play away every individual thing they poſſeſs, and, ſtrip themſelves naked, even, of a maintainance. To carry on, and, perfect the ſcene, as a contraſt to that of the Chocolate-houſe before-mentioned: Mr. *Hogarth* has given us a little ſmutty politician, with a pipe in his mouth, conning over the Farthing-

* Queen *Caroline*.

|| The royal palace.

† A Chocolate-houſe, in St. *James's-ſtreet*, *London*, called after the name of the man who kept it; formerly, the rendezvous of the firſt gameſters in the Land.

poſt ‡. The figure of the Lamp-lighter, ſpilling the oil, through inattention to his buſineſs, on our hero's head, a circumſtance, too common, though here, conveniently, introduced, is calculated, only, to enrich the piece, and, ſupport its humour, it being our author's intention, to make his prints as well entertaining as inſtructive *.

THIS unexpected arreſt is the fore-runner, only, of like misfortunes, being as it were, the beginning of his ſorrows; unable, now, to diſcharge his juſt debts, the ſhowers of diſtreſs are coming heavy on him, nor, has he any other means of ſheltering himſelf from the impending ſtorm, than, by an union with an old rich widow, to whom he had made his addreſſes, under the maſk of hypocriſy.

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‡ A News-paper, then, called by that name, and, ſold for a farthing.

* The following are the lines affixed to this plate.

O vanity of youthful blood,
So, by miſuſe, to poiſon good!
Reaſon awakes, and, views unbarr'd
The ſacred gates he watch'd to guard;
Approaching views the harpy Law,
And Poverty, with icy paw,
Ready to ſeize the poor remains
That Vice hath left of all his gains.
Cold Penitence, tame After-thought,
With fears, deſpair, and, horrors fraught,
Call back his guilty pleaſures dead,
Whom he hath wrong'd, and, whom betray'd.

5

Corbould & Davis Sculpt.

BEHOLD him, then, at the altar, embracing the happy opportunity of recruiting his waſted fortune, by a marriage with this deformed and ſuperannuated female, ordinary, even to a proverb, and poſſeſſed but of one eye. Youth and beauty, though they were the leaſt of his aim, were the reigning objects of hers. Amazing folly of the ſex, who pay no regard either to decency or diſcretion, ſo they indulge their vanity, and, ſatisfy their wanton inclinations!—With reſpect to the men, money is their only idol; domeſtic happineſs being leaſt regarded (though, we cannot but obſerve his inward inclinations, by his amorous leer upon the girl, behind, even, in the moſt ſolemn part of the matrimonial ſervice, which his affected bride, imagines directed to herſelf, and, which ſhe returns with a ſquint of ſatisfaction). As this wedding was deſigned to be a private one, they are ſuppoſed to have retired, for that purpoſe, to the church of St. *Mary-la-bone* †; but, as ſecret as he thought to keep it, it did not fail to reach the ears of that unfortunate young woman, whom he had formerly, ſeduced, and, who is, here, repreſented, entering with her child and mother, in order, to forbid the ſo-

† A ſmall village, formerly, in the outſkirts of *London*; now, joined to it, by the great increaſe of buildings.

lemnization.

lemnization. They are, however, oppoſed by the pew-opener, leſt, through an interruption of the ceremony, ſhe ſhould loſe her cuſtomary fee; and, a battle, conſequently, enſues. A manifeſt token of the ſmall regard paid to theſe ſacred places. By the decayed appearance of the walls of this building, the torn belief, and, cracked commandments, our author, would, humourouſly, and, effectually, intimate the great indifference ſhewn to the decency of churches, in country pariſhes, which are, in reality, more like hovels, than places of worſhip; (this, whatever may be thought of it, is little leſs than profane) and, at the ſame time, the great decay of Chriſtian piety, and, general diſregard to all things ſacred. With reſpect to the dogs, they are introduced, only, as a droll emblem of the ſubject in hand; being, one of the pug breed *, paying his court to a one-eyed bitch. On one of the pews, are the following lines;

THESE : PEWES : VNSCRVD : AND : TAN : IN : SVNDER
IN : STONE : THERS : GRAVEN : WHAT : IS : VNDER
TO : WIT : A : VALT : FOR : BVRIAL : THERE : IS
WHICH : EDWARD : FORSET : MADE : FOR : HIM : AND : HIS

By the orthography of which, and, its wretched metre, we are taught the folly and vanity of mankind, in immortalizing their names, at the loſs of their good ſenſe and reputation. The only thing, further, to be taken notice of, is, that of the poor's box, whoſe perforation is humourouſly, covered with a web, where a ſpider is ſuppoſed to have been a long time, ſettled, not finding ſo good a reſting-place before; and, it is probable, ſhe might have continued there much longer, had not the overſeer, in private, ſearched the box, with a view of ſtealing its contents. Hence, are we given to underſtand, that, diſſipation ſo far prevails, as to drive humanity from the heart; and, that ſo ſelfiſh are we grown, as to have no feeling for the diſtreſſes of our fellow-creatures; a matter, which, while it diſgraces the chriſtian, even, degrades the man †.

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* *Trump*, a favourite dog of Mr. *Hogarth*'s, which he has painted in many of his pieces.

† The poetry beneath this plate, is,

New to the ſchool of hard Miſhap,
Driv'n from the eaſe of Fortune's lap,

FLUSHED,

FLUSHED, now, with money, and, once more, maſter of a fortune, one would, naturally imagine, he would endeavour to avoid thoſe rocks on which he ſplit before, and, be careful not to reduce himſelf to that diſtreſſed ſituation, he was, lately in; no, on the contrary, he hurries into his uſual extravagance, with this difference, only, that, whereas, before, he never cheriſhed a ſingle thought of gain; he, now, ſeems to make it his chief ſtudy; in hopes, then, of adding to his wealth, he, raſhly, takes the moſt effectual ſtep to leſſen it. Strange infatuation, that men ſhould be ſo blind to their intereſt, and, ſee not their error, 'till their ruin is inevitable!

What ſhames will nature not embrace,
T' avoid leſs ſhame of lean Diſtreſs?
Gold can the charms of youth beſtow,
And, maſk Deformity with ſhew;
Gold can avert the ſting of Shame,
In Winter's arms create a flame,
Can couple Youth with hoary Age,
And, make antipathies engage.

6

VIEW him, then, in purſuit of his favourite ſcheme, at a gaming-table, in the middle of the night, in company with gameſters, highwaymen, and ſharpers; for, at theſe public tables, all ſorts of people are admitted, that have money to play with; ſee him, after a run of ill-luck, upon his knees, in a deſperate fit of phrenzy, gnaſhing his teeth, and, imprecating divine vengeance upon his head. On his right hand, ſits a highwayman, by the fire-ſide, (which is covered with a grate, to prevent ſuch accidents as might acrue from therage of the company) vexed to his ſoul, to think he ſhould have loſt, in a ſhort ſpace of time, that which he had hazarded his life in the obtaining of; and, ſo abſorbed is he in reflection, as not, even, to obſerve the boy, who is jogging him, and, bawling to him, to take his water. Behind him, ſtands one, who has met with the ſame fate, biting his nails with ſelf-anger. At the ſmall table, ſits a uſurer, a common attendant on theſe occaſions, lending money to one of the players, at an exorbitant intereſt. Behind him, ſits another loſer, ready to beat his brains for madneſs, and, curſing his ill fortune, with bitterneſs. Behind him, further back, is another, in a mood of the greateſt raſhneſs, ſtriking, with his naked ſword, at the perſon ſuppoſed to have won his money, whoſe murder he would, certainly, accompliſh, if not prevented by the intervention of another. To add to this ſcene of horror, and, general confuſion, they are, ſuddenly, alarmed, by the watchman, with the cry of fire, which, is preſently, found to iſſue from the wainſcot of the room they are in. A noble emblem of the place; intimating, that, the hope of a gameſter is, but, as

 ſmoke;

ſmoke; and, that his pernicious vice is as deſtructive as fire itſelf. From this incident, we, alſo, learn, that ſo, perfectly, engroſſed is the attention of the perſons preſent, that had it not been for the timely entrance of this man, they would, probably, have been all burnt, before the fire was diſcovered. Upon the whole, the general tenor of this plate, is to create in us an abhorrence of the vice in queſtion, by repreſenting, in its true light, the dreadful conſequences of a paſſion for gaming. Admitting, that, for a while, we have an uncommon ſhare of good luck, ſtill, the ſatisfaction we enjoy, on that account, when the tables turn, will, in no meaſure, compenſate for the bitterneſs and vexation that attends our loſs: nay, it, often, throws us into a fit of deſperate diſcontent, when, even, murder, ſhall become the ſequel, and, heighten the catastrophe *.

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* Theſe are the lines annexed to this plate.

Gold, thou bright ſon of Phœbus, ſource,
Of univerſal intercourſe;
Of weeping virtue, ſweet redreſs,
And, bleſſing thoſe, who live to bleſs;
Yet, oft, behold this ſacred truſt,
The fool of avaricious luſt,
No longer bond of human-kind,
But, bane of ev'ry virtuous mind.
What chaos ſuch miſuſe attends!
Friendſhip ſtoops to prey on Friends;
Health, that gives reliſh to delight,
Is waſted with the waſting night:
Doubt and miſtruſt are thrown on heaven,
And, all its pow'r to chance is given.
Sad purchaſe of repentant tears,
Of needleſs quarrels, endleſs fears,
Of hopes, of moments, pangs of years!
Sad purchaſe of a tortur'd mind,
To an impriſon'd body join'd.

BY a very natural tranſition, Mr. *Hogarth* has paſſed him from a gaming-houſe, into a priſon *; the inevitable conſequence of extravagance. He is, here, repreſented in a moſt diſtreſsful ſituation, without a coat to his back, without money, without a friend to help him. Beggared by a courſe of ill-luck, the common attendant on the gameſter, having, firſt, made away with every valuable he was maſter of; and, having, now, no other reſource left, to retrieve his wretched circumſtances, he, at laſt, vainly, promiſing himſelf ſucceſs, commences author; and, attempts, though inadequate to the taſk, to write a play, which we ſee, lying on the table, juſt returned, with an anſwer from the manager of the theatre, to whom he had offered it for acceptance, that his piece would by no means do. Struck ſpeechleſs with this alarming incident, all his hopes vaniſh, and, his moſt ſanguine expectations are changed into dejection of ſpirit. To add to this diſtreſs, he is reproached by his wife, and, upbraided, for his perfidy, in concealing from her his former connections, (with that unhappy girl, who is here preſent, with her child, the innocent off-ſpring of her amours, fainting at the ſight of his misfortunes, being unable to relieve him farther) and, plunging her into thoſe difficulties, ſhe never ſhall be

* Suppoſed to be that of the *Fleet*.

able

able to ſurmount. To heighten, alſo, the ſcene, ſee, the under-turnkey preſſing him for his priſon fees, called, garniſh-money, and, the boy refuſing to leave the beer, he called for, without being, firſt, paid for it. Among thoſe, aſſiſting the fainting mother, one of whom, we obſerve, clapping her hand, another applying the drops, is a man, cruſted over, as it were, with the ruſt of a goal; ſuppoſed to have ſtarted from his dream, having been diſturbed by the noiſe, at a time, when he was ſettling ſome affairs of ſtate; to have left his great plan unfiniſhed; and, to have hurried to the aſſiſtance of diſtreſs. We are told, by the papers falling from his lap, one of which contains a ſcheme for paying the national debt, that his confinement is owing to that itch of politics ſome perſons are troubled with, who, will neglect their own affairs, in order, to buſy themſelves, in that which no ways concerns them, and, which they, in no reſpect, underſtand, though their immediate ruin, ſhall follow it: nay, ſo infatuated do we find him, ſo taken up with his beloved object, as not to ſpare a few minutes, in the decency of his perſon. In the back part of this room is one who owes his ruin to an indefatigable ſearch after the Philoſopher's Stone. Strange and unaccountable!—Hence, are we taught, as well as by that pair of human wings on the teſter of the bed, that, ſchemeing is the ſure, and, certain, road to beggary; and, that, more men owe their misfortunes to wild and romantic notions, than to any accident in life, whatever *.

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* The following, are the lines annexed to this plate.

Happy the man, whoſe conſtant thought,
(Tho' in the ſchool of Hardſhip taught,)
Can ſend remembrance back to fetch
Treaſures from life's earlieſt ſtretch:
Who, ſelf approving, can review,
Scenes of paſt virtues that ſhine thro'
The gloom of age, and, caſt a ray,
To gild the ev'ning of his day!
Not ſo the guilty wretch confin'd,
No pleaſures meet his roving mind,
No bleſſings fetch'd from early youth,
But, broken Faith, and, wretched Truth,
Talents idle, and, unus'd
And, every gift of heaven abus'd,
In ſeas of ſad reflection loſt,
From horrors, ſtill, to horrors toſt,
Reaſon the veſſel leaves to ſteer,
And, gives the helm to mad Deſpair.

In this upſet of his life, and, aggravation of diſtreſs, we are to ſuppoſe him, almoſt, driven beyond his reaſon. Now, for the firſt time, he feels the ſevere effects of pinching cold, and, griping hunger. At this melancholy ſeaſon, reflection finds a paſſage to his heart. Now, rolls he, in his mind, the folly and ſinfulneſs of his paſt life; — conſiders within himſelf, how idly he has waſted that precious ſubſtance, he is, at preſent, in the utmoſt need of; — looks, back, with ſhame, on the iniquity of his actions, and, forward, with horror, on the rueful ſcene of miſery that awaits him; till his poor brain, torn with excruciating thought, loſes, at once, its power of thinking, and, falls a ſacrifice to mercileſs deſpair.

See him, then, raving, in all the diſmal horrors of hopeleſs inſanity, removed from one place of confinement to another, namely, the hoſpital of *Bethlehem* *, the ſenate of mankind, where, each man may find a repreſentative; there, we behold him trampling on the firſt great law of nature, tearing himſelf to pieces with his own hands, and, chained, by the leg, to prevent any, further, miſchief, he might, either, do to himſelf or others. Madneſs, ſad blemiſh of our nature!—Was it not for this charitable inſtitution, what dreadful conſequences would enſue! — How would the poor diſtracted

* *Bethlehem*, or, *Bedlam*, formerly, a religious houſe, in *London*; now, converted into an hoſpital for Lunatics, indebted for its ſupport, in a great meaſure, to voluntary contributions.

being,

being, when the reſtraints of fear and ſhame were fled, and, when ſtubborn ſelf-will had loſt its guard; how would it waſte in endleſs ravings, exiſt a torment to itſelf, and, a terror to mankind! But, beneath this friendly roof, nurſed by the tender, interpoſing hand of humanity, we, often, ſee the ſhattered ſenſes, reſume their former powers, and, uſeleſs members, reſtored, once more, to ſociety. Still, to this doleful place, we behold our hero, followed by his former miſtreſs; and, are, hence, taught, the wonderful effects of love and friendſhip; which will ſtand firm, and, unſhaken in the ſtorms of diſtreſs, and, will not deſert us, even, amid the ſoul-diſtracting tempeſt of adverſity. Our author, in this ſcene of horror, has taken an opportunity of pointing out to us, the various cauſes of mental blindneſs; for, ſuch, ſurely, it may be called, when the intuitive faculties are, either, deſtroyed, or, impaired. In one of the inner rooms of this gallery, No. 54, is, a deſpairing wretch, imploring Heaven for mercy, whoſe brain is crazed, with lip-labouring ſuperſtition; the moſt dreadful enemy of human kind, which, attended with ignorance, error, penance, and, indulgence, too often, deprives its unhappy votaries of their ſenſes. The next, in view, is one man, drawing lines, upon a wall, in order, if poſſible, to find out the longitude; and, another, before him, looking through a paper, by way of teleſcope; by theſe expreſſive figures, we are given to underſtand, that, ſuch is the misfortune of man, that, while, perhaps, the aſpiring ſoul is purſuing ſome lofty and elevated conception, ſoaring to an uncommon pitch, and, teeming with ſome grand diſcovery, the ferment, often, proves too ſtrong for the feeble brain to ſupport; the intenſeneſs of thought diſconcerts the ſlender fibres; the thin partitions and incloſures, which keep the ideas ſeparate, and, ranged in a beautiful order, are burſt aſunder, by the force of the labouring imagination; and, the whole magazine of notions and images lie, jumbled together, and, mingled, in wild confuſion. It may probably, be wondered at, why Mr. *Hogarth* ſhould have introduced into this piece, ſo trifling an object, as a taylor, for, ſuch, that man is intended to repreſent, who is ſtaring at the mad aſtronomer, with a ſort of wild aſtoniſhment, wondering, through exceſs of ignorance, what diſcoveries the heavens can, poſſibly, afford; proud of his profeſſion, he has fixed variety of patterns in his hat, by way of ornament; has covered his poor weak head, with ſhreds; and, makes his meaſure the conſtant object of his attention: I ſay, it may, probably, be wondered at, why ſo trifling a character ſhould be, here, introduced; among others, whoſe inſanity is, ſuppoſed to be, owing to paſſions of a more exalted nature; but, the wonder will, immediately, ceaſe, when it is known, that a certain nobleman *, ſome few years ſince, had ſuch an unaccountable paſſion for cutting out, and, making up of cloaths, as to keep ſeveral men, for that purpoſe, in his houſe, with whom, and, in which employ, he ſpent the major part of his

* Lord L——R,

time

time and fortune. He was of opinion, that, a taylor, ſhould be born ſuch, that he ought to be maſter of the various rules of proportion; man, being a beautiful animal, and, his form not deſigned to be deſtroyed by the lacerating hands of a mangling cloth-cutter. Behind this man, ſtands another, playing on the violin, with his book upon his head, intimating, that, too great a love for muſic, had been the cauſe of his diſtraction. On the ſtairs ſits another, crazed by love, (evident, from the picture of his beloved object, round his neck, and, the words, "charming *Betty Careleſs*," upon the banniſters, which he is ſuppoſed to ſcratch upon every wall, and, every wainſcot,) and, wrapt up, ſo cloſe, in melancholy penſiveneſs, as not, even, to obſerve the dog, that's flying at him. Our author would inſinuate, by the handkerchief, round his neck, that, love ſeldom, if ever, works this unhappy effect upon the truly brave, the ſenſible, and, manly; but, preys, thus, only, on the fribble, the ignorant, and, effeminate. Behind him, and, in the other inner room, No. 55. are two perſons maddened with ambition, which is a kind of dropſy; the more we drink, the more we covet. Theſe men, though under the influence of the ſame paſſion, are actuated by different notions, one is for papal dignity; the other, for regal; one imagines himſelf, Pope, and, ſaying maſs; the other fancies himſelf a King, is encircled with the true emblem of Royalty, Sceptres being little elſe than ſtraw, and, Crowns, than chaff, and, is caſting contempt on his imaginary ſubjects, by an act of the greateſt diſdain. To brighten this diſtreſsful ſcene, and, draw a ſmile from him, whoſe rigid reaſoning might condemn the bringing into publick view, this blemiſh of humanity, are two women introduced, walking in the gallery, (a cuſtomary thing, at *Bedlam*,) as curious ſpectators of this melancholy ſight; one of whom, is ſuppoſed, in a whiſper, to bid the other, obſerve the naked man, which ſhe takes an opportunity of doing, by a leer, through the ſticks of her fan. An admirable leſſon to the prude, who is, here, taught, that, fallacies, of all kinds, are odious, more particularly hers, which ſeldom fails to bring the laugh upon itſelf. To complete the whole, is a draught of the halfpenny reverſed, (ſtruck in the year 1763,) againſt the wall, repreſenting *Britannia*, alſo, craz'd; an emblem of the diſpoſition of the times, which were, then, ſo extremely unaccountable, as to ſavour ſtrongly, of madneſs; nor, are they ſo much altered ſince, but, that, at preſent, the ſatire is, equally, ſeaſonable *.

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* The lines, to this plate, are,

Madneſs, thou chaos of the brain,
What art, that pleaſure giv'ſt, and pain?
Tyranny of Fancy's reign!
Mechanic Fancy that can build
Vaſt labyrinths, and mazes wild,
With rule disjointed, ſhapeleſs meaſure,
Fill'd with horror, fill'd with pleaſure!

THUS, imagining the hero of our piece, to expire, raving mad, the ſtory is finiſhed, and, little elſe remains, than, to cloſe it with a proper application. Reflect, then, ye parents, on this tragic tale; conſider, with yourſelves, that the ruin of a child, is, often, owing to the imprudence of a father. Had the young man, whoſe ſtory I have related, been taught the proper uſe of money; had his parent given him ſome inſight into life, and, graven, as it were, upon his heart, the precepts of religion, poſſeſſing him with an abhorence of vice; had he inſtilled, in his mind, the duties of a ſon, a huſband, and, a father; and, with the liberal education he was giving him, ſhewn him the claim ſociety had to his beſt ſervices; I ſay, had he done this, inſtead of ſtudying how to enrich himſelf, at the expence of all that was good and virtuous; our youth would, in all probability, have taken a contrary courſe, lived a credit to his friends, and, an honour to his country; but, raw and unexperienced in the ways of life, he, idly, imagined he was accountable to no one for his conduct; that, there was no true pleaſure but in the gratification of his paſſions; and, that his treaſures were inexhauſtible; led thus unthinkingly, into a track of wickedneſs and profuſion, he, ſoon, made a ſhipwreck of his virtue, and, fell an early ſacrifice to ignorance and error.

HAVING through the courſe of theſe pages, made ſuch reflections on the particular incidents that occurred, as renders it unneceſſary to ſay more, I ſhall, only, beg leave to addreſs myſelf, by way of concluſion, to ſuch perſons as this hiſtory alludes to, namely, Gentlemen, whom fortune has placed in an exalted ſtation. Let me tell you, then, from the mouth of an experienced moraliſt, that, you cannot, without unpardonable guilt and reproach, waſte and fool away your life and fortune. You ought to reflect, that you owe more to God, and, your country, than others do. To God, to his providence you owe it, that you are born to thoſe fortunes which others toil for. Oh!—conſider, you are maſters of that time, which others

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Shapes of horror, that wou'd, even,
Caſt doubt of mercy upon heaven.
Shapes of pleaſure, that, but ſeen,
Would ſplit the ſhaking ſides of ſpleen.
O vanity of age! here, ſee,
The ſtamp of Heav'n effac'd by thee.—
The head-ſtrong courſe of youth, thus run,
What comfort from this darling ſon!
His rattling chains, with terror hear,
Behold, Death grappling with Deſpair;
See him, by thee, to ruin ſold,
And, curſe thyſelf, and, curſe thy gold.

are forced to devote to their wants and neceſſities, and, that you are placed, at firſt, in thoſe advantageous heights, which others climb to, by ſlow and tedious ſteps. Your guilt is, therefore, greater than the poorer man is capable of; while you invade the honour of that God, from whom, alone, you derived yours; while you dethrone him who raiſed you, and, employ all your power and treaſure againſt that being, from whom you received them. And, as you owe to God, ſo, do you to your country, more than other men. You are thoſe, who ſhould be the ſupport and ornament of it; you are placed in higher orbs, not that, like meteors, your ominous blaze ſhould be the gaze and terror of the multitude; but, that, like ſtars, you might lighten, and, beautify, animate, and, impregnate the inferior world. If your virtues do not more diſtinguiſh you from the crowd, than your fortunes, you are expoſed, not honoured, by the eminence of your ſtation; and, you debauch and betray your poor country, by your ſin, and, folly, which your example, your wiſdom, your courage, and, your bounty, with all thoſe other great virtues, which perſons, of your rank, ſhould ſhine with, ſhould protect, enrich, and, raiſe to the higheſt reputation of virtue, and power.—Reflect, well, on this, and ſhudder.

HOGARTH

MORALIZED.

****

THE

ELECTION.

IF any ſcenes in life can be, truly, ſaid to be full of humour, thoſe of a Country Election, certainly, may, being crowded with ſuch variety of groteſque characters, as cannot but draw a ſmile, even, from the moſt grave, and, rigid philoſopher; and, though, in theſe before us, our author has been, rather, laviſh, ſtill, I am confident, they are no other than natural, and, am perſuaded, there has been no election for a century back, without exhibiting ſome ſuch drollery, as is here remarked. It may, therefore, be no unpleaſing thing, after the ſad relation of two ſuch melancholy ſtories, as thoſe of the *Progreſs* of the *Harlot*, and, the *Rake*, to amuſe the reader with ſomething not quite ſo ſerious. Let this part, then, be conſidered as a farce, to divert the attention from a tragic repreſentation, and, exhilerate the ſpirits of an affected audience. Not that theſe ſcenes are without ſome leſſons of morality, for, where bribery, hypocriſy, and, venality, are in view, there, muſt we obſerve the tottering chriſtian, and, the falling man; and, thence may we draw this judicious concluſion, that, when deſigning hyprocriſy unbars the gates of bribery, then will the dirty ſons of ſhameleſs venality, ruſh, like a torrent, through the golden portals, beating down, all that's juſt and honeſt, in their way.

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Our author, then, has begun his piece, with an entertainment at a public-house, in the county town, opened, by one of the candidates, for the reception of his friends, some time before the poll, in order, to secure his interest; for there is no one thing an Englishman loves so much, as his belly; and, such is the idle notion of the world, that a man is more or less a gentleman, the more or less free, he spends his money. To preserve the connection of this piece, we are to suppose it a general election, for knights of the shire, when two members of the whig party are chosen, in opposition, to two others of the tory. But, when the court and country are put in different scales, the weight of the first, at least, in appearance, makes the second kick the beam, those in the tory interest are obliged to wear the faces of the whig, in order, to carry the point, in question. Such, is the case of the party present; evident by the flashed picture of the king, which they are supposed to have demolished, through a pretended aversion to the court, and, the flag, on which is painted, "Give us our eleven days," alluding to the alteration of the stile, in the year 1752, which gave great displeasure throughout England; these things, with some others, such as the foppish dress of the candidate, the name of the person next him (one of his agents), *viz.* Sir *Commodity Taxem*, known by the address of a letter, just presented him, by that leering cobler, who has him by the hand, and, whom he sollicits, thinking he has taken him in, for some service, and, by the motto, on the butcher's favour (who is pouring gin on the broken head of another), namely, "for "our country;" I say, by these, and many other circumstances, it is past doubt, that the party present are tories, under false colours. To confirm this farther, see the opposite party, throwing in bricks and stones, at the window, one of which has knocked down an attorney from his seat, who was employed in casting up the votes. Without is a flag, carried by the mob, bearing these words, "Marry and multiply, in spite of the devil, "and the court," and, the effigy of a Jew, on whose breast is written, "No Jews," alluding, to those two unpopular acts that passed about the same time. To revenge this riotous proceeding without, see, one man throwing a stool out, in return, and, another emptying a vessel of urine on their heads. For, on these occasions, the greater the riot, the more jovial is the merriment; the wounds and sufferings of the mob, being considered, only, as trophies, and, honours of the time. It is very well known, that, at these seasons, all sorts of decency and distinction are laid aside, and, that drunkenness and condescension, are the greatest virtues. Would a gentleman reflect, to what meanness he is obliged to submit, in order to obtain a rank of precedence, he would not, sure, when he has obtained that rank, look down, on the person to whom he, at one time, humbled, and, to whom, he must again do the same, with such disdain,

and, contempt; but, such is the case, of which, the circumstance I remark, is a striking instance, that the ingratitude of mankind, is risen to so high a pitch, as, too often; to despise the very friend, who served them. As a proof of this amazing condescension, see here, an assembly of all ranks of people; view, the candidate paying his respects to a female voter, an old toothless jade, who, in obedience to the word of command, *viz.* "Kiss him, *Moll*," (from the man above her, who is sheding the fiery ashes on the member's whig,) is not, only, doing that, but taking other indecent liberties with him, while the girl is endeavouring to rob him of his ring. Before this woman, is one *Abel Squat*, a dealer in ribbons, gloves, and, stockings, bought, as presents on the occasion, for which he has received a promissory note of fifty pounds, payable in six months, a thing he little relishes, convinced, that, *a bird in hand, is worth two, in a bush.* At the middle of this table, on the farther side, sits a crooked object ridiculing one of the fidlers, for his enormous length of chin, not considering his own deformity, even, in that very part; a striking instance of the folly of such persons, as condemn in others, what is too conspicuous in themselves. In front, is a boy, making of punch, in a mashing tub, intimating, the great quantity of liquor, that is swallowed at such meetings, of some kind of which, one of the corporation, behind the young woman, near the window, seems to have got his full. But, in order, to shew, that, this entertainment does not consist in drinking, only, but that eating to excess, is also, part of it, our author has introduced a parson, and, an alderman, (of all classes of men, known to be the greatest gutlers) feeding their bellies, to the destruction of their health. Though the dishes are removed from table, we see this voracious divine feasting, luxuriously, on the remains of a haunch of venison, even, when all the rest have done, indulging his palate, by heating it, in a chaffing dish of coals, though he is, almost, fainting with the heat.

I CANNOT avoid relating here, what I once heard, at a country election, it being, extremely, applicable to the occasion, shewing us, what part the pulpit gentry bear, at these times of public rejoicing. An occasional rustic attendant, at a public house, whose name was *Nicodemus*, and, whose business it was to serve out the liquors, having stepped without the door, in the morning of the election day, to view the entry of the pollers, into town, was soon followed by a brother waiter, who called out, with the utmost vociferation, "*Nicodemus,—Nicode—mus,*" and, on being answered, "here, here," replyed, "more rum and tobacco for the clar—gy."

WITH respect to the alderman, behold him, after dinner, gorged with oysters, dying, with one upon his fork, and, a barber surgeon, vainly attempting to recover him, by bleeding. Behind this man's chair, is a puritan, with up-lifted hands, refusing to take a bribe, and his wife, abusing

abuſing him for ſo doing, " Curſe your ſqueamiſh conſcience," ſays ſhe, " is not your wife and children ſtarving? Have they cloaths to their backs, " or ſtockings to their feet?—Take it,—or, by all that's juſt, you rue the " conſequence." Beneath the window, is an old gentleman, afflicted with the gravel; and, on his right hand, ſits one, * making game of him, he is exhibiting that droll performance of winding a handkerchief round his hand, marking the back of it with charcoal, in imitation of eyes, and noſe, his thumb and fore-finger ſerving for the mouth, which he moves in conformity to the ſong he ſings; namely, that of " *An old woman cloathed* " *in grey*, &c." In this poſition, the hand repreſents the face of an old woman, which, with the motion of the thumb, and the humour of the performer, fails not to draw upon the object of ridicule, the laugh of the company. In this room, we are to imagine a variety of noiſes, loud, and, boiſterous, which is encreaſed, in order, to keep the ſpirits upon the wing, by the addition of a few gut-ſcrapers, and, a north country bag-piper, which laſt performer ſeems, gently, interrupted and teazed, by that itching diſorder, peculiar to the Scotch. The only thing in this plate, further to be noticed, is, the elector's coat of arms againſt the wainſcot; *viz.* three guineas proper, with the motto, SPEAK, AND, HAVE; whoſe creſt is a bawling mouth; hence, are we taught, that in elections, honeſty is ſhut out of doors; that gold is the moſt prevailing argument, and, that, on theſe occaſions, he who can make the moſt noiſe, is the beſt inſtrument for party, and, is ſure to gain the greateſt ſhare of money, and, temporary favour.

THOUGH this ſcene is exhibiting within doors, there are others, equally intereſting, without. Here votes are called together, as birds to a net, by a decoy; abroad, the fowler is upon the hunt, canvaſſing, from pariſh to pariſh, of which, the reader will have ſome idea, from the following print.

* Mr. *Parnel* (drawn from the life), an Iriſh gentleman, by profeſſion, an attorney, remarkable for his drollery, and, uncommon humour.

TAKE

2

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Corbould & Dent Sculp

TAKE a view, now, of the oppoſite party, canvaſſing in a country village, ſtrewing, as it were, money among the inhabitants; for, at theſe times, no one thing paves the way ſo well as gold, which, as a celebrated writer obſerved, is the ſtrongeſt argument, and, a moſt wonderful clearer of the underſtanding; it diſſipates every doubt, and, ſcruple, in an inſtant; accommodates itſelf to the meaneſt capacities; ſilences the loud and clamorous; and, brings over the moſt obſtinate and inflexible. *Philip* of *Macedon*, refuted by it, all the wiſdom of *Athens*, confounded their ſtateſmen, ſtruck their orators dumb, and, at length, argued them out of all their liberties. No wonder, then, it ſhould have the ſame effect upon a people, to whom money is a God, and, who conſider the accumulation of wealth, (as is the now-prevailing opinion of the world) to be the ſole object of a chriſtian's view. Mark, here, an agent for one of the candidates, making intereſt with the ladies; "gain but the women," has been an old ſaying, "you are ſure of the men;" ſee him offering them preſents, from the box of a travelling Jew, in which there is ſuch variety, that they know not what to accept, ſo wavering, and, undetermined is the female choice, in general. In order to gain their favour, which, is, oftener, effected by baubles and ſights, than by any degree of patriotiſm, he is ſuppoſed to entertain the village with a puppet-ſhow, for admiſſion to which, a porter has juſt brought from the printer's ſome quires of tickets, together with a quantity of bills, uſually, diſtributed, on theſe occaſions, requeſting of the electors, their vote and intereſt. The cloth, bearing the *inſignia* of this exhibition, is hoiſted to the ſign poſt, and, is alluſive to the ſubject we are upon; the lower part of which, repreſents, *Punch*, profuſely, throwing money to the populace; the upper part, a view of the treaſury loading a waggon with money, in order, to ſecure a parliamentary intereſt. In this piece, Mr. *Hogarth*, has taken an opportunity of ridiculing the clumſineſs and abſurdity of the building of the *Horſe-guards*, in the heavineſs of its ſteeple, which he has made to reſemble a but; and, the lowneſs of the gateway, by taking off the coachman's head, as he paſſed through it, when his majeſty, went, firſt, to the Houſe of Lords, after it was finiſhed; making the man, in reality, as he is, cuſtomarily, called, the King's *Body* coachman. In the front of this piece, ſtands a country freeholder, beſet, on both ſides, by emiſſaries of different parties, preſenting cards of invitation to dinner, in order, to curry favour; one of whom, *viz.* he, in the cap, is ſuppoſed to be an attendant to the *Crown*; the other, the maſter of the *Royal Oak*; both are offering bribes, but, one a much larger than the other; and, the determination of the farmer is, ſufficiently, known, by the caſt of his eye, which, expreſsly, declares, that though his neceſſity obliges him to take a fee from both, his conſcience bids him vote for him that gives

gives him moſt. That woman, counting her money, which the grenadier eyes, with ſo much wiſhfulneſs, is miſtreſs of the inn; and, is introduced, to ſhew us, that the general attention of all ranks of people is fixed upon that ſaint-ſeducing object, money; ſhe ſits upon the head of an old ſhip, fixed at the door, as is commonly ſeen at public houſes, which repreſents a lion ready to devour a flower-de-luce, (the *French* arms); emblematical of the natural animoſity that, conſtantly, ſubſiſts between the two nations, *England* and *France*. As this ſcene would be imperfect without ſome eating and drinking, which is, as it were, the very life of parliamenteering; our author has given us two men hard at it, in the larder; one, tearing a fowl to pieces with his teeth, and, the other, playing away upon a buttock of beef. On the oppoſite ſide of this plate, are two alehouſe politicians, a barber *, and, a cobler, who, with a total ignorance of men, and meaſures, are ſettling the affairs of ſtate, and, planning out of ſieges, with halfpence, and pieces of a tobacco-pipe. During the barber's ſuppoſed harangue, which we are to imagine, was graced with numerous heſitations, variety of blunders, and, nonſenſe, of ſeeming moment, ſee the one-eyed cobler, ſnuffing the ſnuff of ſelf-conſequence, and, whiffing his tobacco, with an air of importance. To ſet forth the ſurly pride of one of theſe menders of ſhoes, on a time of election, permit me to relate a little anecdote, that happened in a borough town, not far from *London*. In the courſe of the canvaſs, the member, who, in order to ſave appearances, had kiſſed the voters wives, with guineas in his mouth, applied for a vote to a low-bred ſurly chap, of the ſame ſtamp, with this man before us. He began his application with profeſſions of eſteem, and, enquiries of health; and, cloſed it with ſaying, "he flattered himſelf, that he had, always, lived in "ſuch repute, as to have the voice of every one there, and, among the "reſt, that of his;" and, on being aſked, "what he meant by ſlob-"bering the women-folk," replyed, "'twas his cuſtomary method of "expreſſing his joy, in ſeeing them." "Why don't you, then," ſays the cobler, "expreſs your joy in ſeeing me, the ſame way?" This was no ſooner complyed with, than the rough-hewn freeman ſlips the guinea from his mouth to his pocket, and, turns, upon his heel, with a laugh of deriſion, telling the 'ſquire, "that he might now kiſs his ——, for that "he had promiſed his vote to t'other man." But to return to my ſubject; as, in the firſt plate, the perſons preſent wore, only, the cloke of reality, in this, they ſhew themſelves, abſolutely, in earneſt. The people, having,

* *George Alexander Stevens*, in his lecture upon heads, has given us the words of this powdered politician; his Sir *Full-fed-domine Double-chin*, being, evidently, taken, from this political barber of Mr. *Hogarth*'s.

here,

here, aſſembled to break the windows, tear down the ſign, (which one is ſawing through, on the top) and, demoliſh the houſe, opened by the contrary party; and, ſo reſolute are they, in their determinations, as even to dare the diſcharge of a gun; ſo headſtrong and ungovernable is an Engliſh mob, that the more they are oppoſed, the greater ravage they make. We are, however, to underſtand, that their inveteracy, here, is actuated by a twofold principle, that of a ſpirit of oppoſition, and, their abhorrence of exciſe, (this riot being at the office of exciſe *) a law, which tho' it may be, particularly, neceſſary; has been, and, ſtill continues to be, extremely unpopular.

In this ſtate of tumult and diſſipation, the time is ſpent, till the day of election, when every agent is ſuppoſed to head his party, and, march, into town with a formal proceſſion; the bells ringing, muſic playing, ſtreamers flying, and, people ſhouting. It is almoſt impoſſible to conceive, the noiſe, the hurry, the buſtle, and joyous confuſion of the populace, each party ſtriving to be loudeſt, and endeavouring, by all the acts of riot and oppoſition, to ſuppreſs the other. Now all buſineſs is ſuperſeded, by enjoyment, fighting and feaſting is the employment of the day, all diſtinction is laid aſide, and, the beggar is as great as the lord. Having, then, made all the intereſt poſſible, and ſecured every vote in their power, the next ſtep is to poll them.

* In country places, the Exciſe-office is, generally, held at public-houſes.

3

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ACCORDINGLY, ſee both parties at the huſtings, taking every advantage in their power, and, to ſwell the number of votes, polling the maimed, the ſick, the halt, and, the blind. The tory intereſt is diſtinguiſhed by the orange-coloured flag, and, is that, on the right, where they are ſwearing a penſioned officer, who has loſt the major part of his perſon, in the ſervice of his country, and, who is, here, ſuppoſed under a neceſſity of voting for the court, in order, to ſecure his little pay; ſo ungrateful is the ſtate, in general, as to take notice of, and, reward but a few, except its intereſt is, immediately, concerned. An oath, however light of it may be made, is one of the moſt ſacred acts of man, being a ſolemn appeal to heaven, for the truth of the cauſe in queſtion: whoever, therefore, is ſo preſumptive, as to take a falſe one, or, ſo raſh, as not to conſider what they are about, is ſure to draw upon themſelves the anger of the Almighty, and, lay themſelves open to the vengeance of the God of Truth: an act of this ſort, being a public affront, and, a barefaced mockery of his juſtice. Yet, notwithſtanding this, it is, commonly, looked upon, merely, as a ceremonial, which the laws of this kingdom have enjoined, in judicial matters, and, as ſuch, does not, always, anſwer the wiſe deſign. As a proof how little its ſolemnity is apt to affect us, take notice, that on the officer's laying his wooden ſtump upon the book, the ſwearing clerk burſts into a fit of laughter, which he endeavours to ſtifle with his hand, and, which is not a little encreaſed, by the two counſellors diſputing the legality of the oath. By which laſt, we are given to underſtand, that theſe black-robed gentry of the bar, ſo hackney'd are they in the ways of quibbling, will harangue longer and louder, in a caſe of this ſort, than when truth is on their ſide, and, integrity before them. On the other hand, ſee the whigs, diſtinguiſhed by the blue flag and favours, polling a man, who has loſt the uſe of his limbs and ſenſes, by the palſy, the latter of which is, in ſome meaſure, aſſiſted by the whiſpers of one * behind him, who is directing him, whom to vote for. By the ſhackle, on this man's leg, and, the paper in his pocket, whoſe title is, "The Sixth Letter to the People "of England," we learn, that he came into diſgrace for being the author of that publication. Behind him, is another freeholder, brought almoſt dying, from his bed. So great is the oppoſition, and, ſo hard run are they ſuppoſed to be, as to be under a neceſſity of procuring of votes, even, at the riſk of life. Hence have we a further proof of

* Dr. *Shebbeare*, a phyſician, who was pilloryed, and, impriſoned two years, in the *King's-Bench*, for a libel againſt his Majeſty;

the general craving after money, when a man ſhall run ſuch great lengths to obtain it, though it is more than probable, the ſtep he takes, may occaſion his death; and, though he has the greateſt reaſon to think, he ſhall not live to enjoy it. On theſe particular occaſions, each party endeavours to leſſen the other, in the eyes of the public; nor do they ſtick at any one meanneſs, in order to accompliſh it. It is ſomething very aſtoniſhing, that gentlemen, men who pride themſelves in that appellation, ſhould deſcend to ſuch wretched ſhifts, in order to ſupport their cauſe: things, I am confident, they would, loudly, condemn in others; but, ſuch is the ſelf partiality of mankind, as to view their own failings through the diminiſhed ſight of the teleſcope, when, at the ſame time, they will ſhuffle to themſelves that end, which ſhall, greatly, magnify the failings of others. In this view of things, we are to ſuppoſe all manner of calumnies and invectives thrown out by one party againſt the other; and, leſt they ſhould not ſpread, ſufficiently, which is ſeldom, if ever, known to be the caſe, they are committed to preſs, and, diſtributed, up and down, among the people. To this end, then, are thoſe ballads, bearing the print of a gibbet, (an emblem of the contents) which the woman is crying, and, which a cluſter of men are reading with ſo much glee. There are many little ſtrokes of humour in this, and, the other plates, which it might be injudicious to remark, as their diſcovery muſt, undoubtedly, give ſome pleaſure to the perſon who ſearches for them; but, as, perhaps, it may be expected, that I ſhould take ſome notice of thoſe, under this ſhed, ſeated above the reſt; let it ſuffice to ſay, that they are two magiſtrates, in oppoſite intereſts, attending the poll; one of whom, ſeems, not to like the account of it, and, the other, ſo ſure within himſelf, of the ſucceſs he anticipates, as to be loſt in the pleaſing revery. This, fully appears, by his inattention to that perſon, on his right, who is ſketching off his face, on paper. Regretting the ſad ſituation of *England*, under theſe ſcenes of venal corruption, Mr. *Hogarth* has introduced *Britannia* in her chariot, breaking down, and, her life in danger, through the indiſcretion, and, obſtinacy, of her coachman, who, is at cards, with the footman, on the box, and, who, in contempt to all the cries, and, calls of his miſtreſs, is determined to play on, let the conſequence be what it will. An admirable ſtroke on adminiſtrations, in general; whoſe prevailing principles, too often, are intereſt and ambition, which, though they are productive of the moſt dreadful events, they never fail to purſue, notwithſtanding their country's ſafety is at ſtake; but, like theſe worthleſs ſervants before us, are determined to play their *game*, without interruption; to ennoble and enrich themſelves, at the expence of all that is great, and valuable. Would to God, that ſuch men would ſeriouſly conſider, that by diſtreſſing the ſtate, of

which

which they are the ſupporters, they, in fact, diſtreſs themſelves; for, if the body ſuffers, the arms, the head, and, all its members, muſt ſuffer likewiſe; if the carriage be overſet, of which theſe men are the charioteers, they muſt, undoubtedly, fall with it; and, it will as little avail them, that the vehicle was not their own, as the ridiculous thought of eſcaping did the indolent and inconſiderate Hibernian, who, when at ſea, in a violent ſtorm, was called up to aſſiſt upon deck, for that the veſſel was ſinking, and the whole crew would be loſt, replyed, "what care I, for "the veſſel, or, the crew?——ſink, and, be d——d;——I am, only "a paſſenger." Nay, let them reflect, that they are anſwerable to the public for their conduct, who have entruſted them, as it were, with their properties, and lives; and that, if they make a wrong uſe of the power committed to their hands, though they may chance to eſcape an examination in this life, they will, moſt aſſuredly, meet with a ſevere one, in the next.

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ERRATUM, in Part II.

In the laſt page, but two, line 21, for *heighten* this diſtreſsful ſcene, read *brighten*, &c.

4

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Corbould & Dent Sculp.

THE whig party, having, with the greateſt difficulty, obtained that victory they wiſhed for, ſee them now chairing their members; for, though one, only, is in ſight, the ſhadow, againſt the court-houſe, declares, the other, not a great way off. A tumultuous proceſſion of this kind, never fails of producing a general confuſion. They are, here, ſuppoſed to have juſt paſſed a farmer's yard, hurrying pigs, geeſe, and, every thing before them; and, as one accident ſeldom comes alone, behold, the ſow, having juſt overſet a woman, who is near being trampled on by the mob. To add to this ſcene of uproar, out runs a threſher from the barn, in defence of his pigs, and, raſhly, ſtrikes with his flail, at the firſt perſon in his way, a bold, courageous tar, who repays him ſmartly, in his own coin. The neceſſity this poor man is reduced to, of leading about a dancing bear, for maintenance, is a moſt ſevere reflection on the ingratitude of the government, who will ſuffer an honeſt ſeaman, who has undergone the greateſt hardſhips, nay, loſt his limbs in the defence of the nation, to ſtroll about the country, begging, as it were, the charity of his fellow-ſubjects, and depending on ſtrangers, for that relief, he is ſuppoſed to be denied by thoſe, who were, very particularly, endebted to him. This winnower of corn, in raiſing his flail, accidentally, ſtrikes one of the carriers on his temples; ſtuns him with the blow, and, deprives him of his ſtrength; which had near proved fatal to the member, by a ſudden overthrow, had it not been prevented, by the immediate aſſiſtance of another. An accident, ſo unexpected, frightens a young lady, looking over the church-yard wall, who ſeems by her fainting to have a greater concern in the gentleman's misfortune, than we might, at firſt, be aware of. To increaſe this confuſion, behold the bear falling foul of the tubs of garbage, the monkey ſqueaking, and, his piece taking fire. The action of the Chimney-ſweeper on the wall, muſt be allowed a fine ſtroke of moral humour. "Avaſt," ſays he, "my lads," to the threſher and the ſailor, "avaſt, "death, (imitating its ghaſtly grin) has put on its ſpectacles, and, watches "an opportunity to lay you by the heels," intimating, that, unleſs they, ſpeedily, deſiſt, the loſs of life may be the dreadful conſequence. Againſt the Church, is a ſun-dial, with the motto, WE MUST; a pun, alluding to the name of the time-piece it is on; *viz.* "We muſt *die—all.*" Mr. *Hogarth* has, in this, taken an opportunity of tranſmitting to future ages, the exceſſive ignorance of a certain monied man, of good family, who, thinking it extremely ſmart, had it, immediately, painted upon his clock, in the front of his houſe. A convincing proof that it is not, always, in the power of education to impart ſenſe. To ſhew us, that fighting and feaſting are the uſual attendants of tumultuous rejoicing, he has thrown into this piece, a woman beating her huſband, for leaving his buſineſs, who, by his thread round his neck, and, the ſciſſars by his ſide, is ſuppoſed to be a taylor. Why taylors ſhould be repreſented as the moſt cowardly, and, hen-pecked of mortals, unleſs it be, that working with a needle

meddle unmans them, I am at a loſs to determine; but ſuch is the general contempt that profeſſion lies under, as, in all caſes of meanneſs, to be the butt of ridicule. In one corner of this plate, is a ſoldier, whom we are to underſtand, by his being ſtripped, by his broken ſword, and, by his wounds, to have been, alſo, fighting, and, who is now comforting himſelf with a quid of the beſt *virginia*, which, is generally, to the lower claſs of people, a heal for every ſore. With reſpect to feaſting, ſee two men, carrying out a barrel of beer to the populace; another, licking the dregs of an empty caſk; and, to complete the whole, a dinner, of many covers, conveying to the beſt houſe in the place, that of the Attorney's (known by a clerk writing in an upper room), for the entertainment of ſome particular perſons, to whom, feaſting at a public houſe would have been diſagreeable: among theſe, a groupe of whom, we ſee at the window, is a certain popular nobleman *, (diſtinguiſhable by the ribbon) who is, univerſally, known to buſy himſelf, greatly, at theſe particular ſeaſons, eſtabliſhing an intereſt by making court to the loweſt of the people. One other thing, I cannot help taking notice of, which is, the introduction of a French cook, who is looking on the naked ſoldier with an eye of contempt. A ſufficient declaration of the inſincerity of modern popularity, who, while ſhe roars out, "*England*, for ever," betrays, in her luxurious appetite, a diſlike of her country, in the loathing of its natural food, and, a craving for the unſubſtantial dainties of the French. Thus, in theſe, as in all other ſcenes of life, hypocriſy is the reigning principle; and, the tongue is a conſtant traitor to the heart.

THOUGH my intention, is, only to explain theſe plates, I cannot cloſe this ſubject, without one obſervation; which is, that mankind, from the higheſt to the loweſt, are ſlaves to venality; and, it is ſomething ſtrangely aſtoniſhing, that men ſhould exclaim againſt the very thing, they are guilty of themſelves. Can we much wonder at being ſold, when we abſolutely ſell ourſelves, or, ſhould we be angry at that, which we are ſtudious to bear a part in? I cannot endure to hear men exclaim againſt placemen and penſioners, when, had they an opportunity, they would act the very ſame. If it is, in any reſpect dangerous, that our properties ſhould be in the diſpoſal of ſuch men, why do we ſuffer it, when in our power to prevent it? A man, no ſooner accepts a place, than he vacates his ſeat in the houſe of commons; if, therefore, it was the determined reſolution never to elect a perſon, who holds any poſt under the government, the complaint would immediately ceaſe, and, we ſhould hold our properties in our own hands; but, when the venal conſtituents abandon their intereſt, by ſelling their votes, it muſt be acknowledged, that they are inſtrumental to their own misfortunes, and, bring their miſeries on themſelves.

* The D—— of *N*——.

END OF PART III.

THE

MARRIAGE-A-LA-MODE.

ALTHOUGH there is no one ſtep of greater conſequence to us, or, on which the happineſs of man ſo much depends, as that of marriage; ſtill, ſo raſh, and, preſumptive are we, as to pay very little regard to it, otherwiſe than as it ſuits, or, claſhes with our intereſt; that impoſer on our fate, which leads us on to miſery, in the dark, ſmoothing over our misfortunes, with a ſhew of felicity. On talking upon this ſubject, moſt men ſhall ſpeak, as, with the tongue of a philoſopher; they ſhall tell you, that the joys of wedlock conſiſt in having a diſcreet and affectionate wife; but, when they are about to enter on the ſtate, you ſhall hear them opening in a different language; nothing, then, ſhall ſatisfy but money: ſhe, that has moſt, is moſt amiable; and, ſhe, that has none, is, totally, deſerted. 'Tis this unhappy way of thinking, that introduces, into ſo many families, a cold indifference between man and wife, which, when it has once taken root, ſeldom fails of growing into a ſettled and confirmed hatred, the general fore-runner of very dreadful conſequences. In order, then, to create in us an abhorrence of ſuch lucrative alliances, Mr. *Hogarth* has, in the following ſcenes, pictured out, in the moſt ſtriking colours, the fatal end of, what he calls, a MARRIAGE-A-LA-MODE; a well-adapted term, being too general, and, faſhionable a thing, among us, to ſavour of the leaſt impropriety: and, becauſe this folly is more conſpicuous among the great, he has taken his ſubject from high-life; and, as an impartial perſon ſhould, has drawn it with the pencil of veracious obſervation.

1 *Dent Sculp.*

We are, then, to ſuppoſe, that an Alderman, of the city of *London*, a man immenſely rich, whoſe wealth was acquired by trade, in order, to ennoble his family, (ſo ambitious are we, in general, and, ſo fond of titulary honour) had been, ſome time, looking out for a matrimonial alliance with ſome man of faſhion, who might be glad to accept ſuch a propoſal, with a view of recruiting a waſted fortune. We are, alſo, to imagine, that it was not long before he met with the wiſhed-for opportunity, there being many of the engliſh nobility, with encumbered eſtates, upon the watch, to catch at an offer of this kind, in order, to free them. View, then, the wealthy cit, all neceſſary preliminaries being before adjuſted; at the houſe of a britiſh earl, ſigning and ſealing the marriage ſettlement, and, paying his daughter's ſtipulated fortune. See him, with all the appearance of a perſon of property, accuſtomed to the tale of money, caſting his eye on what his clerk, an old faithful ſervant, has juſt counted down. On the other hand, behold the peer, the father of the bridegroom, full of his titles, and, nobility, (which he has juſt traced, on the tree of conſanguinity, from *William* the Conqueror) in a poſition, which indicates an egotiſm, ſwelled with the greateſt pride. Methinks I hear him ſay, "'tis I; my arms; my titles; my caſtle; my anceſtors." Nay, ſo fond is he of his rank, that every thing about him wears the mark of diſtinction; even his crutches, the mortifying monitors of his infirmities, are ornamented with coronets. He is repreſented as lain up with the gout, that

that diſorder, in particular, being the uſual conſequence of irregular living, which men of quality, too often, give a looſe to. Neither is an irregular debauched life the parent of one diſorder, only, but, of a complication. This is intimated by the mark of the evil, on the ſon's neck, covered with a patch, which we are to ſuppoſe, inherent in his blood, carried down from father to ſon, through many generations. Aſtoniſhing, that men ſhould purſue their pleaſures, to the prejudice of their health, and, that the pain they ſuffer, ſhould not deter them from ſuch exceſſes as cauſe it!—Behind, on a ſettee, are the bride and bridegroom, in poſitions of diſlike, he, taking of ſnuff, and, looking in the glaſs; ſhe, playing with her ring, ſeeming to liſten with indifference, to the ſoft things that young barriſter is ſaying to her, whoſe attendance, here, was to draw up the marriage articles. The other counſellor, (a ſerjeant) is examining the plan of my Lord's new building, and, viewing, with admiration, (that declares him full of empty ſignificance and conceit, greatly characteriſtic of the law-ſwoln counſel) the beauty of the edifice, on which he is ſuppoſed to have ſpent the whole of his fortune, not, even, reſerving ſufficient to complete it. So raſh and inconſiderate are monied men, in general, as, fondly, to imagine there is no end to their wealth!—The number of idle ſervants, that are ſeen in the court yard, without, ſerve, alſo, to denote the deſtructive pride that ſurrounds this man of quality: ſwelled with his exalted ſituation in life, his eyes are ſhut to his follies; and, puffed up with grandeur, he has not leiſure to caſt, even, a thought on conſequences, but, is, totally, blind to impending ruin.

MATTERS, amicably, adjuſted, and, preliminaries ſettled, we are to ſuppoſe the fatal knot tyed, that knot, on which depends our temporal happineſs, or, miſery. Now, is this young couple caſt from under the parental wing, launched forth into the world, and, left, wholly, to themſelves; poſſeſſed, of ſuch an annual income, as ſets them, far, above the reach of want; placing them in the midſt of every earthly bleſſing. Happy might they now have been, could they, e'en have thought ſo, nay, doubly happy, if they loved; but, where affection is wanting, felicity is baniſhed; for Heaven has ſo framed our natures for this intimate ſociety, that, without it, even, amid the affluence of fortune, and, the flow of uninterrupted health, there will be an aking void in the ſolitary breaſt, that can never know a plenitude of happineſs. To this misfortune is owing the utter deſtruction of this unthinking pair, and, all thoſe melancholy conſequences ruſing in the ſequel of the ſtory.

2 *Dent Sculp.*

THAT indifference which precedes a marriage of this ſort, ſeldom fails to follow it. When we unite ourſelves, by contract, we would, generally, live ſeparate, by inclination. Tired of one another, nothing is more common, than for the huſband to grow ſick of home, to ſtay out, in an evening, as late as poſſible, and, for the wife, to wear away the tedious hours, by entertainments, cards, and, other acts of diſſipation.

THIS plate, then, before us, repreſents a ſaloon, in this young nobleman's houſe, not long after the breaking up of a card aſſembly. The clock tells us, 'tis noon. We are to ſuppoſe, then, by the candles being ſtill burning, that the day had been ſhut out, and, converted into night, a circumſtance not a little characteriſtic of the irregularity and diſorder that reigns within the houſe; and, that, after an hour or two's ſleep, madam is juſt riſen to breakfaſt; whoſe riſing has occaſioned that of the family, in general. This is intimated, by one of the ſervants, in the back ground of this plate, who, we are to underſtand, though ſcarce awake, has hurried on his cloaths, in order to ſet the houſe, in ſome meaſure, to rights. By the treatiſe of *Hoyle*, upon the floor, we are taught the idle ſtudy of people of diſtinction, to whom, books in general, are a diſguſt, unleſs they tend to diſſipation, or, ſerve to inſtruct them, in their favourite amuſements. With reſpect to the attitudes of the two principal figures, the fineneſs of the thought, and, the particular exactneſs of the expreſſions, they

they muſt be allowed to be extremely beautiful. They are, at the ſame time, well introduced, as from the indifference that gives riſe to them, ſprings the deſtruction of this unhappy family. On the one hand, we are to ſuppoſe her, actuated by ſoft deſire, totally, neglected by her huſband; on the other, by way of contraſt, that he is, juſt, returned from the apartments of ſome woman, fatigued, and, ſatiated. And, as pleaſures of this ſort are ſeldom uninterrupted, we are told, by the female cap in his pocket, and, his broken ſword, that he has been engaged in ſome riot, or, uproar. An old faithful ſteward, who has a regard for the family, ſeems to have taken this opportunity, (not being able to find a better) to ſettle his accounts; but, the great diſorder of the family, and, the indiſpoſition of his maſter and miſtreſs, render it impoſſible. See him then returning, in an action of concern, dreading the approaching ruin of them both. To ſhew us the great and general extravagance of nobility, Mr. *Hogarth* has, humourouſly, put into this man's hands a number of unpaid bills, and, placed upon the file, only, one receipt; intimating, the bad pay of people of quality, who will run themſelves largely in debt, and, refuſe every timely payment, even, to the ruin of their tradeſmen. By the book of regeneration, in his pocket, we are given to underſtand, that he is tainted with enthuſiaſm; and, though his heart is inclined to good, that he is an unhappy follower of thoſe men whoſe reigning principle is hypocriſy, and, who, will, publickly, ſhudder for the misfortunes of thoſe, whoſe downfall they, ſecretly, rejoice at. There is one other thing, which I cannot paſs over in ſilence, and, that is, an immodeſt painting, in the further part of the room, with a curtain drawn before it; calculated to inflame a wanton imagination, though, deſignedly, concealed from public view. A manifeſt token of the depraved taſte of its owner, and, a completion of his vitiated character.

LED, then, from one act of ill-conduct to another, the hero of this piece, meets his deſtruction in hunting after pleaſure. Little does he imagine what miſery awaits him, and, what dreadful conſequences will be the event of his proceedings; but, determined to embrace the trifling happineſs in view, covets, and, runs into the company of abandoned women; rouſes, by that means, the reſentment of his wife, and, with the greateſt raſhneſs, ſeals his unhappy fate.

3 *Dent Sculp*

DISEASE is, univerſally, known to be the general attendant of debauchery. 'Tis on this account, our author has introduced the hero of this piece, at the houſe of an empiric, where he would have had no occaſion to be, but, in conſequence of his lewd courſe of life. He is repreſented, as having brought with him, two females, with whom he has been acquainted, that the doctor might determine, to which of the two, he might attribute his diſorder, both of them being ſuppoſed to have been, ſome time, under cure. His being prejudiced in favour of the girl, we are to imagine, occaſions a quarrel between him and the woman, which proceeds to the greateſt extremities, even to that of fighting. The doctor, unconcerned at this diſpute, and ſollicitous for little but himſelf, increaſes the noiſe, by thundering to the mute-ſtruck girl, " Vat ?—you vont take " your *pe—els ?*" angry, to think his medicines are ſo little regarded. The contraſt, between this girl and the woman, with reſpect to the age, the timidity, the ſoftneſs of the one; the rage, the fury, and, the harſhneſs of the other, is, doubtleſs, exceeding beautiful, and, ſtrongly characteriſtic of the ſimplicity that dwells in thoſe, who are unaccuſtomed to vice, and, the natural ferocity inherent in ſuch, as are long habituated to it. Though both the quack, and, his apartments are objects, rather, foreign to the purpoſe, yet, Mr. *Hogarth*, has taken this opportunity of ridiculing the folly of ſuch men, as enter upon a profeſſion, they are, wholly unacquainted with; and,

by

by repreſenting this empiric, as a Frenchman, cenſures the government of this kingdom, for tolerating a foreigner to exerciſe, here, what would not be permitted, in his own country; that of preying upon the conſtitution of the public. Although, he was, formerly, a barber, he is, now, if we may judge, by the appearance of his houſe, not only a ſurgeon, but, a naturaliſt, chemiſt, mechanician, phyſician, and, apothecary; and, to complete the character, he is ſuppoſed to have invented, through a great opinion of his own abilities, two machines, extremely complicate, for the moſt ſimple operations: one, to ſet a diſlocated limb, the other,—to uncork a bottle. On the firſt of the two, lies, a folio treatiſe, on the nature of theſe inſtruments, in French, whoſe title-page is, "An "Explanation of two grand machines; one, for re-ſetting the collar-bone; "the other, for drawing a cork: invented by Monſieur *De la-Pillule*. "Inſpected, and, approved by the Royal Academy, at *Paris*." An admirable rub on the ignorance of the French, and, on the ſuperficial knowledge of mechanic heads, in general, who, fondly, imagine they have performed wonders, if they find themſelves able to bring about, even, ordinary things, by very extraordinary means. In the glaſs caſe, are three figures, *viz.* a ſkeleton of a man, that had been executed, intimated by the gallows above, a man in muſcles, and, a plaſter head, on which hangs the doctor's wig. By the diſpoſition of theſe figures, which is that of the bones, ſuppoſed to be cautioning the fleſh, not to be adviſed by that head of ſelf-conſequence beſide him, leſt, in a little time, he ſhould be reduced to bones only, like himſelf; we are taught the folly of applying to quacks, for a cure, when we find ourſelves in any reſpect, diſordered; they being of little ſervice, otherwiſe, than that of removing a life-ſick patient from a tormenting and troubleſome world.

THE old nobleman is, now, ſuppoſed to be dead, and, the young Lord, in the entire poſſeſſion of his eſtate. In conſequence of this, he launches out into every piece of folly, and, extravagance, has his levees, his routs, &c. and, becomes totally a dupe to the foibles of his wife.

4 Corbould & Dent Sculp

SEE, then, in this fourth plate, a groupe of figures, greatly, amuſing by the variety of characters they repreſent. Let us begin with the principal, that of madam, at her toilette, under the hands of her valet-de-chambre, ſetting to have her hair dreſſed. Such being the folly of people of rank, that, as they take their modes from *France*, they have no opinion of any other than French dreſſers. By the china figures on the floor, which her black boy has brought home, ſhe is ſuppoſed to be, juſt, returned from an auction, or, ſale of goods, at which places women of quality are, generally, taken in. 'Tis pride, only, and, a determination of rivalling their acquaintance in expence, that cauſes them to buy, or, they would not purchaſe, as they often do, at an exorbitant price, a villainous jar, or, a wretched pagod, which they have not the leaſt occaſion for, and, which have neither beauty or value to recommend them. Let any one caſt an eye on the various lots, and, obſerve the precious acquiſition our heroine has made, which, by the catalogue, on the floor, ſeems to have been, once, the property of Sir *Timothy Baby-houſe*, and, I am perſuaded, he muſt think the ſame. Among theſe is a porcelaine figure of *Actæon*, to whoſe horns the boy, with a leer upon his lady, is a[illegible], pointing, as emblematical of the ridiculous appearance of his [illegible]. It has ever been, fooliſhly, conſidered, among the firſt rank of people, as a mark of grandeur, to have, frequently, at their houſes, one of thoſe melodious animals, which are fetched from *Italy*, at a great expence;

pence: ſuch a one *, is, here, ſinging, and, is particularly well drawn, for one of thoſe unfortunate wretches, that too often fall a victim to the muſical madneſs of the Italians. His diamond buckles, rings, ſolitaire, and, ear-rings, tell us the many valuable preſents the ladies have made him, who, are, generally, wrapt up in any thing, they think uncommon. As a proof of this, ſee Lady *Charlotte*, dying away at the raviſhing ſounds of this melodious ſinger, and, the mellow notes of the warbling flute. Not ſo the country gentleman on her left; he having no reliſh for theſe exalted pleaſures, and, ſuppoſed to be fatigued with riding, is fallen faſt aſleep. Next him, ſits one, who, by the fan upon his wriſt, we are told, is more a woman, than a man, a diſciple of *Anacreon's*, a very heretic in love. This man pretends to be moved at what he hears, and, puts us in mind of thoſe effeminate creatures, who affect a delicacy they are perfect ſtrangers to, and, draw contempt on themſelves, in that very inſtant, in which they would wiſh to be moſt admired. On the left of him, ſits another *unaccountable*, with his hair in buckle; one of thoſe perſonages, that paſs their whole lives in endeavouring to pleaſe, without ſucceſs: a very *petit-maitre*, who, conſtantly, degrades the man, to ſupport the coxcomb. On the oppoſite ſide of the chamber, is that young barriſter, otherwiſe engaged, (whom we ſaw, in the firſt plate, talking to the bride) laying on a ſopha; he ſeems, by his picture hanging in this room, to have ingratiated himſelf into the favour of the family; and, by his ſituation here, to have profited by the indifference of the huſband; for, however ſtrange it may appear, experience ſhews us, that, in matters of intrigue, the huſband is no leſs a dupe to the artful deſigns of his wife, let the indifference, that ſubſiſts, between them, be as great as it may. He is repreſented, as offering his miſtreſs a ticket, for a maſquerade, which, ſhe, on her part, does not heſitate to accept. The figures, to which he is pointing, in the ſcreen, thoſe of a friar and a nun, in ſecret converſe, intimate the purpoſes of his heart, tell her in expreſs terms, that, if ſhe is as willing as he, they may, then, have an opportunity of enjoying each other, under the ſerviceable maſk of innocence, unſeen by the inquiſitive eye of cenſure. All that I ſhall, further, remark, in this plate, is, a few complimental meſſage cards lying, ſcattered, on the floor; the contents of which, are, as follow. "Lady *Squander's* company is deſired at lady *Townly's* drum, next *Mon-*" *day*. Lady *Squander's* company is deſired at lady *Heatham's* drum-" major, next *Sunday*." *Sunday*, in particular! amazing wickedneſs of the age, that the greateſt riot ſhould be fixed on the moſt ſacred day!—" Lady *Squander's* company is deſired at Miſs *Hairbrain's* rout." Among which, is one from a foreigner, viſible from its orthography. "Count

* *Farrinelli*, a celebrated *Italian* ſinger.

" *Baſſet* begs to no how lade *Squander* ſleapt laſt nite." From theſe few cards, it is very evident, in what an idle manner people of faſhion trifle away their time, and, in what acts of diſſipation, they waſte thoſe precious hours, that ought to be ſpent, in matters of greater moment. Little do they imagine, they ſhall, one day or other, anſwer for this ill-conduct, or, they would not, ſurely, mill-horſe-like, purſue their inceſſant round, and, take ſuch pains, to pay their viſits to any lord, but the LORD of the whole earth.

5 *Dent Sculp*

THE fatal conſequence of going to the maſquerade, is, here, ſhewn to perfection. The ticket was accepted, to favour an aſſignation; the aſſignation took place, and, the cataſtrophe is dire. Happy was our heroine, to find an opportunity of enjoying the company of her ſpark; happy was the barriſter, to take an advantage of the ſuppoſed weakneſs of her huſband; but, behold the dreadful end of ſuch illicit and unwarrantable proceedings!—They are, ſuppoſed to have retired from the ball, to ſome bagnio, in order, to give a looſe to their enjoyment. But, what are we to imagine, brought the huſband here?—Suſpicion, and, eagerneſs to know the truth. Her indiſcreet behaviour had, long, given birth to his jealouſy, and, her going to this place of amuſement, without him, confirmed it. Determined to ſee the event of her miſconduct, he, ſecretly, follows her, from his houſe, to the maſquerade, from the maſquerade, to the bagnio; raſhly, gives them an opportunity of undreſſing, that he might have the ſatiſ-

ſatisfaction of diſcovering them in bed. Had he ſhewn himſelf at their entrance into this houſe, it might have anſwered his purpoſe, equally, and, in all probability, this bloody ſcene would have been prevented; but, inſtead of this, he goes after them to the chamber, and, thirſting for revenge, unſheaths his ſword, burſts open the door, and, attacks his rival, who was, alſo, prepared, in caſe of any interruption; a thruſt or two paſſes between them, and, the huſband is wounded, mortally. The noiſe this occaſioned, brings up the watch, and, a ſervant of the houſe, who ſeem thunderſtruck at the ghaſtly ſpectacle: alarmed at this accident, the young counſellor, thought proper to ſecure himſelf, by an eſcape from the window, in his ſhirt; and, his miſtreſs, ſtruck, at the ſame time, both by remorſe, and, horror, and, actuated in ſome meaſure, by concern, falls on her knees to her dying huſband, wringing her hands, with tears in her eyes; and, in blubbered accents, confeſſes her guilt, imploring his forgiveneſs. Now, though too late, begins to work that ſorrow, which, had it found way into her breaſt before, might have prevented this dreadful act, and, perhaps, have laid the baſis of their future happineſs; but, on the contrary, ſhe purſued her vicious inclinations, even to the death of her huſband, and, was content to ſeal her miſery, ſo ſhe gratified her wanton paſſion. Nor, was his imprudence leſs than hers; for, his corrupt courſe of life rouſed her reſentment; his unfaithfulneſs to the marriage-bed, being, as it were, the prelude to her inconſtancy; and, in order, to puniſh it, he meets his own death, in ſeeking that of his rivals. Thus, he fell an untimely ſacrifice to his revenge, and, a victim to the wrath of Heaven.

6 Corbould & Dent Sculpt.

THOUGH the young barriſter fled from the window, it was of little or no availment, much like the fluttering of a bird, enſnared in a net, that trys, even to the laſt, to eſcape the hands of the fowler; he reaches the ground, 'tis true, but, is, preſently, taken by the watch, and, the next day, committed to priſon, there to bewail his paſt imprudencies, and, ſettle his accounts with his Creator. Madam, is conducted to her houſe, and, left to repent her haſty ſteps, at leiſure. On the report of this melancholy ſtory, the tradeſmen of her lord, (who had, long, foreborn carrying matters to extremities, through the hopes, that they ſhould be, one time, paid) ruſh on her, to ſeize the remaining effects. She, therefore, being ill diſpoſed to ſettle any ſort of account, we are to imagine, makes a friend of her father, throws her affairs into his hands, leaves her home, and, returns to his houſe; ſuppoſed to be, ſomewhere, near *London*-bridge, we having a view of it, from the window, in its original ſtate, when covered with houſes. Let us paſs over the many ſad hours ſhe is preſumed to wear away in hateful meditation, and, haſten to the ſcene before us; a ſcene of aggravated diſtreſs and horror. Left to the dreaded leiſure of her thoughts, ſhe becomes conſcious of having been the deſtruction of her huſband, her lover, (for, by the dying ſpeech, before her, we are told, he has been tried, and, executed) her reputation, and, her happineſs; and, fooliſhly, thinks, ſhe has no other refuge from the terrors of

her mind, than to deſtroy *herſelf*. Unhappy ſituation, to have leſs reaſon, and, reſolution, when we ſtand moſt in need of them! Little does ſhe reflect, upon the conſequences of ſo preſumptive an act, but hopes, only, to eaſe the anguiſh of her mind, by depriving herſelf of the power of thinking. In this diſordered ſtate, ſhe, artfully, ſends a ſervant for a doſe of laudanum, ſwallows it, with the greateſt eagerneſs, and, by that means, puts an end to her miſerable being. Thus, inſtead of appeaſing the vengeance of Heaven, by a hearty contrition; through a miſtaken view of extenuating her crime, by the death of herſelf, ſhe, doubly, enhances her guilt; and, with the deſign of quieting the terrors of a tormented conſcience, ſhe, raſhly, caſts herſelf, ſuddenly, at the bar of judgment, there, in the utmoſt agonies of fear and deſpair, to wait the dreadful ſentence of an avenging Judge. See her, then, in the laſt moments of her life, ſeized with death, as ſhe and her father were ſitting down to dinner.—A phyſician, and apothecary are, immediately, ſent for; but all aſſiſtance is vain, it being now too late. The firſt is returning, in all the pride of phyſical conſequence, and, the latter, ſeverely, reprimanding the ſervant for fetching the deadly potion. The ſtarched tight-dreſſed figure of the one, and, the trembling relaxed ſtate of the other, added to the appearance of his coat, which ſeems to have been an old one of his maſter's, afford an agreeable contraſt, and, cannot fail drawing a ſmile, even, in this ſcene of diſtreſs, which is, not a little, heightened, by the old family-ſervant, in tears, bringing the poor little infant, the diſeaſed and rickety off-ſpring of debauched parents, to take its laſt farewell of its expiring mother. The great niggardlineſs, that prevails in this houſe, is viſible from the ancient furniture of the room, the beggarly dinner, ſerved up, upon the table, the emaciated figure of the fleſhleſs dog; and, the covetous diſpoſition of its maſter, (who ſeems more attentive to the leaſt acquiſition, than the moſt tragical event that can happen) by his drawing the ring from his daughter's finger. By way of completion, it may not be unneceſſary to take notice of the pictures, in this plate, which are on ſubjects far different from what we have ſeen in the foregoing; and, are expreſſive of the want of taſte and elegance in ſuch perſons, as paſs their whole life, in the acumulation of wealth. They are, alſo, introduced, here, as a contraſt to thoſe, we ſaw, in the poſſeſſion of the Earl. The magnificence of the one, and, the meanneſs of the other, are, equally, as worth notice, as the ſtrange ſubjects they repreſent. However, in general, tis neither analogy, taſte, or, decency, that is conſulted in the choice of pictures, but, the broker, of whom we buy them, who, on his part, recommends thoſe, by which he gets the moſt, without paying much regard either to the painter, or, the painting. A ſtrong proof of the ignorance of nobility: tell them, ſuch, or, ſuch a painting, whether it be

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ſo, or, not, is an original, and, you ſecure the ſale of it, let the price be what it will, as, 'tis, oftener, the rarity of a thing that attracts the buyers, than its peculiar ornament, its intrinſic value, or, a competent knowledge of its merit. 'Tis juſt the ſame with reſpect to books; a perſon, who prides himſelf in being curious, ſhall give more money for a worm-eaten edition of *Elzevir*, which he cannot underſtand, than for the moſt valuable ſet of books, in the Engliſh language, which ſhall both improve his mind, and, ornament his ſtudy;—for my part, when I hear of ſuch a man, I cannot help thinking of a particular perſon, of the laſt age, that bought a vaſt quantity of cloaths, not becauſe they had any thing peculiar to recommend them, or, that he wanted them, for wear; but, only, becauſe they were made by ſuch a particular taylor.

HAVING, now, lain before the reader, ſuch incidental remarks, as occurred, through the courſe of this hiſtory, one would, naturally, imagine, there ſhould be no occaſion to dwell longer on the ſubject, or, to tire his ears, with a repetition of that, of which he has had an occular demonſtration; but, ſuch is the perverſeneſs of mankind, that, what they are told, they will, ſcarcely, give credit to; and, what they, even, ſee, they will find means to elude the force of. To ſuch, 'tis, in vain, to apply; for, arguments will, ſtill, be but arguments; they may perſwade, but, cannot compel; demonſtration itſelf not being able to confute a reſolved will; all, then, I ſhall, further, ſay, on this ſubject, is, that I would, fain, perſwade myſelf, that thoſe who are not, totally, deaf to inſtruction, will profit by the tragic ſtory, and, by a timely prevention, avoid, in their own families, what has ſhocked them in this. Let me hope, then, ye relentleſs parents, who pay no regard to the happineſs of your off-ſpring, and, who would ſacrifice a child to the luſt of riches, I ſay, let me hope, at leaſt, that a fear of ſhame and diſgrace, will have ſome ſort of influence, and, that what natural affection cannot bring to bear, will be effected by the dread of calamitous events. Force not a ſon or daughter to a ſtep they may have occaſion to rue; but, ſtudy their true and laſting happineſs, which, in matrimony, conſiſts not in abundance of wealth, but, in union of mind, and, conformity of temper; adviſe them as you pleaſe; but, ceaſe from compulſion; and, learn, when you exert your authority, not to loſe ſight of your tenderneſs; and, while you ſupport the man, not to drop the father.

ON the other hand, ye ſons and daughters, whom marriage has launched into life, conſider well, e'er it be too late, the deſtructive conſequences of oppoſite inclinations. That ſilly pride of keeping up the prerogative either of a huſband or a wife, has been the cauſe of many an undoing; and, the happineſs of that couple, that might have lived

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in the greateſt harmony and affection, has been, often, upſet through the prevalence of petulance and peeviſhneſs. It is your expreſs duty to ſtudy the diſpoſition of each other, to look over the common frailties of each particular ſex, and, to avoid all extravagance, irregularity, and, other failings, that may occaſion diſguſt. This, if you do, with care and exactneſs, marriage will become a bleſſing, and, your home, a paradiſe.

ERRATUM, in the RAKE'S PROGRESS.

From the firſt note, page 25, *dele, Aretine.*

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ERRATA, in the ELECTION.

In the fourth page, line 28, *for* heating it in a chaffing-diſh of, &c. *read,* heating it over a chaffing-diſh of, &c.

In the page, oppoſite plate IV. line 26, *for,* creaſe this cofnuſion, *read,* increaſe this confuſion.

IN-

INDUSTRY,

AND,

IDLENESS.

AS our future welfare, in a great meaſure, depends on our firſt ſetting out in the world; and, as we derive our ſucceſs in life, from our own active endeavours; it may not appear inconſiſtent with reaſon, to ſay, that our good or ill-fortune is, chiefly, owing to our own DILIGENCE, or, SLOTH, in the early part of our lives, which, if well followed, in the courſe of our youth, becomes habitual, and, is, as it were, moulded with our natures. This, I think, Mr. *Hogarth* has made appear, in the following hiſtory of the Two APPRENTICES, by repreſenting a ſeries of ſuch ſcenes, as follow, naturally, in order, a courſe of *Induſtry*, or, *Idleneſs*; and, which he has decorated with ſuch texts of ſcripture, as teach us their analogy with holy writ. Now, as example is far more convincing, and, perſwaſive, than precept, theſe prints are, undoubtedly, an excellent leſſon to ſuch young men as are brought up to buſineſs, by laying before them, the inevitable deſtruction that awaits the ſlothful, and, the infallible reward that attends the diligent. It was this motive that induced the Chamberlain of *London*, to have them hung up in his public office, as the moſt uſeful furniture he could think of; and, as a pattern to every perſon in trade; hoping they would follow his example. Theſe ſheets, then, may not be unuſeful, or, improductive of good conſequences, if put into the hands of the riſing generation.

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VIEW, then, the noble contraſt; ſee, the fellow 'Prentices, at their looms, in the workſhop of a *Spital-fields* weaver. Obſerve, in the one, a ſerene and open countenance, the diſtinguiſhed mark of innocence; and, in the other, a hanging, down-caſt look, the index of a corrupt and vicious heart. The induſtrious lad is, here, diligently, employed at his work, and, his thoughts, are wholly, taken up with the buſineſs he is upon. His book, called, the *Prentice's Guide*, ſuppoſed to be given him for inſtruction, lies fair and open, beſide him, as peruſed with care, and, attention. The employment of the day ſeems his conſtant ſtudy; and, the intereſt of his maſter, his continual regard. Even, in his leiſure hours, the uſual times of recreation, he is not without a thought on the obligations of his ſtation, but, paſſes his time, in exact conformity to his ſenſe of duty; and, we are given to underſtand, by thoſe ballads, paſted on the wall, behind him, which contain the hiſtories of the *London* 'Prentice, *Whittington*, the Mayor, &c. that if his boyiſh follies, ever lead him to lay out a penny, in youthful amuſements, it is on things that may improve his mind, and, correct his underſtanding. On the contrary, his fellow-'prentice, over-powered with beer, plain, from the half-gallon pot before him, is, with his arms folded, fallen aſleep; a manifeſt

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token of lazineſs, brought on by a love of liquor. Such is the miſfortune of many men, that the errors they imbibe in their youth, become habits in their age; for, we find (ſo fond are ſome of drinking) that when they cannot meet with others, who will run with them into equal exceſs; rather than not indulge themſelves in their beloved vices, they will even get drunk alone. From the cat's playing with the ſhuttle, we learn, how faſt he is locked in ſleep: ſo inattentive is he to his own, and, maſter's intereſt, as to ſuffer that to be done, during his inſenſibility, which will give him additional trouble, when he awakes, and, verify the old proverb, *Lazy folks take the moſt pains.* The ballad, containing the hiſtory of *Moll Flanders*, fixed up behind him, ſhews us the bent of his mind towards that which is bad; and, his book of inſtructions lying, torn, and, defaced, upon the ground, how regardleſs he is of any thing tending to his future welfare. His maſter ſtealing in, with an angry countenance, and, an uplifted ſtick, gives us to underſtand, that the conſequence of his ſloth is, a preſent beating; and, the emblematical figures of a pair of fetters, a cat-o-nine-tails, and, a halter, (if he goes on as he has begun) what he may expect in future; whereas, the *regalia*, on the other ſide, *viz.* the golden chain, the ſword, and, mace, are pictured to denote, that preferment, and, honour, are the general rewards of diligence, and, labour *.

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* The texts, that grace this plate, are,

"The drunkard ſhall come to poverty, and drowſineſs ſhall cloath a man with rags". *Prov.* xxiii. *v.* 2.

"The hand of the diligent maketh rich", *Prov.* x. *v.* 4.

2

BUT, as the very beſt of our ſervices are ineffectual, with reſpect to the end propoſed, unleſs, attended with the bleſſing of heaven, this plate repreſents to us, the induſtrious young man, performing the duty of a Chriſtian, in the ſervice of his God; by which we are taught, that an attention to our *eternal* welfare ſhould be a great part of our concern, and, go hand in hand with our *temporal*; in oppoſition to the general practice of mankind; who, vainly, think, that to eat, drink, dreſs, and, live, is the *ſummum bonum*, or, chief good, on which our thoughts ſhould be, conſtantly, employed. We ſee him, here, attending the public ſervice, in a devout and decent manner; (joining in that particular part of it, pſalm-ſinging; which is, too often neglected, by thoſe who are, even, conſtant attenders of divine worſhip) not in a lazy, indolent poſture, ſitting, or, lounging, as is, frequently, the cuſtom; but, ſtanding up, as a mark of ſacred reſpect to that God, whoſe praiſes he is chaunting out; and, as a proof that this appearance is not, only, outward; the calmneſs, and, well-meaning diſpoſition of his countenance, ſufficiently, declare an inward purity, and, that his geſtures are the immediate reſult of a fervent heart. A bright example of piety, and, a lively contraſt to the man aſleep beſide him, which ſhews us how often people are induced to be preſent, on theſe ſolemn occaſions, merely, through faſhion, and, that they may not paſs for heathens, without the leaſt regard to their ſpiritual intereſt;

intereſt; chooſing, rather to ſleep away their ſalvation, than to ſit out, as they, profanely, call it, the dull and tedious ſervice of the church. Surely, ſuch perſons as make a convenience of public worſhip, as is the caſe with many, muſt imagine the clergy are appointed by the pariſh to amuſe its inhabitants in an idle hour, which they are not permitted to employ in their reſpective occupations, or, they would not pay ſo little regard to what they hear. His giving a perſon near him (who is ſuppoſed to be his maſter's daughter) a ſight of his book, tells us, that he cares not for himſelf alone, but, that while he ſerves his own ſoul, he is not unmindful of his neighbours. By the haſſocks turned without the pew, except one, beneath his own feet, we learn, that, whilſt others, regardleſs, ſit, or, loll through the petitionary part of the ſervice, he performs it on his knees, intenſely adoring the God, on whom he reſts his confidence, and, as an humble ſupplicant, at the throne of heaven, for mercy. The truſſed-up figure of the prepoſterous woman, behind him, intimates, that, after the manner of many others, ſhe is as much ſwoln with pride, as corpulency; that ſhe thinks herſelf of the greateſt conſequence, which ſhe endeavours to make known, (church being the uſual place of ſuch exhibitions) by rivalling her neighbours, in the number of ribbands, at her breaſt, and, in the enormous ſize of her fan; things full as expreſſive, as the moſt coſtly jewels, being the greateſt ornaments, within the reach of her pocket. The other figure, that of the pew-opener, on the left, denotes the decent behaviour of the devout worſhipper: though age, and, infirmities prevent her riſing, ſtill, ſhe is intent on the ſolemn office, and, pays her adoration, to the utmoſt of her power. Upon the whole, we are to learn from the general tenor of the piece, before us, that our well-being, in *this* life, depends upon a conſcientious regard to the duties of a Chriſtian, and, on our being, particularly, careful, with reſpect to the *next* *.

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* The ſcripture, annexed to this plate, is,

"O, how I love thy law! it is my meditation all the day."

Pſalm cxix. *v.* 97.

As a contraſt to the laſt plate, that of the induſtrious young man, performing of the duties of a Chriſtian, is this, repreſenting the idle 'Prentice, at play, in the church-yard, during divine ſervice. As an obſervance of religion is allowed be the foundation of virtue, ſo a neglect of religious duties has, long, been acknowledged the fore-runner of every kind of wickedneſs; the confeſſion of malefactors, at the place of execution, being a doleful confirmation of this ſad truth. Here, we ſee *him*, while *others* are intent on the holy office, tranſgreſſing the laws both of God, and, man, gambling on a tomb-ſtone, with the off-ſcouring of the people, the meaneſt of the human ſpecies, ſhoe-blacks, chimney-ſweepers, &c. for, none but ſuch ignorant, abandoned wretches would deign to be his companions; and, ſo callous is his heart, ſo wilfully blind is he to every thing tending to his future intereſt, that the tombs, thoſe ſtanding monuments of mortality, cannot rouſe him, nor, even, the new-dug grave, the ſculls, and, bones, thoſe lively monitors of our latter end, awake him from his ſinful lethargy, open his eyes, in the midſt of danger, or, pierce his heart with the leaſt reflection. Such an inſtance of hardened viciouſneſs, as is not to be paralleled!—The hand of the boy, employed upon his head, and, that of the ſhoe-black, in his boſom, are expreſſive, to the utmoſt, of filth, and, vermin; and, that he (the apprentice) is within a ſtep of being over-ſpread with the beggarly contagion. His obſtinate continuance in his crime, 'till removed by the blows of the watchful beadle,

beadle, gives us to underſtand, that *ſtripes are prepared for the back of fools*; that diſgrace, and, infamy, are the natural attendants of the ſlothful, and, the ſcorner; and, that there are little hopes of any alteration, 'till, he is over-taken in his ſin, by the avenging hand of Omnipotence, and, feels, with horror, and, amazement, the unexpected and inevitable ſtroke of death. Thus, dreadfully, does the obſtinately incorrigible perſon ſhut his ears againſt all the alarming calls of Providence, and, ſin away, even, the poſſibility of Salvation * !

THE induſtrious youth, by a diſcreet and ſteady conduct, we are to imagine, attracts the notice of his maſter, and, becomes a favourite: accordingly, we behold him, here, (exquiſitely continued from the firſt and ſecond prints) in the compting-houſe (with a diſtant view of the looms, and, of the quilſters, winding quills for the ſhuttles, from whence he was removed) entruſted with the books, receiving and giving orders, (the general reward of honeſty, care, and, diligence) evident, in the delivery of ſome ſtuffs by a city-porter, from *Blackwell-Hall*. By the keys, in

* The portion of holy writ, engraved beneath this plate, is, "Judgments are prepared for Scorners; and, ſtripes for the back of Fools". *Prov.* xix. *v.* 29.

one

one hand, and, the bag, in the other, we are taught, that he has behaved himſelf, with ſo much prudence and diſcretion, and, given ſuch inſtances of fidelity, as to become, now, the keeper of untold gold: the greateſt mark of implicit confidence. The integrity of his heart, is viſible in his face. The modeſty and tranquillity of his countenance, tell us, that, though the great truſt repoſed in him is an addition to his happineſs, yet, that he diſcharges his duty with ſo much becoming diffidence, and, care, as not to betray any of that pride which, uſually, attends ſo great a promotion. The familiar poſition of his maſter, leaning on his ſhoulder, is a further proof of his eſteem, declaring, that he dwells, as it were, in his boſom, and, poſſeſſes the greateſt ſhare of his affection: circumſtances that muſt ſweeten, even, a ſtate of ſervitude, and, make a pleaſing and indelible impreſſion on the mind. The head-piece to the *London*-Almanack, repreſenting, Induſtry taking Time, by the fore-lock, is not one of the leaſt beauties in this plate, as it intimates the danger of delay, and, adviſes us to make the beſt uſe of time, whilſt we have it in our power; nor, will the poſition of the gloves, on the flap of the eſcritoire, be unobſerved by a curious examiner, being expreſſive of that union that ſubſiſts between an indulgent maſter, and, an induſtrious apprentice.

THE ſtrong-beer noſe, and, pimpled face of the porter, (though it has no connection with the moral of the piece) is a fine caracture, and, ſhews, that our author let ſlip no opportunity of ridiculing the vices and follies of the age, and, particularly, here, in laying before us, the ſtrange infatuation of this ſet of people, who, becauſe a good deal of labour requires ſome extraordinary refreſhment, will, even, drink to the deprivation of their reaſon, and, the deſtruction of their health. The ſurly maſtiff, keeping cloſe to his maſter, and, quarrelling with the houſe-cat for admittance, though introduced to fill up the piece, repreſents the faithfulneſs of theſe animals, in general; and, is no mean emblem of the honeſty and fidelity of the porter, and, of that univerſal harmony that dwells within this houſe *.

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* The text, to this plate, is,

"Well done, thou good and faithful ſervant, thou haſt been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things".

Matth. xxv. *v.* 21.

3

On the other hand, the idle 'Prentice, having, by his continual bad behaviour, tired out the patience of his maſter, is turned away, and, ſent to ſea; in hopes, that, being abſent from the vices of the town, and, out of the reach of his wicked companions, together with the diſcipline of the ſea-ſervice, might work that reformation, his friends had little reaſon to expect, while he continued on ſhore. See him, then, in the ſhip's boat, off from land, the ſtage of all his crimes, making toward the veſſel, in which he is to embark. The diſpoſition of the different figures, in the boat, and, the expreſſion of their faces, tell us, as particularly as if we heard them ſpeak, the ſubject of their diſcourſe, which is relative to his idleneſs. His inſolent behaviour, and, impudence to every one preſent; his application of his hand, to his forehead, by way of horns, ſuppoſed to have been dictated to him by the place, in the river, which they have juſt paſſed, that of *Cuckold's-Point* *, and, his throwing his indentures into the water, with an air of contempt, prove, that he is not, at all, affected by his preſent condition, and, how little he regards the perſwaſions, nay, the tears of a fond mother, whoſe heart ſeems ready to burſt, with grief,

* A place, by the water-ſide, (ſo called) three miles below *London-Bridge*.

fearing the fate of her darling ſon. Well, might *Solomon* ſay, *a fooliſh ſon, is the heavineſs of his mother*; it being natural for a parent to be intereſted in the well-being of a child (be that child ever ſo bad); to rejoice, in a foreſight of its happineſs, and, ſorrow, even, in a diſtant view of its miſery!—One would, naturally, imagine, from the common courſe of things, that reflection would, now, and, then, find a paſſage to his heart, and, be a means of ſoftening, in ſome meaſure, the ruggedneſs of his diſpoſition; but, on the contrary, we obſerve him, in the vulgar phraſe, a dog ſo hardened, as to beget, even, in the ſeamen (who are, themſelves, almoſt, in a ſtate of incivilization) an abhorrence of his behaviour, and, draw from them an intimation of what he is to expect, unleſs he alters for the better; namely, firſt, a whipping, indicated by the cat-o-nine-tails, hung over his ſhoulder, by the boy, behind him; and, in the end, a gallows, which the boatſwain is pointing at; too often, the dreadful conſequence of ſloth, which is, in fact, the parent of every kind of wickedneſs. *

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* The text of ſcripture, adorning this plate, is,

"A fooliſh ſon is, the heavineſs of his mother".

Prov. x. *v.* 1.

6

HERE, we ſee the induſtrious youth, increaſing in his happineſs, taken into partnerſhip, by his maſter, (evident from their joint names, upon the ſign) and, married to his daughter; the ſubject of this plate being finely continued from the ſecond, and, fourth. By the young man's appearing in his cap, and, gown, at breakfaſt, in company with his amiable ſpouſe, we are to ſuppoſe it, morning; and, by the congratulations of the mob, gathered in ſuch numbers, from his well-known benevolence, and, generoſity, the morning after marriage. Even in this hour of diſſipation, in this feaſt, and, riot of the ſenſes, he is not inattentive to the diſtreſſes of others, nor, deaf to the voice of humanity. The natural feelings of his heart, and, his deſire, that others ſhould, in ſome meaſure, partake of his felicity, are viſible from the ſervant's, diſtributing, by his order, to the neceſſitous; and, his giving the maſter-drummer gold, to gladden the hearts of his comrades. In this groupe of figures, the true ſpirit of this nation is exquiſitely deſcribed, in the earneſtneſs, with which one of the butchers, ſtanding, with his marrow-bone, and, cleaver, obſerves the fortunate receiver, for the other drums; and, in the anger, expreſſed in the countenance of his fellow, who is elbowing, out of the firſt rank, the ruffled, french performer on the baſe-viol; demanding that precedence, the Engliſh have been, always, maſters of. That cripple, on the left of this piece, was intended for a well-known beggar, called *Philip-in-the-*

tub, (from his being reduced to the ſhift, we ſee, in order, to ſupply his unhappy want of limbs) who, in the principal towns, of *Ireland*, and, the *Seven-Provinces*, as well, as in thoſe of *Great-Britain*, was a conſtant attendant, at all weddings, as an epithalamiſt. He is ſuppoſed to be, here, bawling out the old ſong of *Jeſſe*, or, *The happy pair*. But, whilſt our attention is drawn to the moral hiſtory of the piece, we muſt not forget the other deſign of the painter, that of exhibiting to view, the extravagance of cuſtom, in the aſſembling of ſo great a number of drummers, fidlers, butchers, &c. who, becauſe in former days, the weddings of thoſe, who were reſpected in the pariſh, were, uſually, celebrated with inſtruments of joy, (the public congratulations of their poorer neighbours) do, now, on ſuch particular occaſions, gather round the houſe, not out of any regard to the perſons, whoſe marriage they attend, but, merely, through a view of obtaining money; and, though, perhaps, they might in this, be, in ſome reſpect, juſtifiable, yet, grown to extortion (the common practice of latter days) it is criminal, deſerving the watchful care of magiſtracy, and, the interpoſition of the law; for, to ſo great a pitch of inſolence are theſe wretches arrived, that, if their extravagant demand is not complied with, from ſounds of congratulation, they proceed to thoſe of inſult; and, from being, formerly, inſtruments and marks of reſpect, they are, now, become a general nuiſance. Such is the pernicious prevalence of ſome cuſtoms, ſupported, and, encouraged, by the ill-judged liberality of the public! *

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* To this plate, is added the following portion of ſcripture,

"The virtuous woman is a crown to her huſband".

Prov. xii. *v.* 4.

7

THE idle apprentice, as appears by this print, is advancing, with large ſtrides, towards his fate. We are to ſuppoſe him returned from ſea, after a long voyage; and, to have met with ſuch correction, abroad, for his obſtinacy, during his abſence, from *England*, that though it was found inſufficient to alter his diſpoſition, yet, it determined him to ſome other way of life, and, what he entered on, is, here, extremely evident, (from the piſtols, beſide the bed, and, the trinkets, his companion is examining, in order, to ſtrip him of) to be that of the highway. He is repreſented, in a garret, with a common proſtitute, the partaker of his infamy, awaking, after a night ſpent in robbery, and, plunder, from one of thoſe broken ſlumbers, which are, ever, the conſequence of a life of theft, and, debauchery. Tho' the deſigns of Providence are viſible in every thing, yet, they are never more conſpicuous, than in this; that, whatever theſe unhappy wretches poſſeſs, by wicked and illegal means, they ſeldom, if ever, comfortably, enjoy. In this ſcene, we have one of the fineſt pictures, imaginable, of the horrors of a guilty conſcience. Though the door is faſtened, in the ſtrongeſt manner, with a lock, and, two bolts, and, with the addition of ſome planks, from the flooring, ſo as to make his retreat as ſecure as poſſible; though he has attempted to drive away thought, by the powerful effects of ſpirituous liquors, plain, from the glaſs and bottle, upon the floor, ſtill, he is not able to fence out his guilt, or, ſteel his

breaſt againſt reflection. Behold him rouſed, by the accidental circumſtance of a cat's coming down the chimney, and, the falling of a few bricks, which he fears to be the noiſe of his purſuers! Obſerve him ſtarting in his bed; and, all the tortures of his mind, imprinted in his face! He, firſt, ſtiffens into ſtone; then, all his nerves, and, muſcles relax; a cold ſweat ſeizes him; his hair ſtands on end; his teeth chatter; and, *diſmay*, and, *horror*, ſtalk before his eyes. How different is the countenance of his wretched bed-fellow! wherein, unconcern, and, indifference, to every thing, but the plunder, are plainly apparent. She is looking at an ear-ring, which, with two watches, an etwee, and, a couple of rings, are ſpread upon the bed, as part of laſt night's robbery. The phials, on the mantle-piece, declare, that ſickneſs, and, diſeaſe, are common to proſtitution; and, the ragged, and, beggarly appearance of the room, its wretched furniture, the hole, by way of window, (by whoſe light, ſhe is examining her valuable acquiſition, and, againſt which, ſhe had hung her old hoop-petticoat, in order, to keep out the cold) and, the rat's running a-croſs the floor, are juſt and ſufficient indications, that, miſery, and, want, are the conſtant companions of a guilty life *.

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* The text of ſcripture, that illuſtrates this plate, is,

" The ſound of a ſhaken leaf ſhall chace him."

Leviticus, xxvi. *ver.* 36.

THE

8

THE progreſs of virtue, and, vice, together with their reſpective rewards, and, puniſhments, have, hitherto, kept pace with each other; we have ſeen the ſlothful apprentice, the obſtinate, the drunken, the abandoned *Idle*, in ſeveral ſtages of his life, running the race of lewdneſs, and, infamy; we have traced him through various ſcenes of his folly, and, find him, at laſt, ſo harraſſed, and, tormented, with the apprehenſions of guilt, that, even, the *ſound of a ſhaken leaf* can terrify him, and, render him a burthen to himſelf; while his fellow-apprentice, the induſtrious and honeſt *Goodchild*, has trod the paths of innocence, and, virtue, is happy in the poſſeſſion of an amiable bride, meets with the reſpect of all, who know him; loves, and, is beloved by, every neighbour. This print is a farther continuation of the happineſs that attends on diligence, and, goodneſs. We, now, find his conſcientious diſcharge of the duties of a tradeſman, his punctuality, and, other neceſſary qualifications, have recommended him to the notice of the chief magiſtrate, as a proper perſon, to ſerve the honourable office of Sheriff of the opulent city of *London*, and, county of *Middleſex*; (that being an introduction to the dignity of *Lord Mayor*) in which exalted ſituation, he is now, repreſented, as treating the liverymen of his company, with their wives, at the hall.

MR.

MR. *Hogarth* has, here, as in moſt of his pieces, given us the ſtrongeſt proofs of his unequalled humour, by introducing a few remarkable characters, (as being the life of a city-feaſt) in their ſuperior excellence of guttling and guzzling; in which *noble* and *elevated* employ, the whole company, indeed, ſeems to be happily engaged; repreſenting to us, at one view, the various ways of what we call, *laying it in*. In theſe public entertainments, do ſome men place their chief delight, ſtudying the indulgence of their palates, and, the gratification of their luxurious appetites, above every other thing, whatever; eating to the ſound of muſic; boaſting a refined taſte; and, proud of thoſe accompliſhments, the ſenſible man deſpiſes. Pity is it, that they ſhould not, now, and, then, experience that neceſſity, numbers of people are driven to, through the abſolute want of a hearty meal! Were this to be the caſe, I am convinced, they would not take ſuch pains to feaſt, and, pamper a wanton appetite, at the expence of all that is manly, rational, and, ſober. At the door is a crowd of people, ſuppoſed to have brought a delinquent to juſtice: one of theſe has preſented a letter, addreſſed to the worſhipful *Francis Goodchild*, Eſq; ſheriff of *London*, which the beadle takes, with the utmoſt mark of ſelf-conſequence, ſnuffing up his noſe, declaring, in the plaineſt terms, what vaſt importance he thinks himſelf of, and, at the ſame time, giving us to underſtand, that no outward mark of ſignificance is ſufficient to expreſs the notions, a man will, ſometimes, entertain of himſelf. *

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* The portions of ſcripture, engraved at the bottom of this plate, are

" With all thy getting, get underſtanding.

" Exalt her, and, ſhe ſhall promote thee; ſhe ſhall bring thee to honour, when " thou doſt embrace her".

Prov. iv. *ver.* 7, 8.

9

LET us turn, now, again, from the picture of Diligence, and, take a further view of the progress of Sloth, and, Infamy; by following the idle 'prentice, a step nearer to the approach of his unhappy end. We must remember to have seen him, in the third plate, herding with the worst of the human species, the very dregs of the people; one, of his companions, at that time, being a one-ey'd wretch, who seemed hackneyed in the ways of vice. To break this vile connection, he was sent to sea; but, no sooner did he return, than his wicked disposition took its natural course, and, every month he lived, served, only, to perfect him in fresh degrees of villainy. He, presently, discovered his old acquaintance, who we are to suppose, rejoiced to find him so ripe for mischief; with this worthless, abandoned fellow, he enters into engagements of the vilest nature, those of robbery, and, murder. Thus, blindly, will men, sometimes, run, headlong, to their own destruction! About the time when these plates were, first, published, which was in the year, 1747, there was a noted house, in *Chick-Lane, Smithfield*, that went by the name of the *Blood-bowl house*, so called, from the various scenes of blood, that was, there, almost, daily, carried on; it being a receptacle of whores, and, thieves; where the greatest infamy was practised; and, where, there seldom passed a month, without the commission of some act of murder. To this subterraneous place of iniquity, (it being a cellar) was our hero,

ſoon, introduced; where, he is, now, repreſented, in company with this accomplice, and, others of the ſame ſtamp, after the perpetration of the moſt horrid act of barbarity; (that of killing a paſſer-by, and, conveying him into a place, under-ground, contrived for this purpoſe) dividing the ill-gotten booty, which conſiſts of two watches, a ſnuff-box, and, ſome other trinkets. In the midſt of this villainous enjoyment, if enjoyment it can be called, is he betrayed by his ſtrumpet, (a proof of the treachery of ſuch wretches) into the hands of the high conſtable, and, his attendants, who had, with better ſucceſs than heretofore, traced the inhuman murderer to his horrid haunt. The back ground of this print ſerves, rather, to give us a repreſentation of night-cellars, in general, thoſe infamous places of reſort, for the diſſolute, and, abandoned of both ſexes, than a further illuſtration of our author's chief deſign; however, as it was Mr. *Hogarth's* intention, in the hiſtory before us, to encourage virtue, and, expoſe vice, by placing the one, in an amiable light, and, pointing out the other, in its moſt heightened ſcenes of wickedneſs and impiety, in hopes of deterring the half-ſpoilt youth of this metropolis, from, even, the poſſibility of the commiſſion of ſuch infernal actions, by frightening them from theſe wretched places; as this, I ſay, was, manifeſtly, his intention, it cannot be thought a deviation from the ſubject. By the ſkirmiſh behind; the woman, without a noſe; the ſcattered cards, upon the floor; &c. we are told, that drunkenneſs and riot, diſeaſe, proſtitution and ruin, are the dreadful attendants of ſloth, and, the general fore-runners of theft, and, murder; and, by the halter, hanging from the cieling, over the head of the ſleeper, we are taught two things; the indifference of mankind, even, in a ſtate of danger; and, the inſecurity of guilt, in every ſituation *.

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* The text, to this plate, is,
"The adultreſs will hunt for the precious life."
Prov. vi. *v.* 26.

10

IMAGINE him, now, hand-cuffed, and, dragged from his infernal haunt, through the ſtreets, to a place of ſecurity, amid the ſcorns, and, contempt of a jeering populace; and, thence, brought before the ſitting magiſtrate, (which to heighten the ſcene, and, ſupport the contraſt, is ſuppoſed to be his fellow-apprentice, now, choſen an alderman) in order, to be dealt with, according to law. See him, then, at laſt, having run his courſe of iniquity, fallen into the hands of juſtice, betrayed by his accomplice; a further declaration of the perfidy of man, when, even, partners in vice are unfaithful to each other. This is the only print, among the ſet, excepting the firſt, where the two principal characters are introduced; in which Mr. *Hogarth* has diſcovered his great abilities, both in deſcription, and, a particular attention to the uniformity and connection of the whole. He is, here, at the bar, with all the marks of guilt imprinted on his face. Now, if his fear will ſuffer him to think, muſt he reflect on the happineſs of his fellow 'prentice, and, the miſery of himſelf; upon *his* exalted ſituation, and, the dreadful downfal of his own; at one inſtant, he condemns the perſwaſions of his wicked companions; at another, his own idleneſs, and, obſtinacy; however, deeply ſmitten with his crime, he ſues to his judge, upon his knees, for mercy, and, pleads in his cauſe, the former acquaintance that ſubſiſted between them, when they both dwelt beneath the ſame roof, and, ſerved the ſame common maſter: but, here, was

no room for lenity, murder was his crime, and, death muſt be his puniſhment; the proofs are inconteſtible, and, his *mittimus* is ordered, which the clerk is drawing out. Let us, next, turn our thoughts upon the alderman, in whoſe breaſt, a ſtruggle, between mercy and juſtice, is beautifully diſplayed. Who can behold the magiſtrate, here, without praiſing the man? How fine is the painter's thoughts of reclining the head upon one hand, while the other is extended, to expreſs pity and ſhame! pity, for his fellow-'prentice, and, ſhame, to think human nature ſhould be ſo depraved. It is not the gold chain, or, ſcarlet robe, that conſtitutes the character, but, the feelings of the man within. To ſhew us, that application for favour, by the ignorant, is, often, idly, made, to the ſervants of juſtice, who take upon themſelves, on that account, a certain ſtate, and, conſequence, not inferior to magiſtracy; the mother of our delinquent is repreſented, in the greateſt diſtreſs, as making intereſt with the corpulent, ſelf-ſwoln conſtable, who, with an unfeeling concern, ſeems to ſay, "Make yourſelf eaſy, for, he muſt be hanged:" and, to convince us that bribery will, even, find its way into courts of judicature, here, is a woman, in ſome other cauſe, feeing the ſwearing clerk; who has ſtuck his pen, behind his ear, that his hands might be both at liberty; and, how much more his attention is engaged to the money he is taking, than, to the adminiſtration of the oath, may be readily known, from the ignorant, treacherous evidence, being ſuffered to lay his left hand upon the book; ſtrongly expreſſive of the ſacrifice, even, of ſacred things to the inordinate thirſt of gain *.

From *Newgate*, (the priſon, to which he was committed; where, during his continuance, he lay, chained, in a dark, diſmal cell; deprived of the chearfulneſs of light; fed upon bread, and, water; and, left without a bed, to reſt on) was he removed to the bar of judgment, and, condemned to die, by the laws of his country; with the ſhort ſpace of but two or three days allowed him, between that and his time of execution, to make his peace with God.

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* Beneath this plate, are engraved the following texts, alluding to the two different characters repreſented in it.

"The wicked is ſnared, in the work of his own hands."

Pſalm ix. *v.* 16.

"Thou ſhalt do no unrighteouſneſs in judgment."

Leviticus, xix. *v.* 15.

Dent Sc.
Lombard Street
Prov C LV 27·28
11

BEHOLD him, then, on that dreadful morn, drawn, in a cart, attended by the ſheriff's officers on horſeback, with his coffin, behind him, through the public-ſtreets to *Tyburn* *, there, to receive the juſt reward of his many crimes; a ſhameful, ignominious death. The ghaſtly appearance of his face, and, the horror painted on his countenance, plainly deſcribe the dreadful ſituation of his mind, which, we muſt imagine, agitated with ſhame, remorſe, confuſion, and, terror. The careleſs poſition of the *Ordinary* †, at the coach-window, is intended to ſhew, how inattentive thoſe appointed to that office, are of their duty, giving room for hereſy, which is excellently expreſſed by the itinerant preacher, in the cart, inſtructing the deſpairing malefactor, from a book of *Weſley's* ‡. Mr. *Hogarth*, has, in this print, digreſſing from the hiſtory, and, moral of the piece, taken an opportunity of giving us a humorous repreſentatation of an execution, or, a *Tyburn-fair*; ſuch days being made holy-days, produce ſcenes of the greateſt riot, diſorder, and, uproar; being generally attended with ſuch hardened wretches, as come not ſo much to reflect upon their own vices, as to commit thoſe very crimes, which muſt, in time, inevitably, bring them to the ſame ſhameful end. In confirmation of this, ſee, how earneſtly one boy watches the motions of the man ‖, crying his cakes (while he is picking his pocket); and, another waiting to receive the booty! We have, here, interſperſed before us, a deal of low humour, but, ſuch as is common on occaſions, like this. In one place, we obſerve an old bawd, turning up her eyes, and, drinking of gin, the very picture of hypocriſy; and, a man, indecently helping up a girl, into the ſame cart: In another, a ſoldier, ſtept up to his knees in a ditch of water, to put his hands up the petticoats of a woman, ſtanding before him, at which two boys are laughing: ſuch is the effect of ill-example! Here, we ſee one, almoſt ſqueezed to death, among the horſes; there, another trampled on, by the mob. In one part, is a girl, clawing the face of a boy, for overſetting her barrow; in another, a woman beating a

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* The general place of execution, in the out-ſkirts of *London*, near *Hyde-park* wall, having a diſtant view of two villages, ſituated on eminences, about a mile from each other, *Hampſtead*, and, *Highgate*.

† The chaplain of *Newgate*, whoſe office is to attend malefactors to the gallows.

‡ A leader of a ſect, called *Methodiſts*.

‖ *Tiddy-doll*, a noted man, ſo called from the burden of a ſong, he, always, ſung, in praiſe of the cakes he ſold; and, who made it his buſineſs to attend at all fairs, and, other places of low, public reſort.

fellow

fellow, for throwing down her child. Here, we ſee, a man flinging a dog among the crowd, by the tail; there, a woman, crying the dying ſpeech of *Thomas Idle*, printed the day before his execution, and, many other things too minute to be pointed out: two or three more, however, I muſt not omit taking notice of, one of which is, the letting of a pigeon, bred at the gaol, fly from the gallery, which haſtes, directly, home, an old cuſtom, to give an early notice to the keeper, and, others, of the turning off, or, death of the criminal: another, the ſkeleton's hanging on the outſide of the plate, as emblematical of a murderer's being hung in chains *: and, the laſt, that of the executioner's ſmoaking his pipe upon the top of the gallows; whoſe poſition of indifference, betrays an unconcern, that nothing can reconcile with the ſhocking ſpectacle, but that of, uſe rendering familiar; and, declares a truth, which every character, in this plate, ſeems to confirm, that a ſad and diſtreſsful object loſes its power of affecting, by being frequently ſeen †.

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* This was, formerly, the cuſtom, but, the law ordains him, now, to be anatomized.

† The words, that heighten the moral part of this ſcene, are,

" When fear cometh as deſolation, and, their deſtruction cometh as a whirl-
" wind, when diſtreſs cometh upon them,"

" Then ſhall they call upon God, but, he will not anſwer."

Prov. i. *v.* 27, 28.

Dent, Sculp.
Lombard Street.
Proverbs C 3. V 16.

HAVING, ſeen the ignominious end of the idle 'prentice, nothing remains, but to repreſent the completion of the other's happineſs; who is now exalted to the higheſt honour, that of *Lord Mayor* of *London*; the greateſt reward that ancient and noble city can beſtow, on diligence and integrity. Our author has, here, as in the laſt plate, given a looſe to his humour, in repreſenting more of the low part of the *Lord Mayor's* ſhew, than the magnificent; yet, the honour done the city, by the preſence of the Prince * and Princeſs of *Wales* is not forgot. The variety of comic characters, in this print, ſerves to ſhew, what generally paſſes on ſuch public proceſſions as theſe, when the people gather to gratify their childiſh curioſity, and, indulge their wanton diſpoſition, or, natural love of riot. The front of this plate exhibits the overſetting of a board, on which ſome girls had ſtood, and, repreſents them ſprawling upon the ground; on the left, at the back of the ſcaffold, is a fellow hugging a woman, and, another, below, enjoying the opportunity he has given him of feaſting his laſcivious eye: near him, is a blind man, ſtraggled in, among the crowd, and, joining in the general hollow: before him, is a *Militia*-man, ſo completely drunk, as not to know what he is about; a figure of infinite humour. Though Mr. *Hogarth* has, here, marked out two or three particular things, yet his chief intention was, to ridicule the city-*militia*, which is compoſed of undiſciplined men, of all ages, ſizes, and, height; ſome fat, ſome lean, ſome tall, ſome ſhort, ſome crooked, ſome lame, and, all, in general, ſo unuſed to muſkets, that they know not how to carry them. One, we obſerve, is firing his piece, and, turning his head another way, (a pretty fellow for a ſoldier!) at whom the man, above, is laughing, and, at which, the child is frighted. The boy, on the right, crying, "a full and true account of the ghoſt of *Thomas Idle*," ſuppoſed to have appeared to the Mayor, preſerves the connection of the whole work. With reſpect to the *cornu-copiæ*, or, horns of plenty, on the outſide of the plate, they are introduced as ſymbolical of that abundance that fills the hands of the diligent †.

THUS, have we ſeen, by a ſeries of events, the proſperity of the one, and, the downfall of the other; the riches and honour that crown the head of induſtry, and, the ignominy and deſtruction that await the ſlothful. After this, it would be unneceſſary to ſay which is moſt the eligible path to tread. Lay, the roads but open to the view, and, the traveller will take the right, of courſe; give, but the boy this hiſtory to peruſe, and, his future welfare is almoſt certain.

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* His preſent Majeſty's father.

† The text of ſcripture, appropriated to this plate, is,

"Length of days is in her right hand, and, in her left hand, riches, and, honour. *Prov.* iii. *ver.* 16.

ERRATUM,

IN

MARRIAGE-A-LA-MODE.

P. 64, l. 4, *for* ſetting, *read* ſitting.

THE

THE

INVASION.

THE ſettled enmity between *England* and *France*; together with the daſtardly diſpoſition of the one, and, the brave ſpirit of the other, have given occaſion for frequent triumph, on our ſide, and, dejection of ſpirit, on theirs. This, added to the good pay of our ſoldiery, and, the trifling pittance their government allows *, has given riſe to many ſarcaſtic ſtrokes againſt them, which, whether they deſerve, or not, has been attended with this good conſequence, that the mean opinion, we, thereby, entertain of their ſtrength, and, valour; and, our natural love of liberty, dreading a deſpotic yoke, have whetted the courage of *Britain* to ſuch an edge, that our enemies, now, fear to approach us. It was under this notion of things, that Mr. *Hogarth* deſigned the following prints, as a contraſt, the one to the other, ſtrongly deſcribing the natural diſpoſition of the two nations, the one preparing to attack, the other, making ready to defend.

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* *Vide*, the introduction to *Calais-gate*; p. 104.

BEHOLD, then, a ſcene in *France*, repreſenting an embarkation of the French troops, in order, to invade, *England!* Remark their unwillingneſs to go, by the neceſſity the officers are in, of goading them on, with the point of their ſpontoons! The fore-ground of this plate, exhibits to our view, a forlorn *cabaret*, or, ale-houſe, whoſe ſign is a wooden-ſhoe, with a board, on which is written, "Soup-meagre a la ſabot royal," *Soup-meagre, at the royal wooden-ſhoe.* A broth made of herbs and fat, (far unlike the rich gravy ſoups of *England*) meat being *there*, to the poor as great a rarity, as, *here*, a joint of veniſon; this is intimated by the neck bones of beef, void of fleſh, hanging, within the window; by the weak, emaciated figures of the meagre Frenchmen; and, by the general joy they ſhew, at the ſight of their colours, on which is written, in large letters, "Vengeance, avec le bon bier, et, bon beuf d'Angleterre." *Vengeance, with the good beer, and, good beef of* ENGLAND; and, to which that officer is pointing, by way of encouragement, who is roaſting a brace or two of frogs, before the fire. It may probably be wondered at, why, a gentleman ſhould be thus meanly employed, when ſo near a public-houſe; but, when we are told, that frogs are a dainty, which every one knows not how to dreſs, the wonder will immediately ceaſe. Though the ſoldiers reliſh not this expedition, the clergy ſeem greatly to enjoy it, eager for an opportunity of exerciſing their ſtudied perſecution: This we

are

are given to underſtand, by a ſledge of inſtruments preparing to be put on board, which contains ſcourges, gibbets, wheels, and, other engines of torture, intended for a Britiſh inquiſition. Among theſe, are an image of *St. Anthony*, and, a plan of a monaſtery, purpoſed to be built at *Black-friars* *. Thus, are we taught, what dreadful ſteps our enemies would take, could they once obtain a footing on our iſland; the mercileſs diſpoſition of popiſh bigotry, being well deſcribed, by the ſecret ſatisfaction the prieſt enjoys, in feeling the ſharpneſs of the perſecuting ax. Happy, then, are we, under the mild government of a prince, who labours to protect our religion and laws, from the tyrannical encroachments of black ſuperſtition, and, arbitrary ſway! One thing more, we learn, from the plate, before us, which is, that notwithſtanding the Britiſh ſubjects are but a handful, in compariſon to thoſe of *France*, yet, by our native proweſs, and, the juſtneſs of our cauſe, we have, with continual ſucceſs, reduced their men to ſo ſmall a number, that they are glad to make ſhift with real invalids; and, their women are obliged to manure the land themſelves †.

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* A particular ſpot, in *London*.

† Beneath this plate, are engraved the following lines.

With lanthorn jaws, and, croaking gut,
See, how the half-ſtarv'd French-men ſtrut,
And call us, Engliſh dogs!
But, ſoon we'll teach theſe bragging foes,
That *Beef*, and, *Beer* give heavier blows
Than ſoup, and, roaſted frogs.

The prieſts, inflam'd with righteous hopes,
Prepare their axes, wheels, and, ropes,
To bend the ſtiff-neck'd ſinner;
But, ſhould they ſink, in coming over,
Old-Nick may fiſh, 'twixt *France*, and, *Dover*,
And, catch a glorious dinner.

As a contraſt to the laſt plate, obſerve, here, the jovial ſons of liberty, at their general rendezvous! Take notice of the ſtout-hearted peaſant enliſting in defence of his country! Leſt the ſhortneſs of his ſtature ſhould exclude him from the ſervice, he is deceiving the ſerjeant, by riſing on his toes, ambitious of bearing the honourable name of SOLDIER. See, here, before us, a well-built ale-houſe, the ſcene of joy, and, noble living, known by the ſign of the late, gallant *Duke of Cumberland*, who, by his warlike genius, became a terror to his foes. Beneath this ſign, is written,—not *Soup-meagre a la ſabot royal*, but, "Roaſt and boiled every "day." Before the door, is a table ſpread, on which is a buttock of beef, and, a half-gallon-pot of *Stingo* *. At this feſtive board, mirth takes the lead, and, valour crowns the feaſt. This, we learn, from the ſong, *Britannia rules the waves*, upon the table, and, by the boy, laying at his eaſe, and, playing, *God ſave the King*, upon his fife; but, more particularly, from the, collected, attention of the ſoldier and ſailor, to the horrid, ugly figure of the French King, which a grenadier is dawbing on the wall: his putting into his mouth, the words, "You take a my "fine ſhips, you be de pirate, you be de teef, me ſend my grand armies,

* Strong-beer.

"and

"and, hang you all," produces, from the tar, a roar of approbation, and, a more particular attention, from the ſoldier, giving their girls an opportunity of indulging a *wicked* thought, by meaſuring the breadth of the painter's ſhoulder.

THE mere caſt of the eye, upon theſe plates, one would imagine, ſhould be ſufficient to enliven the heart of a Briton, and, inſpire him with that love for his native country, as to make him, heroically, ſtand forth in the cauſe of liberty, and, deſpiſe the leaſt infringement of it *.

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* The lines annexed to this plate, are,

See, *John*, the ſoldier, *Jack*, the tar,
With ſword, and, piſtol, arm'd for war,
Should *Mounſir* dare come here!
The hungry ſlaves have ſmelt our food;
They long to taſte our fleſh, and, blood,
Old *England's* Beef, and, Beer.

Britons to arms! and, let 'em come;
Be you but *Britons* ſtill, STRIKE HOME,
And, lion-like, attack 'em.
No Pow'r can ſtand the deadly ſtroke,
That's giv'n from hands, and, hearts of Oak,
With Liberty to back 'em.

CALAIS-GATE.

THOUGH the government of *France* is more attentive to its military eſtabliſhment, than any one thing elſe, yet, what is very extraordinary, it is wanting in the moſt eſſential point to ſupport it, that, of making a ſufficient allowance to the ſoldiery: the pay of a common man being no more than five *ſols*, (two pence half-penny *Engliſh*) a day, out of which two ſols, or, one penny, is kept back, towards the purchaſing of ſhoes, ſtockings, &c. On the ſum, then, of three halfpence, a day, with the further advantage, only, of bread, fire, candle, and, lodging, (there being barracks in every town) are they obliged to ſubſiſt, and, pay for waſhing, mending, hair-powder, and, other things. *Soup-maigre* * is their chief proviſion, though they, ſometimes, regale themſelves with *Horſe-beans*, boiled in greaſe: no wonder, then, they ſhould be ſo poor, both in body and ſpirits, as to become objects of pity and ridicule, particularly, as military men, to whom ſtrength and courage is moſt eſſentially neceſſary.

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* A poor ſoup, made, only, with herbs and fat.

THE

O THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND, &c.*

THE ſcene, before us, is ſuppoſed to be taken from the landing of a ſir-loin of Beef, at the gate of *Calais*, which is, here, repreſented, as it, now, ſtands. By the direction fixed to it, namely, "For Madam GRANDSIRE, at CALAIS," we learn, it is going to the Engliſh inn, in that city. Though luxury in *France* is no ſtranger, particularly to the upper claſs of people, witneſs the corpulency of the full-fed friar, yet, by the ſecret pleaſure the prieſt receives, at the ſight of ſo large and noble a joint, we are taught, how rare ſo ſubſtantial a piece of meat is, even, among *them*, they feaſting chiefly on *fricaſees*, *haſhes*, and, *minced-meat*. The general conſternation it cauſes among the ſoldiery, is very expreſſive of their poor living, and, the French Cook's ſinking under the weight of it, a manifeſt token of their debilitated condition, brought on by conſtantly feeding on *ſoup-maigre*. This is further repreſented by the ſcanty meſſes they were going to lap, till their attention was ſummoned to ſomething more important. On the right of this plate, are two men carrying a kettle, one of whom is communicating his ſurprize to his comrade, on the ſtability of Engliſh food in general. Behind this man is an Iriſhman, (a priſoner of war) diſtinguiſhed by his vulgar face, and, ſhortneſs of ſtature; but, at

* The burden of a well-known ſong.

the ſame time, that Mr. *Hogarth* has marked out that Country by theſe defects, he has taken an opportunity of paying it a compliment, with reſpect to bravery, by painting his hat with a hole in it, made, as is ſuppoſed, by a muſket-ball in the heat of action. In the fore-ground, is a Scotchman (a priſoner alſo) ſcarr'd in the ſervice, (this plate being publiſhed during the war, between *France* and *England*) ſitting on the ground, with his dinner beſide him, of bread, and, onions, deploring his unhappy ſituation. On the other ſide, are three old women, who get their living by ſelling of herbs, about the ſtreets; got together, admiring the face of a ſcate, it being ſo much like their own. As poor as theſe Frenchmen are in pocket, they are very attentive to their dreſs: intimated by the bags to their hair, and, the centinel's paper ruffles, though his ſhirt is out at elbows, and, he is obliged to keep up his breeches with a ſkewer; remarkable inſtances of their beggarly pride and vanity: if they have not a coat to their backs, they will take great pains to adorn their heads, and, if they have but a penny in their pockets, they will lay it out in powder for their hair; nay, you may, often, ſee a blackſmith at his forge, with his face covered with ſoot, and, his hair dreſſed, as if going to court; ſo great, and aſtoniſhing is the folly of the *French!* Through the gateway, we have a diſtant view of the carrying of the *Hoſt* *, and, the people, on their knees, adoring it, as it paſſes, another remarkable inſtance of *their* ignorance, and, that of all roman-catholic countries, in general, who pay more regard to the outward ſhew of religion, than to the vital part of it, and, proſtitute the moſt ſacred things to low and idle purpoſes; further repreſented, by the emblematical figure of the third perſon, in the moſt holy Trinity, being made uſe of as a ſign to a *Cabaret*, or, villainous alehouſe. When Mr. *Hogarth* was at *Calais*, and, ſketching out the gate, he was ſeized on, as a ſpy, and, carried before the *Commandant*; but, when it was known, who he was, he was ſpeedily ſet at liberty. This circumſtance occaſioned his introducing himſelf, here, with the guard, clapping him upon the ſhoulder. Upon the whole, this excellent picture is, with great juſtice, reckoned as one of the moſt capital performances of our inimitable artiſt; and, declares him well acquainted with the true ſpirit of ſatire.

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* A religious ceremony of carrying the conſecrated wafer to the houſes of the ſick, in hopes of re-eſtabliſhing health.

THE

SLEEPING

CONGREGATION.

IT has been ſaid, by ſome, that have undertaken to dive into the cauſe, that the decay of chriſtian piety, is, in a great meaſure, owing to the indifference, and, oſcitancy of the clergy, with reſpect to their paſtoral office; they are appointed to teach, ſay they, and, watch over the people, committed to their care, with a particular income, peculiar to their employ; but, on the contrary, they pay little regard to any thing, except the pecuniary advantage they receive, valuing the *flock*, but, for the *fleece*; this is a heavy and ſevere charge againſt them, ſuch, as in my opinion, they no way deſerve: indeed, there have been miniſters of that ſtamp, (ſuch as Mr. *Hogarth* has, here, thought proper to ſatyrize); who, by unfortunately falling within the pale of the church, have, by their uncommon lazineſs, and, ſtupidity, brought the credit of religion to a very low ebb. But, notwithſtanding there have been ſuch men among us, and, I fear, are at preſent, ſome few, yet, it is an act of injuſtice and cruelty, to condemn the innocent with the guilty, and, brand a body of men with that public cenſure, that ought, only, to fall on individuals. It is the unhappy caſe of the clergy, (owing I believe, in ſome, to their ſlender income, and, ſtate of dependance) that, tho' their duty enjoins them to *cry aloud, and ſpare, not*, they are abſolutely afraid, fearing to give offence. Were they to go round, among their people, inculcating thoſe duties their office requires of them, charging them, ſtrictly, to be juſt in their reſpective dealings, with men, and, urging them, earneſtly, to attend the public ſervice of God, they would be looked upon as meddling, and, impertinent; were they,

in their pulpits, to exclaim, loudly, againſt the particular vices of the age; were they to ring in the ears of their congregations, the puniſhment reſerved for the ſinner; were they to preſs home the ſolid and ſevere truths chriſtianity dictates, and, tell the people of their faults, they would immediately be ſtigmatized. Thus, is the poor prieſt condemned, for doing his duty, as his God requires. But, what is more remarkable, I have, often, obſerved, that thoſe very perſons who cenſure the *active* miniſter, are moſt ready to condemn the *inactive* one: he, I mean, who, ſuffers his pariſhoners to wear away their lives, in a ſtate of thoughtleſsneſs. Such is the perverſeneſs of mankind, that I have known a miniſter's delivering himſelf a little freer from the pulpit, than is the general cuſtom, to have been a bar to his future preferment; when theſe are the only men, that ſhould be advanced, that they might be able to do more good in their reſpective generations. Not, but, that we have reaſon to complain of ſome, who have forſaken the church, and, wreſted the ſcriptures to anſwer particular purpoſes; with reſpect to ſuch men, I muſt take the liberty of ſaying, that I am afraid it has been more neceſſity than principle, that has determined them to the ſteps they have taken, preſuming they would not have left the church, could they have ſelected a congregation, under the preſent eſtabliſhment, without being reduced to the neceſſity of taking refuge under the act of *Toleration*. I am ſorry to ſay it, the paſtoral office ſeems, now, to be made little better than a convenience; a rectory, or vicarage, being conſidered, only, by a parent, as a tolerable proviſion for a child. It is the greateſt misfortune of the church of *England*, that the patrons of benefices ſhould be ſo willfully blind to the intereſt of religion; nothing being, now, ſtudied but the ſerving a friend, with an eye to their own advantage. Thus, the cauſe of Chriſt is made ſubſervient to the worldly intereſts of man, and, the whole body of the clergy ſuffer, for what they are in no wiſe blameable.

Dent Sculp.

In this ſleeping congregation, we have the moſt ſtriking idea of the great effects of modern oratory, that of lulling a number of people, into a ſtate of inſenſibility, after the manner of Sir *William Temple's* tale-tellers in *Scotland* *, by a tolling monotony of what they do not underſtand. The ſcene is, here, taken from a country church; the congregation conſiſting, chiefly, of the lower claſs of people, and, the ill-judging mini-

* Perſons, whoſe employ was, to ſit by the bedſide of any one fatigued, or, jaded with too much exerciſe, and, relate ſome ſtory of a cock, and, a bull; a giant, or, a dwarf, in a uniform tone of voice, in order, to lull the perſon to ſleep; and, if he chanced to wake in the courſe of the night, theſe tale-tellers proceeded in their *hum-drum* ſtory, till the weary perſon was again buried in repoſe.

ſter,

ſter, ſuppoſed to be addreſſing them in language they cannot comprehend, which we are to imagine not his own, his vacant face declaring an empty head, and, the riſing pimples, that he ſpends more of his time over the bottle, than in his ſtudy. With great humour, is he repreſented, as preaching on *Matt.* xi. *ver.* 28. *Come unto me, all ye that labour, and, are heavy laden, and, I will give you reſt*; he, owing to his exceeding ſtupidity, having a happy talent of quieting a reſtleſs body, by ſlumber. The firſt thing we may learn, from the piece before us, is, how inattentive the generality of mankind are to matters of the greateſt importance; and, from the prayer-book's (dropping from the hand of the doſing woman) being open at the matrimonial ſervice, we are taught, how induſtrious they are to ſtop their ears to improvement, and, fence out reflection, by amuſing themſelves, with what they think the moſt entertaining. With great propriety, is that text of ſcripture written againſt the pulpit. *I am afraid of you, leſt I have beſtowed upon you labour in vain! Galat.* iv. *ver.* 11. The *hum-drum*, drawling manner of the indolent preacher, is very evident from the viſible effect upon his hearers. Inſtead of being full of his ſubject, poſſeſſed with the very ſpirit of it, and, labouring under the weight of thoſe conceptions, which it inſpires; inſtead of preſſing upon the audience, with that torrent of tender and manly eloquence, as to animate the cold, rouſe the ſtupid, melt the obdurate, and, bend the ſtubborn; we ſee the purſe-proud prieſt, ſeated in his pulpit, poreing over his diſcourſe, which is ſuppoſed, to be delivered in ſuch a yawning manner, that one would almoſt think he talked in his ſleep: nay, by his handkerchief, beſide him, for continual uſe, we are told, that coughing, hawking, and ſpitting, the defects of other mens rhetoric, are the flowers, the figures, and, ornaments of his. Methinks, when I hear ſuch preachers, I fancy the chimes going to the tune of a pſalm, ſo little ſeem they affected with what they ſay! The truth is, there is too much reſemblance between them, they both go, as they are ſet, and, one, almoſt as mechanically as the other; only, there is this unhappy difference in the caſe, that the bells, often, call people to their devotion, whereas, theſe thoughtleſs, lazy, liſtleſs preachers, do but make them ſick of it. The common method of hurrying over the ſermon, leaſt dinner ſhould wait; and, the fear of exceeding their cuſtomary time; (expreſſive to the greateſt degree of the degeneracy of the clergy) is denoted by the hour-glaſs, beſide him, as a monitor, leſt he ſhould dwell a little longer than ordinary. By the figure of the clerk, we may obſerve the conſequence that officer of the church would fain be thought of; and, by the ſcrewing up of his face, we are given to underſtand, that one chief part of religious deportment is ſuppoſed, by the ignorant, and, ſuperſtitious, to conſiſt in outward

outward appearance, and, fantaſtical grimace; a well-pointed reflection on the ridiculous cuſtom of thoſe, who, when they talk of religion, do it ſo preciſely, after a canting, whining and ſighing manner, with an affected tone, and, ill-contrived look, as if they were conjuring, or, telling fortunes; a cuſtom that has, of late, brought religious matters into contempt. And, as a farther proof, that the diſtortion of his face, is, merely, affectation, ſee him amorouſly leering on the naked boſom of the female, near him! Upon the whole, this piece is an excellent ſatire on the ſlovenly, indecent method of ſome of our modern clergy, and, the ſpreading lukewarmneſs of religion.

THE

THE

MEDLEY.

AS there is nothing, in this world, but what has, at one time or other, been abuſed, ſo it is the unhappy caſe of Religion, to ſhare the ſame fate. Some of its miniſters have ſuffered the cauſe of God to grow languid in the minds of men, as we have ſeen in the laſt plate, while others have carried it even to enthuſiaſm, as is evident in this, working up the paſſions of weak and credulous people, to a degree of deſperation. As I would be extremely tender in paſſing my opinion upon theſe men, I ſhall not divine any cauſe for the meaſures they take, but, hope they proceed from principle; then, however miſled they may be, they will, ſtill, deſerve the character of upright. But, whatever favourable conſtructions may, at preſent, be put upon them, it muſt be allowed, that they have been univerſally condemned; the conduct of their diſciples, and, the extraordinary effects of their doctrine, ſuch as luſt, melancholy, and, madneſs, having given great reaſon for ſuch cenſure. The credulity of this country, has long been matter of triumph to our enemies; and, aſtoniſhment to all *Europe*, to think, that a nation, where literature, and, learning flouriſhes, ſhould ſo frequently betray ſuch exceſſive weakneſs. To make good this aſſertion, we need look but a few years back, and, we ſhall ſee, from time to time, what ſtrange impoſtures have been carried on, to ſerve particular purpoſes; which were ſo artfully contrived, as to work the wiſhed-for effect on the ignorant part of mankind, and, even deceive the more knowing. To ſhew the abſurdity of theſe things, to laugh the notions of them out of countenance, and, expoſe the amazing credulity, ſuperſtition, and, fanaticiſm of the age, Mr. *Hogarth* publiſhed this plate, in the year 1762. Wherein, he has collected variety of materials, and, tho' it was impoſſible to preſerve conſiſtency, has given us a group of very laughable characters, and, entered into the different ſubjects, with great ſpirit, and, humour.

By the thermometer, on the right, fixed in the heart of man, our author would teach us, that *lukewarmneſs* in religion, is the foundation of all this exceſs. He has ſet it upright on two books, viz. W—T-L—Y's * *Sermons*, and, Glanvil †, *on Witches*, to ſhew us, that ſuperſtition and credulity is the ground-work of fanaticiſm. The blood in this tube, in its aſcending ſtate, riſes from *lukewarm*, to *love*, which he would have underſtood to be heat of conſtitution; from love, to LUST, which by placing a glory round the word, he would have conſidered as the enthuſiaſt's greateſt good, below. But, as the heat encreaſes, it proceeds from LUST, to ECSTACY; from ECSTACY to, convulſion fits; from convulſion fits, to madneſs; and, thence, to RAVING, which is repreſented in the clouds, attended with two cherubs, ſounding the trump of joy; as, when once the unhappy mor-

* A leader of a ſect, called *Methodiſts*.

† An author, who wrote, ſome years ſince, in favour of witchcraft.

tal is got to that pitch, he is arrived at his ultimate end, and, the completion of his teacher's wiſhes. In its deſcending ſtate, when the blood loſes its power of acting, it falls from *lukewarm*, to lowneſs of ſpirits; thence, to ſorrow; from ſorrow, to AGONY, the utmoſt ſtretch of the ſenſes; from AGONY, to ſettled grief; thence, to deſpair; from deſpair, to madneſs; and, from madneſs, to ſuicide: one of theſe two extremes, being the general conſequence of enthuſiaſm. The upper part of this thermometer is decorated with a repreſentation of the appearance of the *Cock-lane* ghoſt*, knocking to the girl in bed, (one of the many inſtances of the credulity of the *Engliſh*,) and, the *drummer* of *Tedworth*, another well-known ſtory†. The power of a ſpell was once univerſally believed, and, is generally ſo, in country places, to this day. This is excellently ſet forth by the poor, bewitched ſhoe-black, vomiting up hob-nails, crooked pins, and, other things ‡. In this woman's hands is put a bottle, in which, ſhe is repreſented as having attempted to confine the ſpirit, which being of an aerial nature has found its

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* At the time this plate was publiſhed, the town was greatly amuſed by a family in *Cock-lane*, *Smithfield*; a child of which, a girl about twelve years old, pretended to be continually haunted, while in bed, with the knocking and ſcratching of ſome inviſible agent, againſt the wainſcot of whatever room ſhe was in, reſembling the noiſe a living perſon could make with his fingers. An impoſture, ſo artfully contrived, and, carried on, for ſuch a length of time, as attracted, amongſt the reſt, the notice of ſeveral of the clergy, who fondly imagined it to be ſomething ſupernatural, and, buſied themſelves, a long time, in aſking it queſtions, which they ſuppoſed it anſwered, by determinate knocks, in the affirmative, or, negative.

† This was a remarkable affair, that happened in the year, 1661, at *Tedworth*, in *Wiltſhire*, at one Mr. *Mompeſſon's*. The ſtory was as follows. An idle fellow of a drummer, had been up and down the country, by the authority of a feigned paſs of ſome neighbouring magiſtrate; which paſs Mr. *Mompeſſon* diſcovered to be falſe, in conſequence of this, he puniſhed the fellow, and, took away his drum, which he lodged in his own houſe; after this, his houſe was beſet, for two or three years, with a continual drumming, and, the whole family was tormented: nay, things grew to ſuch a pitch as to draw ſeveral clergymen, and, ſome people from the king to enquire into it. The drummer was taken up, tried for a wizzard, at the aſſizes at *Saliſbury*, and, tranſported.

‡ Bewitched perſons are ſaid to fall frequently into violent fits, and, vomit needles, pins, ſtones, nails, ſtubbs, wool, and, ſtraw.

way

way out, by forcing the cork*. Her baſket ſtands upon a book of *demonology*, written by king *James* the *firſt*; a proof that theſe idle notions exiſted as well among the great and learned, as among the poor and illiterate. Within her baſket, we obſerve one of Mr. *W——d's* Journals; by this we are taught, that ſhe is a blind follower of that teacher †. But, the moſt aſtoniſhing thing of all is, that of the noted *rabbit-woman* ‡, who, ſome years ſince, made the people believe that ſhe brought forth rabbits, inſtead of children; and, ſo far impoſed upon their credulity, as to bring even ſome of the phyſical tribe to eſpouſe her cauſe. We ſee her, here, laying in the fore-ground of this plate, in all the ſeeming throws of labour, with ſome friendly hand giving her a glaſs of comfort, which ſhe has broken with her teeth. Mr. *Hogarth*, would give us to underſtand, by the general tenor of this print, that the chief principle of theſe teachers whom he, here, ſatyrizes, is intereſt; this we may learn from the checquered habit of the preacher, who, he ſuppoſes to change his outſide form as ready and often as the *Proteus* ‖ of *pantomime*. From the perſon of the clerk, (who by his ſquinting, will be readily known) repreſented as a voracious harpy, with eager wings, and, griping talons, and, from the deſcending cherub, which our author has humouroufly painted, with a poſt-boy's cap, upon his head, as a meſſenger, expreſs, from the other regions,

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* It was a ſuppoſed remedy againſt witchcraft to put ſome of the bewitched perſons water, with a quantity, of pins, needles, and nails, into a bottle, cork them up, and, ſet them before the fire, in order, to confine the ſpirit; but, this ſometimes did not prove ſufficient, as it would often, force the cork out, with a loud noiſe, like that of a piſtol, and, caſt the contents of the bottle to a conſiderable height.

† Another *methodiſtic* leader, differing from Mr. *W——y* in ſome tenets, but, holding with him the doctrine of inſpiration.

‡ One *Mary Toft*, of *Godalming*, in *Surrey*, who, in the year, 1726, pretended that ſhe bred rabbits, within her, and, ſo far impoſed on Mr. *John Howard*, ſurgeon, at *Guildford*, and, Mr. *St. André*, ſurgeon to the king, as to prevail on them as to eſpouſe her cauſe. Nay, to ſuch lengths did ſhe carry the matter, as to draw the attention of his majeſty himſelf, who ſent down Sir *Richard Manningham*, one of his phyſicians, to enquire into it, when, he, preſently diſcovered it to be an impoſture.

‖ *Harlequin.*

bearing, in his mouth, a letter addreſſed to St. *Money-trap*, he would teach us, that lucre is their only object; but, if from nothing elſe, we might gather it, from his repreſenting the poor's box, as a mouſe-trap, intimating their collecting of money, under the notion of charity, which, when they have once in poſſeſſion, they take care to ſecure. In order to this (ſays he, in colours, which are equally as expreſſive as words) they preach up exceſs of *love*, eſtabliſh *love-feaſts*, and, recommend *holy kiſſes*, among the faithful brethren, hold up the rod of terror, and, thunder out damnation, with the utmoſt vociferation. The firſt of theſe things, he has ſet forth, by an extract of one of Mr. *W——d's* hymns, from *page* 130, hanging from the clerk's deſk, which contains theſe words,

Only LOVE to us be giv'n,
Lord! we aſk no other heav'n.

By painting a glory round the word LOVE, as round that of LUST, in the thermometer, he would have it underſtood, that they mean one, and, the ſame thing, and, that this thing is the ultimate end of all the enthuſiaſt's deſire; farther confirmed by the male and female votaries, beneath the pulpit. The ſecond, is deſcribed, by his holding out in one hand the figure of a witch, giving ſuck to a cat*, flying on a broomſtick, and, the devil, bearing a gridiron, in the other, as emblematical of the loſt ſinner broiling over the flames of hell. The third is repreſented, by the crack in the ſounding-board, occaſioned by the loudneſs of his voice, and, the ſcale of vociferation hanging beſide him, the lower note of which reſembles the roaring of a bull, greatly diſtant from the natural tone, and is contiguous to the bawling mouth, above, bellowing out, *Blood, blood, blood, blood*. Conſidered in this light, with great propriety, is that text of ſcripture written upon his book, "I ſpeak as a fool," it being evidently the height of folly to attempt to convince a weak mind by terror! And, ſuch muſt the congregation be, in general, or, they would not hug themſelves in their fond conceits; which they apparently do, in ſetting ſo much value upon thoſe figures of a ghoſt, we ſee up and down among them, and, which they are ſuppoſed to idolize as much as the roman-catholics do the figure of the croſs. Nay, that our author deſigned to

* It being ſaid that the familiar with whom a witch converſes, ſucks her right breaſt, in ſhape of a little dun cat as ſmooth as a mole, which, when it has ſucked, the witch is in a kind of trance.

draw

draw a parallel between them is manifeſt, not only from this, but, alſo, from the head of the miniſter, which he deſcribes as ſhaven into a circle, in imitation of the heads of ſome particular orders of prieſts abroad; ſo, that by his wig falling off, he is, as it were, diſcovered to be a *Jeſuit* in diſguiſe. To inform us that enthuſiaſm gains moſt ground among the poor and illiterate, whoſe credulity is greateſt; he has introduced a man (who by the altar, and, ſacrificing knife before him, appears to be a Jew, for, ſects are generally formed of a mixture of other perſuaſions) killing a louſe, ſtrongly characteriſtic of the ſtate of his congregation; and, has decorated the pulpit, with three figures, alluding to three known ſtories of apparitions, (expreſſive of the people's weakneſs) Mrs. *Veal*, *Julius Cæſar* *, and, Sir *George Villars* †. Thoſe, on whom threats and terrors will not make an impreſſion, are often brought over by cant and tears: this, ſays our author, has often produced wonderful effects; working by ſympathy and perſuaſion; beſides, it declares the ſincerity of the preacher. See, then, the clerk with piteous face, and, a crying cherub, on either hand, whining out the hymns in dolorous tone! We have, here, exhibited, in one view, the various, effects of ſuperſtition; it melting ſome into tears, winding others into a ſettled grief, and, driving others to madneſs. Behold then, behind, a poor deſpairing wretch, frighted out of his ſenſes by an itinerant lay-preacher beſide him, pointing to the branch, above, which is, here, humouroufly deſcribed as a horid, infernal head with horns; whoſe rotundity ſerves to repreſent a globe of hell, as newly drawn by *R——ne* ‡! The front of this branch is diſpoſed into a face; round one of the eyes is written *Molten-lead lake*; round the other, *Bottomleſs-pit*; down the noſe, *Pitch and Tar rivers*; on the line acroſs the face, *Horrid zone*; on one cheek, *Parts unknown*; on the other, *Brimſtone ocean*; round the mouth, *Eternal-damnation gulph*; and, on the little ſphere, above, *Deſarts of New Purgatory*. But, to ſhew us that, even, amidſt

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* The firſt of theſe ſtories may be found in the preface to a book, called, *Drelincourt* upon death; the ſecond, in the roman hiſtory.

† Father to the duke of *Buckingham*, who was ſtabbed by one *Felton*, at *Portſmouth*. It is ſaid Sir *George* appeared after he was dead, to one who had been his ſervant, charging him to inform his ſon of the deſign laid to deſtroy him, which took place as he foretold it, through the duke's obſtinacy, in not avoiding it.

‡ A clergyman, of the ſame way of thinking with Mr. *W—tf—d*.

all

all this terror, the hearts of ſome are ſo extremely callous, and, ſo far buried in the lethargy of ſin, as no alarm can awaken, Mr. *Hogarth* has repreſented one of this congregation aſleep, and, the devil taking that opportunity to whiſper him in the ear; and, to complete the whole, and, inform us that it is ſuch ſchiſm in the church that brings religion into contempt, he has drawn a Turk, looking in at the window, and, ſmiling at their amazing folly. *If* this *be* Chriſtianity, ſays he, GREAT PROPHET! *I thank thee that* I *am a* Mahomedan*.

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* Beneath this plate, is engraved the following text of ſcripture.

"Believe not every ſpirit, but, try the ſpirits, whether they are of God: "becauſe many falſe prophets are gone out into the world." 1 *John* iv. 1.

THE

ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

AMIDST all the follies of the age, there never was a greater than the immoderate paſſion of the people for muſic. Though amuſement and recreation are, ſometimes, neceſſary, yet when carried to exceſs, they become vitious and ſhameful. Now, ſo far did the luxury of this kingdom, extend at the time, when this plate was firſt publiſhed, which was in the year, 1741, and, which ſeems at preſent rather to encreaſe than diminiſh, that *Italians* (as being ſuppoſed to be the greater proficients) were brought over at the greateſt expence; and, the pooreſt and leaſt ſkilled among them, who had not ſufficient merit, and, who were not able to continue in their own country, ſoon diſcovering our folly, gathered here in flocks, and, took poſſeſſion of the place. When here, they were encouraged, and, their wretched abilities looked upon as ſupernatural; they introduced a new ſtile of muſic, which ſuited well the growing levity of this nation. The noble and elevated was immediately transformed into the trifling and inſignificant, and, the ſolemn and majeſtic ſounds of heart-felt, Britiſh harmony, gave place to the tinkling, frippery airs of Italian ſing-ſong. Such was, and, ſuch, ſtill, continues to be the depraved ſtate of the Engliſh!

To

To ridicule this degeneracy of the age, Mr. *Hogarth* publiſhed the print before us; wherein he has repreſented an Italian profeſſor of muſic, at his ſtudy, enraged, to the greateſt degree, at the collection of noiſes, beneath his window, which ſeem gathered in order, to annoy him. He is, by the inſcription on the houſe, over the way, ſuppoſed to live in the neighbourhood of a pewterer, whoſe conſtant hammering is no ſmall diſturbance. Our author ſeems, here, to have let none of the moſt material or cuſtomary noiſes of *London* ſtreets eſcape him. In front, are ſome children at their noiſy ſports, one of whom is hollowing, and, beating of a drum; another, dragging a tile upon the ſtones, and, another, winding a racket. In one place, is a ballad-ſinger, bawling out the *Lady's fall*, with a ſqualling infant in her arms; in another, a man grinding of a cleaver, whoſe machine ſtanding on the foot of a dog, ſets him yelping. Here, we ſee a girl crying her milk, and there, a ſow-gelder ſounding his horn; here, a fellow diſſonantly blowing his hautboy, there, another, crying of fiſh; in one place, a paviour ramming down the ſtones; in another, a duſtman ringing his bell. To theſe are introduced the chattering of a parrot, and, the ſqualling of cats; and, to complete all, from the top of the chimney is heard the cry of the ſweeper, and, from the tower of the church, the ringing

of

of bells, it being, by the flag, ſuppoſed to be a day of rejoicing. One thing more I muſt not omit taking notice of, which is the play-bill, againſt the houſe, acquainting us, that the *Beggars Opera* was performed that night, for the ſixty-ſecond time, Miſs *Fenton** playing the part of *Polly*, Mr. *Walker*, that of *Macheath*, and, Mr. *Hippiſly*, that of *Peachum*. This ſerves to commemorate the great ſucceſs of that dramatic performance, and, in that ſucceſs, the extraordinary taſte of the town. Thus, by filling the plate, by properly diſpoſing the different figures, and, by preſerving a beautiful contraſt, in the various perſons, and faces, Mr. *Hogarth* has not only pleaſed the underſtanding, and, accompliſhed his deſign, but, has alſo raviſhed the eye with a pleaſing group of lively characters.

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* Afterwards *D——ſs* of *R—l—d*.

THE

DISTRESSED POET.

NOTWITHSTANDING it has ever been the univerſal opinion, that the encouragement of literature, would be productive of the greateſt advantages to a nation; yet, ſuch is the general diſſipation of mankind, that we cannot be prevailed on to ſtand forth in its cauſe. A man may rack his brains, for years together, in ſearch of truth, and, when found, it ſhall be totally diſregarded. Buſineſs, and, pleaſure ſo engage the people, that learning is no other than a drug, and, an author, the greateſt object of contempt. The uncommon ſcarcity, indeed, of men of ſound learning, and, the multitude of ſcriblers that, at preſent, infeſt the age, have given ſufficient cauſe for this general contempt; but, yet it muſt be acknowledged, as very extraordinary, that diſtreſs ſhould ever attend a writer, and, poverty, be, as it were, entailed upon him. To repreſent, then, on the one hand, the low ebb to which, literature is arrived, and, on the other, to expoſe the vanity, and, folly, of ſuch men as undertake to write upon ſubjects they are wholly unacquainted with, and, to give us an inſight of the diſtreſs, they, by this means, bring upon themſelves, was the deſign of Mr. *Hogarth*, in the piece, before us: how far, or, how well, he has ſucceeded, I ſhall leave the ſpectator to determine.

Dent. Scalp.

THIS plate, then, in the firſt place, deſcribes, in the ſtrongeſt colours, the diſtreſs of an author, without friends to puſh him forward, in the world. His living in one room, and, that room, a garret, and, appropriated to all the common offices of life, is a convincing argument of his extreme penury. His being reduced to the neceſſity of ſitting without his breeches, while they are mending; without a ſhirt, till that, he wears, be dry; his want of a night-cap, evident by his covering his head, with the only wig he is maſter of, a tye; and, above all, the empty ſafe, are confirmations of the fact. The confuſion, and, litter of the place tell us, that, to maintain a decent appearance, without doors, engages the whole attention of his wife. This is more manifeſt, by his ſhirt and ſhams hanging to dry, which ſhe is ſuppoſed to have waſhed, over night; and, her mending his breeches, paying no regard to her crying infant. A melancholy proof of the lordly aſcendency of ſome huſbands, who imagine their wives attention ſhould be turned to them, only; and, of the ridiculous fondneſs of ſome wives, in ſtudying to adorn the object of their affections, at the expence of the quiet and reputation of their families! The other ornaments of his perſon, *viz.* the tye-wig, the ſword, and, full-trimm'd coat, plainly denote how anxious a man, who riſes above

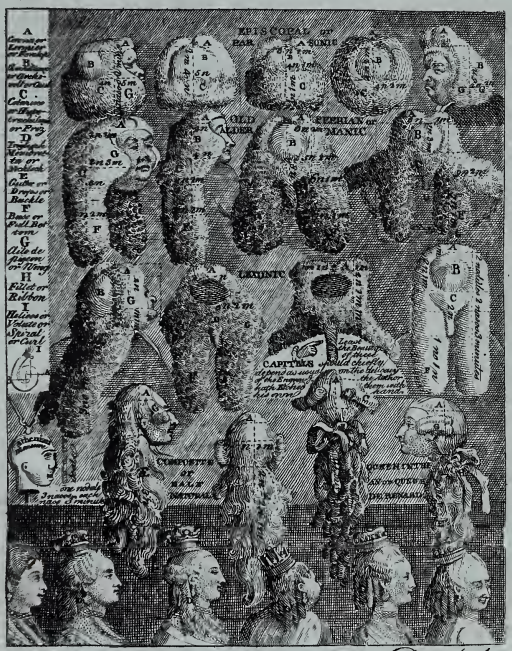
the generality of his fellow-creatures, on account of ſome liberal endowment, is, of appearing above them, with reſpect to dreſs; abſurd to the greateſt degree; for, among the judicious part of mankind, he, who attempts to paſs upon the world, as greater than he is, will be, conſtantly, the butt of ridicule, and, will meet with the deriſion of all who know him. The long cloak hung againſt the wainſcot is, to ſhew us, that the wife, often ſpending her time, in working for her huſband, and, adjuſting the *minutiæ* of her family, is obliged to neglect her own perſon, and, cover her rags, as the philoſopher did his coals, (when he fetched them, himſelf,) with his cloak. But, on the other hand, we are taught, by the ſame means, how eſſential it is, that a man of this profeſſion, ſhould keep up appearances; as his ſucceſs in life, in a great meaſure, depends upon the favours of the great, he can have no hopes of that favour, but from perſonal attendance, and, that attendance ſupported by a gentleman-like appearance. This, often, puts him to the ſad neceſſity of laying out the major part of his ſubſtance on his back, while his wife and children, are, perhaps, pinched with cold, and, periſhing with hunger. The ſcene, here, is ſuppoſed to be in the morning: the entrance of the milk-girl, with open mouth, and, her preſenting the tally, chalked with long arrears, heighten the diſtreſs, for, though they ſupported nature, in the moſt ſparing manner, yet, ſo low is the author's pocket, that he is not able to *wipe off the old ſcore*. But, while we admire the connection of the piece, we muſt not omit obſerving the countenance of the wife (a fine contraſt to that of the girl's) whom we are to imagine ſtruck almoſt ſpeechleſs, at the thoughts of ſo large a debt to pay, and, not a farthing to diſcharge it. The abuſive language of the wench, and, the crying of the child, confuſe the father's brain, who has riſen, early, in order, to finiſh a poem, on the comfortable enjoyment of *riches*, (a ſubject he can have but ſmall ideas of,) which a hungry belly urges him to get done by dinner-time.—Though we may gather from this print, what little regard is paid to men of merit, and, at how low an ebb, literature is; yet, in the ſecond place, we may learn, (which, indeed, Mr. *Hogarth* more particularly alluded to,) by the author's face, declaring him on a knotty point; by *Byſshe*'s *Art of Poetry*, laying open before him, denoting his capacity but ſhallow; by his ſmall collection of books, the Sketch of the Gold Mines, the *Grub-ſtreet* Journal, and, the beggary that ſurrounds him, how apt men are to miſtake their talents, to ſet genius and nature at nought, fancy themſelves maſter of every ſubject, and, thus through confidence, conceit, or, ſelf-opinion, waſte that precious time in fruitleſs attempts, which, if well employed, would enable them to paſs through life with eaſe, and, comfort; and, procure them a decent proviſion. For, as *Swift* ſays,

ſays, it is an uncontrouled truth, that no man ever made an ill figure, who underſtood his own talents, nor, a good one, who miſtook them. The greateſt inattention to material things, (owing to the unexpected entrance of the girl, which has put all into confuſion,) is ſeen, by the cat's being ſuffered to ſuckle her kittens, on our hero's beſt, and, only coat, and, the dog to carry away the proviſion of the day.—How ſtrangely miſtaken are the notions of ſome men! how great and palpable the folly of the world!

THE FIVE ORDERS OF PERIWIGS.

SUCH is the pride of the *Engliſh*, with reſpect to dreſs, that unleſs they exceed every thing, that is common, they look upon it as mean and vulgar; and, ſuch their depraved taſte, that gentility, and, diſtinction, in their opinion, conſiſt in ſingularity, abundance, and, ſuperfluity: inſtead of vying with each other, in matters of real excellence, in greatneſs of diſpoſition, and, nobility of ſentiment; they think little or nothing of it, and, childiſhly imagine, that expence implies worth, and, that profuſion confers dignity. At his preſent Majeſty's coronation,

tion, when every one who had a right to walk in proceſſion, ſtrove to make the beſt appearance poſſible; the folds of a robe, and the largeneſs of a wig, was more ſtudied than either eaſe, or, becomingneſs, confounding taſte, with impropriety; and, elegance, with abſurdity. To ridicule this folly of the people, Mr. *Hogarth* publiſhed this print, repreſenting to us five orders of periwigs, alluding to the capitals of the five orders in architecture, and, meaſuring them, as he himſelf calls it, *architectonically*, giving us to underſtand the great particularity of ſome perſons, with reſpect to theſe ornaments of the head.



THE firſt he deſcribes, is the *epiſcopal*, or, *parſonic*, alluding to the *Tuſcan* order, as being the moſt ſimple and ſolid, having but few ornaments, and, being the moſt maſſive. Theſe were ſuch as were worn by the biſhops, in whoſe faces he has not forgot the general overbearing pride of the dignified clergy.

THE

THE ſecond, is the old *peerian*, or, *aldermanic*, correſponding to the *Doric*, which conſiſts of rather more ornaments than the *Tuſcan*; whoſe *frieze* is divided by *triglyphs*, and, *metopes**. Theſe were worn by the aldermen of the city of *London*, two of whoſe little-meaning faces are exhibited to view. That remarkable five-tail'd periwig, on the right, was worn by his lordſhip, the mayor; two of whoſe tails hung down in half-curls before, the other three, behind.

THE *Lexonic* † is the third, anſwering to that of the *Ionic*, a kind of mean proportional between the ſolid and delicate manner, adorned with *volutes*, or, ſpiral curls. Theſe were ſuch as were worn by the gentlemen of the law; and, leaſt, the beauty of theſe *capitals* ſhould chiefly depend, as uſual, on the delicacy of the engraving, our author has declared, by words written on the ſhoulders, beneath one of them, that he etched them with his own hand.

THE next two, on the right, are of the fourth order, called, *Queerinthian*, or, *queue-de-renard* (that is, *fox-tail*,) agreeable to the *Corinthian*, the richeſt and moſt delicate, adorned with fillets, and, a number of *volutes*. Theſe, in front, reſemble the ears of a fox, or, the wings of a pidgeon, and, were tied behind with great bunches of ribband. They were worn by the major part of the nobility.

THE other two are of the fifth and laſt order, called the *Compoſite*, or, *half-natural*, correſpondent to the *Compoſite*, or, *Roman*, ſo called, becauſe compoſed by the people of *Rome*, out of the *Corinthian* and *Ionic* orders, as this is out of the *Queerinthian* and *Lexonic*, decorated with *volutes*, &c. This was worn by ſome of the nobility, as of higher and nobler inſtitution.

THE *ſcale* by which the meaſurement is made, is of *Athenian* meaſure, and, proportioned to a block; as we ſee on the left of this plate. It is thus divided; into *nodules* ‡, *naſos* ‖, and, *minutes*; every *nodule* being three *naſos*, each *naſo*, three *minutes*. As each of the *capitals*, or, periwigs, are ruled, the curious examiner may eaſily prove their exactneſs, by the application of a pair of dividers. If it ſhould be aſked, why this minute exactneſs? The anſwer is obvious. As the degree of underſtanding is thought, by ſome, to be proportioned to the ſize of the wig, too great a niceneſs could not be obſerved.

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* Theſe orders will be beſt underſtood by thoſe who have ſome knowledge of architecture.

† From the *Latin*, *Lex*. i. e. Law. ‡ From *noddle*.

‖ From *naſus*, i. e. noſe.

THE

THE bottom part of this print represents the heads of six ladies, from the lowest to the highest, according to their rank of precedence, the minor walking first; the faces of the whole are extremely well known. They were introduced, here, to shew the various ways of dressing the female head. The *Triglyph membretta*, or, *drop-curl*, was preserved throughout the whole, as conforming to some established order, and, to preserve the uniformity of English peerage, which partakes of the follies, as well as the dignities of the nation*.

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* On the different parts of these *capitals*, are letters by way of reference to their names in the margin of this plate; and, at the bottom of the plate, is engraved the following advertisement.

"In about *seventeen years*, will be completed, in six volumes, folio, price "*fifteen guineas*, the exact measurements of the PERIWIGS of the *antients*; "taken from the statues, busts, and, basso-relievos of ATHENS, PALMIRA, "BALBEC, and, ROME. By MODESTO, *periwig-meter*, from LAGADO.

"N. B. None will be sold, but, to *subscribers*."

ERRATA.

In the MEDLEY.

Page 115. l. 16. *for*, who, *read*, whom.

Page 116. l. 20. *for*, giving suck to a cat, *read*, sucked by a cat.

THE

THE

BENCH.

IT having been univerſally acknowledged that Mr. *Hogarth* was one of the moſt ingenious painters of his age, and, a man poſſeſſed of a vaſt ſtore of humour, which he has ſufficiently ſhewn and diſplayed in his numerous productions, the general approbation his works receive is not to be wondered at. But, as owing to the falſe notions of the public, not thoroughly acquainted with the true art of painting, he has been often called a *caracaturer*, when, in reality, *caracatura* was no part of his profeſſion, he being a true copier of nature *, to ſet this matter right, and, give

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*—" The works of a comic hiſtory-painter differ from thoſe performances, " which the *Italians* call *caracatura*; where, we ſhall find the true excellence of " the former to conſiſt in the exacteſt copying of nature; inſomuch, that a ju- " dicious eye inſtantly rejects any thing *outrè*; any liberty which the painter " hath taken with the features of that *alma-mater*.—Whereas, in the *caracatura*, " we allow all licence. Its aim is to exhibit monſters, not men; and, all diſ- " tortions, and, exaggerations, whatever, are within its proper province."

—" He who ſhould call the ingenious *Hogarth* a burleſque painter, would do " him very little honour; for, ſure, it is much eaſier, much leſs the ſubject of " admiration, to paint a man with a noſe, or, any other feature of a prepoſterous " ſize, or, to expoſe him in ſome abſurd or monſtrous attitude, than to expreſs " the affections of men, on canvas. It hath been thought a vaſt commendation " of a painter, to ſay his figures *ſeem to breathe*; but, ſurely, it is a much greater, " and, nobler applauſe, that *they appear to think*." —— *Preface to* Joſeph Andrews.

the world a juſt definition of the words, *character*, *caracatura*, and, *outré*, in which humourous painting principally conſiſts, and, to ſhew their difference of meaning, he, in the year, 1758, publiſhed this print; but, as it did not quite anſwer his purpoſe, giving an illuſtration of the word *character*, *only*, he added, in the year, 1764, the group of heads above, which he never lived to finiſh, though he worked upon it the day before his death. The lines between inverted *commas*, are our author's own words, and, are engraved at the bottom of the plate.

" THERE are hardly any two things more eſſentially different than " *character*, and, *caracatura*; nevertheleſs, they are, uſually, con- " founded, and, miſtaken for each other; on which account, this expla- " nation is attempted."

" IT has, ever, been allowed, that, when a *character* is ſtrongly " marked in the living face, it may be conſidered as an index of the " mind, to expreſs which, with any degree of juſtneſs, in painting, " requires the utmoſt efforts of a great maſter. Now that which has, " of late years, got the name of *caracatura*, is or ought to be, totally, " diveſted of every ſtroke that hath a tendency to good drawing; it may " be ſaid to be a ſpecies of lines that are produced, rather by the hand of " chance, than of ſkill; for, the early ſcrawlings of a child, which do

" but

" but barely hint an idea of a human face, will, always, be found to be " like some person, or, other; and, will, often, form such a comical " resemblance, as, in all probability, the most eminent *caracaturers* of these " times will not be able to equal, with design; because their ideas of objects " are so much more perfect than children's, that they will, unavoidably, " introduce some kind of drawing: for, all the humourous effects of the " fashionable manner of *caracaturing*, chiefly, depend on the surprize " we are under, at finding ourselves caught with any sort of similitude in " objects absolutely remote in their kind. Let it be observed, the more " remote in their nature, the greater is the excellence of these pieces. As " a proof of this, I remember a famous *caracatura* of a certain Italian " singer, that struck at first sight, which consisted only of a streight " perpendicular stroke, with a dot over it. As to the French word, " *outrè*, it is different from the foregoing, and, signifies nothing more " than the exaggerated out-lines of a figure, all the parts of which " may be, in other respects, a perfect, and, true picture of nature. A " giant, or, a dwarf may be called a common man, *outrè*. So any part, " as a nose, or, a leg, made bigger or less than it ought to be, is that " part, *outrè*, which is all that is to be understood by this word, inju- " diciously used to the prejudice of *character*." See, EXCESS. *Analysis of Beauty**. chap. 6.

To prevent these distinctions being looked upon as dry, and, unentertaining, our author has, in this group of faces, ridiculed the want of capacity among some of our judges, or, dispensers of the law, whose shallow discernment, natural disposition, or, wilful inattention, is, here, perfectly described in their faces. One is amusing himself, in the course of the trial, with other business; another, in all the pride of self-importance, is examining a former deposition, wholly inattentive to that before him; the next, is buried in thoughts quite foreign to the subject, and, the senses of the last are locked fast in sleep.—On what a tottering basis must the laws of a country stand, when so little regard is paid either to the character, or, ability of their protectors!

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* A *quarto* treatise, embelished with copper-plates (price fifteen shillings) written, by Mr. *Hogarth*, with a view of fixing the fluctuating ideas of taste; and, here, referred to, as farther explanatory of the subject in hand.

THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY.

THOUGH humanity is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of the Britiſh nation; I mean that part of it which we call the better ſort of people, yet, the lower claſs of Britons are no leſs remarkable for their ſtudied barbarity, inſomuch that foreigners have frequently taken notice of the cruelty of Engliſh paſtimes, which we certainly muſt have derived from the *Goths*, and, *Scythians*: but, one would imagine, as the times grew more civilized, this mercileſs diſpoſition would have gradually decreaſed, whereas, on the contrary, we grow more ſanguinary, and, indulge our ſavage inclinations at the expence of all that is rational, humane, and, religious. Does not the epicure even torture the creature to pamper his voluptuous palate? Are not lobſters roaſted alive, pigs whipped to death, and, fowls ſewed up, teſtimonies of our outrageous living? Nothing is more ſhocking, or, horrid, than the proſpect of ſome of our modern kitchens covered with blood, and, filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image, ſays Mr. *Addiſon*, of a giant's den, in a romance, beſtrewed with the ſcattered

tered heads, and, mangled limbs of thoſe, who were ſlain by his cruelty. Notwithſtanding theſe things, with ſome others I ſhall mention, are matters deſerving the ſevereſt cenſure, yet, our author has taken no notice of them, having confined himſelf to a repreſentation of ſuch ſcenes of barbarity only, as are become more general among us, and, which ſeem to have been nurſed up in our nature, from our very childhood.

Dent Sculp.

In this firſt plate, then, we have ſeveral groups of boys, at their different barbarous diverſions. One is throwing at a cock, the univerſal *Shrove-tide* amuſement; beating the harmleſs, feathered animal to jelly; another is tying a bone to a dog's tail, in order, to hurry him through the ſtreets, with fear and pain: ſee, this lad enjoying his brutality, grinning at the faithful creature, who is licking the hand of his mercileſs maſter! A third is burning out the eyes of a bird, with a red-hot knitting-needle, in order, to make it ſing; it having been found, that ſome ſong-birds will not ſing, while their attention is taken off by any thing about them: a barbarous cuſtom, chiefly practiſed upon bullfinches.

Behind,

Behind, is a number of boys diverting themſelves by hanging up two cats, by their tails, purpoſely to make them fight, which, in theſe caſes, they frequently do, till they die. Above theſe, from a window, is one throwing out a cat, with a pair of blown-up bladders faſtened to her ſides, deſigned to keep her a long time in the air, before ſhe falls to the ground; and, on the left of this plate, in front, is a mercileſs wretch hallooing, and, clapping on a dog, to worry alſo one of the tabby kind, which, when once ſet on, they ſeldom leave till life iſſues from the mangled, lacerated creature. It has been judiciouſly obſerved, that the conceit of a cat's having nine lives, hath coſt, at leaſt, nine lives in ten of the whole race of them; ſcarce a boy, in the ſtreets, but has, in this point, outdone even *Hercules* himſelf, who was renowned for killing a monſter that had but *three* lives. The general animoſity againſt this uſeful, domeſtic animal is ſtrange, and, unaccountable! But, the principal group, in this plate, is that of a boy's piercing a dog, with an arrow, a deep-ſtudied piece of barbarity. The chief figure, in this group, is the hero of this ſet of prints: we are told his name is *Tom Nero**, by his companion, behind him, not quite ſo inhuman as the reſt, who is drawing his effigy, in charcoal, upon the wall, hanging upon a gibbet, intimating the fatal end, he imagines this *genius* will come to. He is repreſented as one belonging to a charity-ſchool, and, by the badge upon his arm, we learn, to that of St. *Giles*; that pariſh, conſiſting of a number of low-rented houſes, having been long the receptacle of the loweſt claſs of people. Mr. *Hogarth*, in cloathing him in this tattered uniform, deſigned to caſt an oblique reflection on the bad conduct of theſe ſchools, about twenty years ago; but, through the inſpection of pariſh-officers, and, the care of the truſtees of theſe charities, they are now, happily, reformed, and, become uſeful nurſeries of the poorer youth of this kingdom. In this group we have a beautiful contraſt, in a ſtruggle between cruelty and compaſſion; we ſee here a young gentleman, returning from ſchool, evident by his ſatchel, on his back, with tears in his eyes, pleading in behalf of this tortured animal, and, even offering his tart, for his redemption; which the other hard-hearted wretch refuſes, barbarity being his chief delight. Hence, we learn, the great benefit and neceſſity of education, without which, we are little better than ſavages,

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* So called, from the tyrant, *Nero*, one of the roman emperors, who, among other acts of cruelty, is ſaid to have tortured and killed the Chriſtians, upon ſtages, for pleaſure, in the day-time; and, in the night, to burn their bodies, inſtead of torches, wrapped up in pitched cleaths.

it being that which ſoftens a rugged diſpoſition, civilizes mankind, and, makes them uſeful members of ſociety *.

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* At the bottom of this plate are engraved the following lines.

While various ſcenes of ſportive woe
The infant race employ,
And, tortur'd victims, bleeding, ſhow
The tyrant in the boy,

Behold, a youth of gentler heart!
To ſpare the creature's pain,
O take, he cries, — take all my tart;
But, tears, and, tart are vain.

Learn, from this fair example, you,
Whom ſavage ſports delight,
How CRUELTY diſguſts the view,
While PITY charms the ſight.

Dent Sculp

THAT ſpirit of inhumanity, which we obſerved in the laſt plate, growing up in youth, is, in this ſecond ſtage of cruelty, ripened, by manhood: here, we ſee *Tom Nero*, the hero of our piece, become a hackney-coachman, a profeſſion, in which he has an opportunity of diſplaying his brutal diſpoſition; for, of all mercileſs wretches, hackney-coachmen are ſome of the greateſt; they flog the poor, dumb animals, which are, generally, advanced in years, the whole day through; and, to obtain the long-trot, as they call it, or, to back, briſkly, always laſh at the eye. The ſight theſe villains imagine of little or no conſequence to a draught-horſe, otherwiſe than, being a tender part, and, very uſeful to cut at; and, if theſe poor jaded creatures do not back to their liking, when the laſh of their whip is gone, they frequently quit the box, beat them over their eyes and noſe, with the but end, and, kick their ſhins, in a moſt unmerciful manner. Convinced of this barbarous treatment of the horſes, by the drivers, our author, has deſcribed him, as cruelly beating his poor beaſt, for not riſing, though in his fall, by the over-

ſetting

ſetting of the coach, he has had the misfortune to break his leg; and, ſo ſenſible is the afflicted creature of the unkindneſs of his maſter, that we perceive the big, round drop trickling down his cheek, a manifeſt proof of his inward feelings. Pity is it ſuch barbarous wretches ſhould be ſuffered to live!—However, his behaviour attracts the notice of a paſſer by, who is taking the number of his coach, in order, to have him puniſhed. The humane countenance of this man, oppoſed to the rigid, ſevere one of the other, affords us an agreeable contraſt, and, keeps up the ſpirit of the piece. In ſome meaſure, to brighten the ſcene, our artiſt has deſcribed this coach, as carrying four barriſters from *Thavies-inn*, to *Weſtminſter-Hall*, the longeſt, *ſhilling* fare, for which they are ſuppoſed to club their three-pence each *; a circumſtance extremely general, and, what has long been matter of public ridicule; and, cannot fail of drawing a ſmile, even, here, in this ſcene of horror. On the right, is repreſented one of thoſe inhuman wretches, whoſe employ is to drive cattle to and from *Smithfield* market. Behold him, beating a tender, over-driven lamb, with a club-ſtick, for not going on; and, the poor, faint creature dying under his blows, its entrails iſſuing from its mouth! Further back, is a drayman, belonging to a brewer, aſleep, riding upon the ſhafts †, and, his dray running over a child, that had been playing with his hoop. Still, further back, is a great, lubberly fellow, riding upon a laden aſs; and, as if the beaſt was not ſufficiently burthened, he has taken up a porter, with a load upon his back, behind him. Obſerve, the over-laden animal, ready to ſink under the weight, and, the foremoſt rider paying away upon his ſhoulders, while a man behind is goading him on with a pitchfork! Through a notion that an aſs can carry a greater weight than a horſe, theſe poor animals are often unmercifully overloaded. On the back-ground of this plate, are a number of people, diverting themſelves with baiting, or, worrying a bull; one of the cruel amuſements of this nation. It having been found expedient to bait bulls before they are killed, in order, to make the fleſh tender, under this pretence, they are often tied to a ſtake, and, worried to death, by dogs, and, men, with ſticks, and, goads, who do it, even, at the riſque of their lives,

* Theſe gentlemen, ſo well verſed in the art of quibbling, in order, to avoid the laugh, go, now, but three in a coach, by which means, they pay only one penny more than formerly.

† The law has provided againſt any one's riding upon a cart, without a perſon to watch the horſes, making it a penalty ſo to do; but, notwithſtanding this, the law is ſo badly executed, that accidents of this ſort frequently happen.

it frequently happening, that a man is toſſed and gored by the horns of the enraged beaſt. Another barbarous diverſion this country is diſtinguiſhed for, is cock-fighting, here, intimated by the bill paſted up againſt the houſe; but, the moſt extraordinary amuſement of all, and, that ſtrongly characteriſtic of our natural diſpoſition, was what we formerly met with at *Broughton*'s* *amphitheatre*, (which the legiſlative power has, now, thought proper to ſuppreſs) where, men were often engaged to fight with broad-ſwords, for the entertainment of the public, and, a limb laid open, by a artful ſtroke, was generally accompanied with a roar of applauſe. Amazing, that ſuch things ſhould ever have been tolerated in a chriſtian country! †

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* *Broughton*, the proprietor of this place, was himſelf a bruiſer, and, had one of his eyes beat out, by a man he fought with, for a wager.

† The following are the lines beneath this plate.

The generous ſteed, in hoary age,
Subdu'd by labour, lies;
And, mourns a cruel maſter's rage,
While nature, ſtrength denies.

The tender lamb, o'er-drove, and, faint,
Amidſt expiring throws,
Bleats forth its innocent complaint,
And, dies beneath the blows.

Inhuman wretch! ſay, whence proceeds
This coward cruelty?
What intereſt ſprings from barb'rous deeds?
What joy, from miſery?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED acts of barbarity, are found, in time, to divest men of their natural feelings; for, he that would not hesitate to torture, and, destroy a harmless, helpless animal, would not, but through fear of the law, scruple to murder a fellow-creature. Nay, the laws themselves are, sometimes, not able to prevent such horrid perpetrations. As a proof of this assertion, Mr. *Hogarth* describes the hero of this piece arrived at such a state of insensibility, as to be past feeling; no tenderness is supposed to affect him; no sense of distress, to move him. Let us, then, take a view of cruelty, in perfection, and, see, to what horrid lengths his disposition has carried him. As hackney-coachman, his barbarity did not pass unnoticed; his treatment of his horses became publicly known, and, was attended with a discharge from his place: being therefore at a loss for a maintenance, his wicked turn of mind soon led him upon the road, intimated by the pistols and watches found upon him. During the time he followed this iniquitous practice, we are to suppose him, to have made himself acquainted with a young woman, a servant to some lady

reſiding in the country, whom we are to imagine he deceived by lies, and, falſe proteſtations. Indeed, the women are generally credulous, and, too apt to liſten to the object of their affections, but, in the caſe before us, it is preſumed this woman was not one of the ſtricteſt honeſty, or, virtue; otherwiſe, ſhe would not have ſuffered a lawleſs paſſion to have overcome her, and, led her into acts of ingratitude, and, theft. May this rueful ſcene be a warning to the ſex, and, put them upon their guard, when tempted by a male acquaintance; make them ſenſible of their tottering ſituation, and, teach them how to truſt mankind!—The hapleſs, young woman, before us, gave up her virtue to a faithleſs villain, liſtened too fondly to his idle tale, gave way to temptation, robbed her miſtreſs, by his directions, of all the plate ſhe could get at, and, met him, by appointment, in the middle of the night, (evident from the owl, and bat, upon the wing) in the church-yard, at ſome little diſtance from the houſe ſhe lived at. There we are to ſuppoſe them to have words, becauſe ſhe brought not more off with her; the dreadful conſequence of which, was this, that ſhe fell a victim to his murderous hand; nor could her declared affection for the wretch, nor, all her intreaties for the babe within her, avert him from his bloody purpoſe. A letter from her, found within his pocket, will give us a juſt idea of his barbarity; its contents are as follow:

" Dear *Tommy*,

" My miſtreſs has been the beſt of women to me, and, my conſcience " flies in my face as often as I think of wronging her; yet I am " reſolved to venture body and ſoul, to do as you would have me, " ſo do not fail to meet me as you ſaid you would; for, I ſhall bring " along with me all the things I can lay my hands on: ſo, no more, " at preſent, but I remain your's, 'till death,

" *Ann Gill.*"

Her cries, and, ſhrieks are ſuppoſed to have reached the houſe from whence ſhe came, and, brought her fellow-ſervants, though too late, about her, but, ſtill time enough to ſecure the murderer. Here, then, we ſee him ſeized, by the gardener, cook, footmen, and, the neighbouring men. Behold him, now, for the firſt time, ſtruck with remorſe of conſcience, ſhuddering at the horrid deed, ſtiffened at the ſight of the bloody knife, and, all his guilt upon his countenance! In the midſt of this confuſion, he is hurried away to priſon, where we may conceive him in a dark dungeon, heavy chained, waiting for his

his trial, in all the horrors of diſmay, the natural conſequence of his deadly crime. *

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* The ſtanzas, to this plate, are,

To lawleſs love, when once betray'd,
Soon crime to crime ſucceeds;
At length, beguil'd to theft, the maid
By her beguiler, bleeds.

Yet, learn, ſeducing man! nor, night,
With all its ſable cloud,
Can ſcreen the guilty deed from ſight:
Foul murder cries aloud.

The gaping wounds, and, blood-ſtain'd ſteel,
Now, ſhock his trembling ſoul:
But, oh, what pangs his breaſt muſt feel,
When death his knell ſhall toll!

Dent Sculp.

HAVING repreſented the progreſs of cruelty in its different ſtages, our author comes now in this laſt plate, to ſhew us its puniſhment, the reward that attends it in *this* life: with reſpect to that the attrocious ſinner will meet with in the *next*, he has left to be dictated by every man's ſecret monitor, his conſcience. After his trial, he is condemned to die, by the voice of his country, and, is, accordingly, carried to the place of execution*; thence to ſurgeon's-hall, in order, to be anatomized; that being the final part of his ſentence. Here, we ſee *Tom Nero* under the ſurgeon's hands, (intimated by the initial letters of his name, pricked upon his arm, a thing the lower claſs of people are very fond of) upon whoſe body a lecture is ſuppoſed to be read, relative to the various conſtructions of the parts. Behold, and, ſhudder at the ghaſtly ſight, the

* *Vide* page 93.

puniſhment

puniſhment conſequent upon his crime! See, his wicked, blaſphemous tongue pulled from the root, his guilty eye-balls, wrung from their ſockets, and, his iniquitous heart, torn from his body, which the dog is gnawing beneath the table! To give us a true idea of this ſcene of horror, in one place, is a man pulling the entrails into a bucket, and, in another, ſome ſkulls, and, bones, boiling in a caldron, by way of cleaning and whitening them, in order, to have them linked together by wires, as they were connected in the human frame. Two of theſe ſkeletons we obſerve above, whom our author has humouroufly deſcribed as pointing with a grin to the phyſician's, or, ſurgeon's arms upon the chair, *viz.* a hand, feeling the pulſe, intimating, that death is too often the conſequence of our too great opinion of theſe ſelf-important nature-menders. By the letters over the heads of theſe figures, we learn that one conſiſts of the bones of *James Field*, the noted bruiſer, the other thoſe of *Maclane*, two notorious fellows that died by means of a rope. Though our attention is chiefly called to the moral of the piece, we cannot but remark the humour of the painter who has, in ſome meaſure, enlivened this ſhocking ſcene, by the many droll faces he has, here and there, interſperſed, declaring the tenor of their ſuppoſed converſation. However, one thing more he particularly alludes to, and, that is, the unfeeling heart of a diſſector, which is found to grow ſo callous by his practice, as to loſe entirely its natural ſenſibility *.

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* The legiſlative power ſenſible of this, have excluded ſurgeons and butchers from ever being jury-men, concluding they cannot have adequate ideas of the ſufferings of others.

The verſes, to this plate, are as follow.

Behold, the villain's dire diſgrace,
Not death, itſelf, can end!
He finds no peaceful burial-place,
His breathleſs corſe, no friend.

Torn from the root, that wicked tongue,
Which daily ſwore, and, curſt!
Thoſe eye-balls, from their ſockets wrung,
That glow'd with lawleſs luſt!

His heart, expos'd to prying eyes,
To pity has no claim;
But, (dreadful!)from his bones ſhall riſe,
His monument of ſhame.

HAVING,

HAVING, now, explained the various matter of the prints, before us, ſuffer me, as a commentator on their moral tendency, to obſerve the ſcandal, barbarity is to a civilized people, and, its great diſgrace to a chriſtian country. Man has implanted in him a natural tenderneſs which *might* be nurſed up into perfection; ſo that I am of opinion, the ſeveral degrees of cruelty that exiſt at preſent, are owing to bad education; but, methinks, were this the caſe, we ſhould never obſerve any act of cruelty in the better ſort of people, thoſe who have had the advantages of a liberal inſtruction, yet, on the contrary we find them take great delight in hawking, hunting, and, other rural diverſions, which, however innocent they may be thought, are exceedingly ſavage and barbarous; nay, upon the running down of a ſtag, the giving the bloody knife into the hand of a ſtranger, or, lady, if any preſent, to put the finiſhing ſtroke to the heart-ſpent, expiring animal, is looked upon as a compliment; ſo miſtaken are we in our notions, and, ſo depraved in our ideas! Did I not conſider that ſo corrupted is mankind as to be out of conceit with any thing religious, and, on that account, fear to treat this work with too great an air of piety, leſt it ſhould miſs of its intended end, that of inſinuating inſtruction, under the appearance of entertainment, I ſay, did I not conſider this, I could produce ſeveral arguments both from reaſon and ſcripture to condemn our unmercifulneſs to the brute creation, but, as I would not deſtroy the effect theſe prints may have upon the public, I ſhall leave every one to make his own reflections upon the ſubject, and, content myſelf with ſaying it is the duty of parents to encourage a ſpirit of compaſſion in their children, and, puniſh in them the leaſt appearance of cruelty; by this means, they would be brought up in principles of humanity; and, as habit is ſecond nature, what they wanted in diſpoſition, they would find by education.

BEER-STREET,

AND,

GIN-LANE.

AS all countries have their peculiar manners, cuſtoms, faſhions, and, the like; ſo are they no leſs particular in their food, eſpecially, their liquors. *Italy*, *Spain*, and, *Portugal* excel in *wines*; *France*, in *wines*, and, *brandy*; *Holland*, in *geneva*; the *Eaſt-Indies*, in *arrack*; the *Weſt*, in *rum*; and, *England*, in *beer*. And, as moſt provinces, in other kingdoms, boaſt their peculiar ſorts of wines, or, ſpirits, ſo do moſt counties, here, their reſpective malt liquor. Some brew their *amber*, ſome, their *brown*. *Nottingham*, *Burton*, and, *Dorcheſter*, are as renowned in *England*, as *Bourdeaux*, *Champaigne*, and, *Burgundy*, in *France*. But, what principally bears the bell with us, is the *porter*, brewed in *London*: a wholeſome cordial, that, taken in moderation, recruits the ſpirits of the working man, and, renews that ſtrength which labour impairs. Pity 'tis, it ſhould be burthened with any tax! Such, however, is the natural depravity of men, that, (fond of new things, not contented with the old) when Engliſh gin, firſt, received birth from the ſtill, in imitation of that of *Holland*, gin-drinking, among the lower claſs, became the faſhion; that faſhion, in time, grew up into habit, and, introduced, into this metropolis, wretchedneſs, diſeaſe, and, death. Senſible of the prevailing cuſtom, and, ſhuddering at the unhappy conſequences, Mr. *Hogarth* deſigned theſe two prints (and, publiſhed them in the year, 1751) as a contraſt, ſetting forth the fattening, healthy qualities of the one, and, the emaciating, deadly properties of the other.

BEER STREET.

SEE, then, in the view, before us, a general ceſſation of work, and all parties regaling themſelves with a refreſhing draught of this chearing liquor. On the left, we have a group of jovial, tap-houſe politicians, a butcher, a drayman, and, a cooper. The drayman is deceitfully whiſpering ſome ſoft things to a ſervant-maid, who is deſcribed as all attention to what ſhe hears; this we may gather from the appearance of her eyes, and, hands; and, by her having the key of the ſtreet-door with her, ſhe is ſuppoſed to have ſtept out of ſome neighbouring houſe, at dinner-time, for a tankard of porter, which the family is waiting for; thus, while this figure ſerves to fill the piece, her loitering by the way, gives us a lively repreſentation of the generality of ſervants, who pay little or no regard to their duty, but, neglect their buſineſs, and, waſte their time. The butcher is ſplitting his ſides with laughter, to ſee the girl ſo eaſily impoſed on, and, the cooper, behind, with a pipe in his mouth, a full pot, in one hand, and, a ſhoulder of mutton, in the other, enjoying the determination, that, where good eating, and, drinking is, there muſt true happineſs, and, jollity reſide. On the table, before

fore them, is the daily advertiſer, and, his late majeſty's ſpeech on *Tueſday*, the 29th of *November*, 1748 *, which our author has introduced, here, by way of commemoration, it being much admired; and, to heighten our idea of the preſent feſtive enjoyment, it being at a time, when the tumults of war were ſubſided, and, this country, as at preſent, bleſſed with a happy peace. On the right, is a city-porter, ſuppoſed to have juſt ſet down his load, in order, to recruit his ſpirits with a heartening draught. This load Mr. *Hogarth* has humourouſly made to conſiſt of a parcel of books, conſigned to Mr. *Paſtem*, the trunk-maker, in St. *Paul*'s church-yard; as, (on account of their ſubjects, and, execrable performances) being fit for nothing but waſte paper. The books in ſight, are in *folio*, as follow; *Lauder*, on *Milton*, Modern Tragedies, vol. 12. *Hill*, on Royal Societies, *Turnbull*, on Ancient Painting, and, Politics, vol. 9999. In the midſt of this plate are two fiſh-women loaded with Britiſh herrings, which, at the time theſe prints were publiſhed, became very plentiful under the protection of the Britiſh fiſhery. Our author has, here, taken an opportunity of paying his ingenious friend Mr. *Lockman*, ſecretary to the ſociety, a compliment, by putting into one of theſe womens hands, a ballad, written by him on the herring-fiſhery, and, ſung at *Vauxhall*, with great applauſe. Behind, are ſome paviours, at work; further back, is a dame of quality, in a ſedan, going to court, it being ſuppoſed, by the flag diſplayed on the ſteeple, to be a birth-day; and, ſo corpulent is ſhe, that was it not for a draught of porter by the way, her chairmen would not be able to carry her. In painting this lady, our author has not forgot to ridicule the enormous ſize of the hoop, in thoſe days, which when pulled up on each ſide, reſembled the wheels of a carriage. Though, Mr. *Hogarth*, has thought proper, in this print, to ſhew the advantage almoſt every individual receives from the drinking this valuable liquor, which is at ſo low a price, as to be within the compaſs of a poor man's pocket; yet, he has given us a painter (painting a ſign, *viz.* the barley-mow) in all the appearance of want, though happy, and, ſmiling under it. Whether he intended the leanneſs, and, tattered condition of this man as a contraſt

* In this ſpeech, are theſe words, in view, "Let me earneſtly recommend "to you, the advancement of our commerce, and, cultivating the arts of peace, "in which you may depend on my hearty concurrence, and, encouragement."

to the corpulent, tight-dreſſed figures of the men below, or, whether he meant to draw a compliment upon himſelf, by lowering his own profeſſion, while he raiſes thoſe of others, is immaterial; let it ſuffice to ſay, it completes the group, by making it pyramidical *; thus, it pleaſes the eye, and, perfects the piece. But, let us carry our obſervation ſtill farther, and, we may notice, at the top of a houſe, a taylor's workſhop, whoſe men, within, ſeem to partake of the general joy; the bricklayers ſhew, on the roof of the next houſe, at the arrival of their expected beer. This houſe is an ale-houſe, the landlord of which is ſuppoſed to be growing rich, by his repairing it, in oppoſition to his neighbour, *Nicholas Pinch*, the pawnbroker, who finds it difficult to live, for want of trade; ſee this man's houſe quite decayed, ready to fall over his head, intimated by the ſign, props, and, rat-trap in the chamber; and, obſerve him taking in a half-pint of beer, through a hole in the door; not daring to open it, or, ſhew his face abroad; ſuch profeſſions thriving only on the miſeries of others, and, ſtarving when the public proſper. The general deſign of *this* print, was, if poſſible, to depreciate the pernicious cuſtom of gin-drinking, whoſe deſtructive quality is repreſented in the *next*, and, to ſhew mankind if they muſt needs have recourſe to ſtrong liquors, that, that of beer is by much the moſt wholeſome †.

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* *Vide*, the preface to the work.

† At the bottom of this plate, are engraved the following lines:

Beer (the happy produce of our iſle)
Can ſinewy ſtrength impart,
And, wearied with fatigue and toil,
Can cheer each manly heart.

Labour, and, art, upheld by thee,
Succeſsfully advance:
We quaff thy balmy juice, with glee,
And, water leave to *France*.

Genius of health, thy grateful taſte
Rivals the cup of *Jove*,
And, warms each Engliſh, gen'rous breaſt
With liberty, and, love.

As

GIN LANE.

AS a contraſt to the laſt print, we obſerve, in this, the pernicious effects of Britiſh ſpirits becoming general among the poor. Behold, here, the ſcene of health and gladneſs vaniſhed, and, that of diſeaſe and wretchedneſs introduced! How ſhudders the heart at the ghaſtly ſight! How turns the eye from the pallid view! But, as we learn to live, by looking on the dead, 'tis hoped this appearance of horror, will teach us a leſſon of temperance. May it create in mankind an abhorrence of the deadly evil, and, make them timely avoid the deſtruction that attends it!—Let us, then, probe the wound, in order, to its cure. As we remarked in *Beer-ſtreet*, the houſes to be fair, and, good-conditioned, excepting that of the pawnbroker's, which was ready to fall, ſo, we perceive the houſes, here, in general, old and ruinous, excepting that of maſter *Gripe*'s. By this we are taught, that poverty is the uſual attendant on gin-drinking, and, that, where this vice prevails, none are known to thrive, but, ſuch as feed upon the property of others. This abominable liquor is, among the vulgar, very juſtly called

called by the name of *Strip-me-naked*, it being found to waſte the ſubſtance of thoſe poor wretches that accuſtom themſelves to the drinking it, by a continual drain, not leaving them, at laſt, the bare neceſſaries of life; for, this infatuating poiſon leads them on, and, almoſt obliges them to repair the gnawings of one dram, by the burning aid of a ſecond. See them, then, in order to ſupport this endleſs expence, carrying their things to pawn, whilſt they have ought to pledge! Take notice of the broker examining the articles, leſt he ſhould lend too much upon them! Remark his grinding diſpoſition in his countenance! Finely is this idea heightened by the boys, below; they are both ſuppoſed accuſtomed to the fatal drench, as, indeed, are all the people preſent. One is ſtupified, and, faſt aſleep; giving the ſnail (an emblem of the pawnbroker) an opportunity of crawling over him; the other tormented with raging hunger, and, having nothing to eat, gnawing a bare bone, which the greedy cur, (equally emblematical) is tearing from him. It may probably be wondered at, why theſe beggarly loan-offices ſhould have been ſo long diſtinguiſhed by the ſign of three balls, diſpoſed in ſo particular a manner; but, a moment's conſideration will convince us of the propriety, it being univerſally allowed to be *two to one*, that things, once lodged in theſe houſes, are ever got out again. As a proof that this cuſtom of drinking gin, is encouraged among the poorer people, and, prevails among all ages of them; before the houſe of *Killman*, the diſtiller, is a woman pouring this deadly potion down her infant's throat; two charity-girls *, drinking to each other in the ſame, and, one drenching her mother, who is already ſo much intoxicated as to be under a neceſſity of being wheeled home in a barrow. The cuſtomary uſe of this liquor is as deſtructive as a peſtilence, deſtroying numbers of people, yearly, bringing on death, by various ways. Some, it fills with diſeaſes; others, it throws in to a decline; ſome, it drives to deſpair, and, others, it maddens. A picture of the firſt we have, in the drunken beaſt, upon the ſteps; whoſe legs are broken out in ulcers; ſhe is taking of ſnuff, careleſs of her infant, who is falling, from her arms, into the area of a gin-cellar, over whoſe entrance is humourouſly written a public invitation, *viz.* "Drunk for a penny; dead drunk for twopence; clean ſtraw for no-"thing:" though rather foreign to our purpoſe, yet led to it by the figure before us, I cannot help taking notice of another bad cuſtom

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Vide, Page 134. line, 24.

among

among the poor, that of ſnuff-taking, which ſome will do in great quantities, waſting ſixpence, or, more, a week, in that uſeleſs, pernicious drug, while their children are crying for bread, and, they have none to give) of the ſecond, we have a repreſentation in the man, at the bottom of the ſteps, who lived by ſelling of gin, and, is ſuppoſed to have juſt expired, worn away by the frequent uſe of it, and, in the woman, at the back of this plate, whom two men are putting into a ſhell, by order of the beadle of the pariſh *, whoſe chief attention ſeems fixed upon the care of her child, beſide it: of the third, is the barber, hanging in his chamber, above, murdered by his own hands; and, of the fourth, are the cripple fighting, and, the madman behind, dancing, with a pair of bellows, on his head, and, a ſpit, in his hand, on which he has ſpitted an infant, in the abſence of its mother. Theſe, with the reſt, are moſt melancholy inſtances of the dreadful conſequence of the ſin of drunkenneſs, which, however it may eſcape the puniſhment of *human* juſtice, will, moſt aſſuredly meet with the vengeance of *divine* †.

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* *Viz.* St. *Giles*, in the fields.

† This plate is inriched with the following ſtanzas.

GIN, curſed fiend, with fury fraught,
Makes human race a prey;
It enters by a deadly draught,
And, ſteals our life away.

Virtue and truth, driv'n to deſpair,
It's rage compells to fly;
But, cheriſhes, with helliſh care,
Theft, murder, perjury.

Damn'd cup, that on the vitals preys,
That liquid fire contains,
Which madneſs to the heart conveys,
And, rolls it through the veins!

If, then (as I meet with it in the remarks of a very eminent enquirer) after the moſt accurate calculation it be certain, that ſince the introduction of ſpirituous liquors (for it is not gin only that is deſtructive) the number of *births*, yearly, has been, for ſome time, decreaſing, ſo that it is now a fourth part leſs than it was forty years ago; and, the *burials* increaſing at a dreadful rate, ſo that the nation, in *London* only, has loſt near fifteen thouſand people every three years; the fruit of the womb being blaſted before it has ſeen the light; beſides, the lives of thoſe who have come into the world being ſhortened; if it be certain, as it is affirmed by tradeſmen in the city, that the bodily ſtrength of the people is ſo decayed, within the memory of thoſe alive, that working men are not able to carry two thirds of what they could, formerly, with eaſe; if it be evident, that, by the exceſſive uſe of theſe liquors, the ſpirit of induſtry muſt be ſunk, and, the hands which ſhould carry on the trade and manufactures of the nation enfeebled; if it be in the power of every miſcreant to inflame his blood, and, fit himſelf for the execution of the moſt horrid barbarity for two-pence; if villains, by an inflaming draught of *gin*, derive boldneſs to perpetrate miſchief; if, by this means, we find that neither our lives, or, properties are ſafe; if the number, or, good condition of a people are the ſtrength, and, ſecurity of a nation, and, both theſe, are, by the prevalency of this poiſon, daily declining, and, of conſequence, our naval and military force decaying; if the number of the poor be, through the effect of a univerſal debauchery, daily increaſing, and, conſequently, the conſumption of food, cloathing, and, houſhold-furniture, leſſening, and, our home-trade, and, manufactures, ſinking; if, the infection be, every day, ſpreading from the capital, through the manufacturing towns and provinces; if health, life, and, ſoul are all going to deſtruction, gibbets groaning with the load of encreaſing malefactors, brought to a dreadful end, by the force of this maddening drench; if death, and hell are ever opening their jaws, and, ſwallowing our wretched fellow-creatures by thouſands; if theſe things are ſo, is it not time to blow a trumpet, and, ſound an alarm, an alarm that may reach the ears of thoſe who have it in their power to remedy this calamitous evil, and, prevent the impending miſery?

THE

THE

FOUR TIMES

OF THE

DAY.

THE juſt analogy between Painting and Poetry, has been matter of long obſervation; each art, equally, affecting the paſſions, though, through the channel of different ſenſes: nay, ſo great is their ſimilarity, that they, in ſome ſort, partake of each other's peculiar properties. In poetry, we ſee with our ears, and, in painting, we hear with our eyes. Poets have been frequently luxurious in their rural deſcriptions of the different parts of the day; and, by a faithful delineation of nature, have pleaſed the imagination, and, delighted the underſtanding. Our Author, in the proſecution of his ſtudies, in the ſiſter art, has, in his turn, given us a humorous repreſentation of ſuch ſcenes as occur, at thoſe particular times, in the metropolis; which may ſerve as a burleſque to the other, and, will give thoſe who have not an opportunity of being preſent, ſome idea of what paſſes without the circle of their knowledge.

MORNING

THE place, from whence this firſt ſcene is taken, is *Convent*, or *Covent-garden*; * the time, break of day, or, MORNING; the ſeaſon, *Winter*; evident from the iſicles and ſnow upon the tops of the houſes; yet, as cold as it may appear to be, we have, here, an old maid, going to ſeven-o'-clock prayers, (with her half-ſtarved, ſhivering ſervant, behind her, carrying her prayer-book; a fine contraſt to the figure of his miſtreſs) dreſſed in a ſingle lappet-head, and, without a handkerchief; a manifeſt token of her vanity and pride, in adorning her perſon at the expence of her health. But, while we admire one part of this ridiculous character, we muſt not forget the other, it being a well-pointed ſatire on ſuch perſons, as make themſelves ſingular with reſpect to public worſhip, merely to attract the notice of their neighbours, and, to paſs upon the world as ſincere and conſcientious. Leſt it ſhould be matter of wonder, that ſuch a

* A market for vegetables.

number

number of people ſhould be ſo early aſſembled, it muſt be obſerved, this market begins in the winter ſeaſon, ſome hours before 'tis light. On one ſide of this plate, are two boys going to ſchool, with their ſatchels on their backs. * A little further back, is Dr. *Rock*, † exhibiting his medicines to ſale, impoſing upon the credulity of the people. On the other ſide, is a group of figures, of another caſt, repreſenting two rakes (ſuppoſed to have been up all night, at *Tom King*'s Coffee-houſe, ‡ where we ſee the people rioting) amorouſly beſetting two gardeners girls, attending the market: an invaſion on the public peace; with ſome other things, ſuch as breaking of windows, knocking down of watchmen, wilful frays, &c. which gentlemen, heated and inflamed by wine, would *have* conſidered only as a frolic, or, a piece of innocent amuſement; though ſuch ſort of merriment has been often found to be a great nuiſance, and, ſometimes productive of the moſt fatal conſequences. It is much to be regretted, therefore, that the legiſlative power has not taken this matter into conſideration, the preſent puniſhment for ſuch offences not being ſufficient to put a ſtop to them. The only thing further to be noticed, in this plate, is the clock, in front of the church, which ſeems to be greatly decayed, by the figure of *Time*, above: beneath, is written this motto, *Sic tranſit gloria mundi*, "Thus paſſes the glory of the "world;" intimating the frailty and inſtability of life, which poſts away like the fleeting hours, and, crumbles into nothing, by length of time.

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* This thought was, probably, taken from *Swift*'s morning in town.

"And, ſchool-boys lag, with ſatchels, in their hands."

† A Quack, who got a fortune by vending his medicines, about town, like a mountebank.

‡ At that time, a noted night-houſe, frequented by Iriſh gameſters, and rakes of the town.

Dent Sculp.

NOON

IN this ſecond plate, we have a repreſentation of NOON, with a view of the French congregation coming out of the chapel, in *Hog-lane, St. Giles*'s, it being ſuppoſed to be *Sunday*; which affords us an agreeable contraſt, between the finery of ſome of the people, and, the beggarly ſituation of the place, not a little heightened by the group of figures on the other ſide of the way, and, the dead cat lying in the kennel, ſuppoſed to have been lately ſtoned to death, by the cruelty of the neighbouring boys. * Mr. *Hogarth* has, here, taken an opportunity of ridiculing the folly of the French faſhions, with reſpect to dreſs; it being cuſtomary in *France*, for people to go extremely gay themſelves, and, at the ſame time, dreſs up their children like old men and women. Frequently, ſhall you ſee a girl, of ſeven years of age, in a ſack, or, ſuit of cloaths; and a boy, of five, in a ſword, and, full-trimmed coat, with a bag to his hair, that

* *Vide*, The Four Stages of Cruelty, page 132.

ſhall

ſhall cover his back. So ſtrange are their notions; ſo ridiculous their manners!—On the oppoſite ſide, are two houſes, a cook's, and, a diſtiller's*; (ſuch being ſhops of the greateſt buſineſs in that part of the town †) humourouſly diſtinguiſhed by their contraſted ſigns; the one having a head without a body, called the *Baptiſt's head*; the other, a body without a head, commonly known by the name of *The good woman*. As a further contraſt to this laſt ſign, ſee, the termagant quarrelling with her huſband, and, in heat of paſſion, throwing their dinner out of window! and, ſo great is their noiſe ſuppoſed to be, as to draw in a number of paſſers-by, to enquire the matter. The group, on the left, conſiſts of a boy, roaring for the misfortune he has met with, that of breaking the diſh, and, throwing down the pudding, he was ſent to fetch from the baker's, the remains of which a girl is collecting from the ground, and, eating: and, of a ſervant wench, kiſſed by a black, in her way home, with a ſmoking pye; things we, every day, meet with, in *London* ſtreets. In that group, on the right, are two old, hypocritical women, ſaluting each other, with a kiſs of ſeeming friendſhip; though we may learn, by their looks, they would deſtroy one another, in their hearts: the characteriſtic of the French, and, a lively picture of the generality of the great, among us; who, being rivals in pride and ambition, will, to ſerve their own purpoſes, careſs thoſe, they would willingly tear in pieces; and, embrace thoſe, whoſe throats they would rejoice to cut.

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* *Vide*, Gin-Lane, page 150.

† It being inhabited by the loweſt claſs of people.

Dent Sculp

EVENING

IN the deſcription of EVENING, we have the return of a family, homewards, after their *Sunday* afternoon's walk to ſome tea-houſe, or, place of entertainment, in the out-ſkirts of *London*; there being abundance of ſuch places, the reſort of the lower and middling claſs of people, whoſe pocket will not admit of any other recreation. The ſpot from whence this ſcene is drawn, is that of the houſe, known by the ſign of *Sir Hugh Middleton*, at the New-river-head, near *Sadler's-Wells*; where we ſee ſeveral people, ſmoking, and, ſweltering themſelves, *refreſhingly* and *agreeably*, it being ſuppoſed to be in the heat of *ſummer*. This houſe was, formerly, in great repute, though dwindled, now, into little better than an ale-houſe. The family we are ſpeaking of are citizens, and are imagined to be ſo much jaded, by the heat, and, length of way, as to render their evening recreation toilſome, and, laborious: for, under a miſtaken notion of pleaſure, people will, often, ſo fatigue themſelves, that they ſhall not get the better of it for a month after; but, ſuch is the caſe with many men, that their wives muſt be obeyed, it being but reaſonable, ſay they, to enjoy *one's ſelf* a little

a little of a *Sunday* afternoon, when *one* has been ſlaved, almoſt to death, the whole week before. This appears to be the circumſtance of the family before us, where the woman is preſumed to be maſter of her huſband, his property, and, his honour: the firſt of which is viſible by his carrying the child; the ſecond, by the money they have been ſpending; and, the laſt our author has artfully contrived to ſhew, by fixing a cow ſo judiciouſly behind, as to make the horns appear juſt above his head. The ſpaniel before, and, the children behind, ſeeming to partake alſo of this *agreeable* recreation, (for, by the ſervant's looſening the girl's ſhoe, we find ſhe is as tired as the boy) convince us, that ſatisfaction is oftener ſought than found, and, that we commonly weary ourſelves in the vain and laborious purſuit of pleaſure.

NIGHT. *Dent Sculp.*

THE laſt plate, in this ſet, is a deſcription of NIGHT, and, that, a rejoicing one, *viz.* the 29th of *May*; evident from the bonfires, the oaken bough upon the barber's pole, and, the oak leaves ſome have fixed

in

in their hats. The ſcene is taken from the narrow part of *Charing-Croſs*, as it formerly ſtood, before the way was widened, looking from *Whitehall*; and, exhibits to view the *Rummer* tavern on one ſide, and, the *Cardigan*'s head, on the other; at that time two noted bagnios. We ſee, here, the *Saliſbury* flying-coach, juſt ſet out from the inn, overturning, and, its paſſengers in the utmoſt fright, encreaſed by the entrance of a burning ſerpent into the coach, thrown by ſome unlucky boy. Though, on theſe nights of feſtivity, ſuch things are countenanced, many and great are the accidents that have attended them, houſes ſet on fire, people burnt, and, limbs broken. 'Tis true, indeed, the law of this country is particularly careful of the general good, but, in attending to greater evils, it unfortunately overlooks the leſs, and, gives the unbridled populace an opportunity of doing a great deal of miſchief, under the idle pretext of mirth and diverſion. On the other ſide, is a free-maſon, in his apron, and, enſign of his order, (whom the waiter of the public-houſe is leading home from his lodge) deſcribed as overpowered with liquor, and, by the cut on his face, as having been in ſome fray. Scarce out of one dilemma, but into another, a maid, from a window above, empties a chamberpot into the ſtreet, and, its contents fall juſt upon his head; another nuiſance too often met with in ſome parts of *London*. On the right of this man, is the houſe of a barber-ſurgeon, illuminated with candles, whoſe ſign is, a hand, drawing a tooth; the head in exquiſite pain: beneath is written, "Shaving, bleeding, and, teeth drawn with a touch. *Ecce ſignum.*" *i. e.* behold the ſign. An emblem of the operator's abilities. Nay, through the window, we diſcover the joint operation of ſhaving and bleeding, by a drunken 'prentice. Beneath, is a beggar's bagnio, one of the places where ſuch poor wretches, as cannot find any better lodging, are obliged to pig in together, in common. Tho' dark, we are able to diſcern them perfectly, by the light of the boy's link, which he is blowing, in order to ſet fire to a ſquib. Many are the hardſhips the poor in *London* are reduced to, which the opulent have no idea of; for, beſides the want of neceſſary food, they are frequently in diſtreſs for a night's lodging, even in the coldeſt and worſt of weather. Each pariſh, indeed, provides, in ſome meaſure, for its own poor, but there are many objects at ſuch diſtances from their reſpective pariſhes, as to be wholly out of the reach of their aſſiſtance; conſtrained, therefore, through want of this neceſſary care, they are often obliged to throw off every ſenſe of virtue and honour, and, become little better than the brutes of the creation; a circumſtance that calls loudly for the attention of the public, as well in relation to its own ſafety, as with reſpect to the care it is indebted to the neceſſitous; want being found to nurſe up vice, till it grows and ripens

ripens into villainy. Behind, is a nightman, employed in his profeſſion; and, further back, a family, carrying off their goods, by ſtealth, fearing they ſhould fall a prey to their landlord.

UPON the whole, though there are many other circumſtances to be met with in *London* ſtreets, that might ſerve to diſtinguiſh the various parts of the day; yet, theſe, which Mr. *Hogarth* has noticed, ſeem to be the moſt ſtriking, and, are ſufficient to declare him a proficient in his art, and, well ſkilled in the knowledge of the town.

FOUR GROUPS OF HEADS.

EVERY one that is the leaſt acquainted with Mr. *Hogarth*'s performances, is ſenſible, that his excellence principally conſiſted in deſcribing the character, and, inward diſpoſition of mankind, in the features of the face; for, it was his opinion, that, by the time a perſon reaches the age of forty, every man's diſpoſition is painted on his countenance, unleſs the features have been cuſtomarily diſtorted by hypocriſy; that is, if an envious or malicious perſon frequently puts on pleaſant and agree-

able looks; or, a good-natured, chearful perſon, often knits his brow, to ſerve particular purpoſes, that, then, the features, which have, repeatedly, undergone ſuch unnatural diſtortions, become ſet, by the above time of life, and, the envious or malicious perſon looks pleaſant, and, agreeable; while the good-natured, and, chearful perſon, appears moroſe, and, ill-natured. In ſuch particular caſes, the inward ſentiments can never be diſcovered by outward appearance; but, nevertheleſs, in general, the face *muſt* be allowed to be an index of the heart. Our Author's intention, in ſketching theſe aſſemblages of Heads, was, by way of humourous receipts, for certain ſubſcriptions; but, though they were principally deſigned as diſcharges for money received, they are no leſs valuable for the ſubjects they repreſent, being, each of them, a burleſque upon particular ſcenes of life. The firſt is,

THE LAUGHING AUDIENCE

THIS is a repreſentation of ſome part of one of the Royal Theatres, exhibiting, at bottom, one end of the orcheſtra; behind, a corner of the pit; and, above, part of the ſide-boxes, wherein are two fantaſtic figures,

figures, one, in amorous parley, with an orange-girl; * and, the other, preſenting a lady with a pinch of ſnuff, in all the affectation of finical politeneſs; it being extremely unfaſhionable, for people of the firſt rank, to pay any attention to the drama; their whole occupation, during the performance, being ogling, ſtaring, trifling, and, talking; and, the laſt, frequently, ſo loud, as to diſturb other people. It has been often remarked, that the laughing face diſcovers the depth of underſtanding, and, generally, correſponds with the heart. Thus, at one time, have we ſeen the *ſimper* of prudiſh affectation, and, the *grin* of boyiſh folly; at another, have we obſerved the *ſmile* of approving favour, and, heard the *roar* of ſapient applauſe. Here, then, may we feaſt our eyes, pleaſe our imaginations, and, ſtudy mankind, in the many droll appearances of delighted fancy. THE next is,

* One of thoſe women, who ſell fruit in the play-houſes.

· THE PUBLIC LECTURE ·

HERE, we have a ſtrange collection of *Geniuſes*, as well graduates, * as under-graduates, † of one of the univerſities, gathered, in order, to attend the ſolution of ſome philoſophical queſtion. They are habited according to their different ranks, or, colleges; ſome in round caps, ſome in ſquare ones, and, others, in hats, the badge of a maſter's degree. They all ſeem very attentive, but, few of them able to comprehend. They are, in general, deſcribed, as a parcel of lubberly boys, ſuppoſed, as it were, to be turned wild from ſchool, unpoliſhed, and, unknowing. By the ſubject, the lecturer is diſcuſſing, in which, we perceive, he admits a *vacuum*, ‡ a ſubject, that has puzzled philoſophers, in all ages of the world, we are taught, how idly, and, to what little purpoſe, lads, at the univerſity, paſs the greater portion of their time, and, the folly of that part of academical education, which conſiſts in teaching, what, in fact, is not to be taught, and, unravelling things, in their nature, incomprehenſible. THE third is,

* Thoſe, who have taken a degree.

† Thoſe, who have been admitted to no degree.

‡ Space, unoccupied by matter.

THE

THE CHORUS.

In this plate is exhibited, a number of ſingers, with their reſpective parts before them, joining in that chorus, in the *Oratorio* of *Judith*, compoſed by Mr. *Handel*, *The world ſhall bow to the Aſſyrian throne*; in which, any one that has ever been preſent at a vocal performance, may readily diſcover, by the diſtortion of the mouth, the baſs from the tenor, and, the tenor from the treble. In no group of faces, is there a greater contraſt, a more uncommon variety, or, a more ridiculous appearance, to be found, than in that which is compoſed of a number of choral ſingers, whoſe difficulty of ſounding particular notes, obliges ſome to writhe their features, and, whoſe inſufferable affectation is the cauſe of that diſtortion, in others. Nay, 'tis not their faces only, but their whole bodies are engaged in this laborious taſk, dividing the time, with their heads, their ſhoulders, and, their feet. In ſuch univerſal agitation is the director of the band, above, in beating the time, that, we ſee, he has been under a neceſſity of tying on his ſpectacles, with a ſtring, round his head; and, it would have been well, had he faſtened on his wig alſo, having

ſhaken

ſhaken that off, at the commencement, which he is ſuppoſed not to miſs, through eagerneſs of attention to the buſineſs he is upon. THE laſt is,

THE

ERRATA;
IN THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY.

Pag. 140. Line 6. *for*, overcome, *read*, overcame.
Ibid. Line 16. *for*, conſequence, *read*, conſequence.

· THE · *UNDERTAKERS* · ARMS ·

THIS is deſigned, with much humour, according to the rules of heraldry, and, is called *The undertaker's arms*, to ſhew us the connection between death, and, a quack-doctor, as are, alſo, thoſe croſs-bones, on the outſide of the eſcutcheon. When an undertaker is in want of buſineſs, he cannot better apply, than to ſome of thoſe gentlemen of the faculty, who are, for the moſt part, ſo charitably diſpoſed, as to ſupply the neceſſities of theſe fable death-hunters, and, keep them from ſtarving, in a healthy time. By the tenor of this piece, Mr. *Hogarth* would intimate the general ignorance of ſuch of the medical tribe, and, teach us, that the little knowledge they poſſeſs, reſides in their voluminous wigs, and, golden-headed canes. They are repreſented in deep conſultation, upon the contents of a urinal. Of the three figures above, that with the divided face, was intended for Dr. *Ward*, * one of whoſe cheeks was marked with claret; the other, on the oppoſite ſide, was deſigned for the elder *Taylor*, the noted oculiſt. The head of this man's cane, being painted with an eye, and, one of *his* as cloſed, tells us, that both are to

* A late, celebrated quack.

to be underſtood as equally concerned in the conſultation. The middle one, is a mountebank's merry-andrew, (having in his hand, an oaken *towel*, with a head of the ſecond magnitude) here placed, to ſhew us the great judgment of theſe men in phyſical debates; whoſe knowledge in medicine, we are to ſuppoſe, in no reſpect, greater, than that of him who deals out phyſic on a public ſtage, taking advantage of a credulous multitude, to vend his pernicious drugs, under a ſpecious pretence of their being ſpecific. But, as our author's own illuſtration of this coat of arms, engraved at the bottom of the plate, may give a greater inſight into the ſubject, it is added, as follows: " The *company* of *undertakers* " beareth, ſable, a *urinal*, proper, between twelve *quack-heads* of the " ſecond, and, twelve *cane-heads*, Or, *conſultant*. On a Chief, † *Ne-* " *hulæ*, ‡ ermine, one complete *doctor*, iſſuant, checkie, ſuſtaining, in " his right hand, a baton, of the ſecond. On his dexter, and, ſiniſter " ſides, two *demi-doctors*, iſſuant, of the ſecond, and, two *cane-heads*, " iſſuant, of the third; the firſt having one eye, conchant, towards " the dexter ſide of the eſcutcheon; the ſecond, *faced*, per pale, proper, " and, gules, guardant.——With this motto,—*Et plurima mortis imago*." ‖

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† " A *chief* betokeneth a ſenator, or, honourable perſonage, borrowed " from the Greeks, and, is a word ſignifying a *Head*; and, as the head " is the *chief* part in a man, ſo the *chief* in the eſcutcheon, ſhould be a " reward of ſuch, only, whoſe high merits have procured them *chief place*, " *eſteem*, or, love, amongſt men. *Guillim*."

‡ " The bearing of *clouds*, in *arms*, (ſaith *Upton*) doth import ſome " excellencie."

‖ The general image of death.

THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY.

AS there was no extraordinary ſcene, or, particular occurrence, that our author was not attentive to; ſo there was no inſtruction, or, entertainment, that could be drawn from ſuch ſcenes, that he ever omitted. By this, he became the *Phœnix* of his time, and, one of the moſt uſeful members of ſociety. He was remarkable for a peculiar ſagacity, in deſcrying a number of little circumſtances, that eſcaped the generality of ſpectators, which ſerved to compoſe, enrich, and, diverſify his paintings. This uncommon qualification is very conſpicuous in the plate, before us; the general ſubject of which, is, the march of the foot-guards, to their place of rendezvous, on *Finchley-Common*, * in their way to *Scotland*, againſt the rebels, in the year 1745.

* A place, about ten miles north of *London*.

Dent Sculp.

THE ſpot, this ſcene repreſents, is *Tottenham-Court*-turnpike, * from whence we have a view of two delightful villages, ſituated on eminences, about a mile diſtant from each other, *viz. Hampſtead*, and, *Highgate*. Theſe ſerve to fill up the back part of the plate. The firſt object that preſents itſelf, below theſe hills, is a body of ſoldiers, marching in tolerable order, with their baggage-waggon beſide them. This regularity is, indeed, leſs obſerved in front, but, that is occaſioned by the interruption they meet with, owing to the narrowneſs of the paſſage, through the gate, and, the licence allowed to the ſons of liberty, on quitting their home. A young grenadier, of good mien, is the principal object of the firſt group; he is accompanied, or, rather, ſeized on, and, beſet by two women, of different caſt, diſpoſition, and, character. We are to underſtand, they are both with child, and, are claiming him for the father. One attempts to melt him, with tears; the other, to alarm him, with threats; nay, ſo obſtreperous is the laſt, that the ſerjeant, behind, finds himſelf obliged to interfere. They are engaged, alſo, in different parties, one being a ballad-ſinger, the other, a news-carrier; the former ſelling prints, in favour of the government, the latter, againſt it. This we learn from the ſong of *God ſave the king*, and, the picture of the *duke of Cumberland*, among other things, in the baſket of the firſt; the *Remembrancer*, the *London Evening-poſt*, and, the *Jacobite Journal*, in poſſeſſion of the laſt: nay, we are further told, by the croſs on the news-carrier's cloke, that, as theſe women differ in other matters, ſo do they in religion, one being a roman-catholic, the other, a proteſtant. On the left of this group, is a young officer, kiſſing a milk-girl; this gives an arch wag an opportunity of robbing her of her milk, which he is pouring into his hat, and, of which a chimney-ſweeper's boy appears very deſirous to partake. This incident attracts the attention of a paſtry-cook, behind, who ſeems to enjoy the piece of roguery, which the man beſide him is pointing at, and, at the ſame time, is ſtealing one of the pies from his head. Thus, in laughing at another, we, often, draw the laugh upon ourſelves. Behind the paſtry-cook, is a man, carrying a barrel of ſtrong beer, which one ſoldier has artfully pierced, with a gimlet, in order, to fill his *cantine*, while another is keeping guard, leſt any ſhould interrupt him. This laſt is comfortably drunk. A little further back, is a priggiſh lieutenant, bringing up the rear

* Juſt without the ſkirts of *London*.

of the company before him, ſtalking in all the pride of military march, coveting the notice of the women. On the right of the principal group, is a Frenchman, repreſented as a man of ſome importance, in order, to render him more ridiculous. He is whiſpering to a Scotchman, to whom he is communicating the contents of a letter, he has juſt received, which, we are to ſuppoſe, relative to the event, that occaſions this march. Behind this Frenchman, is an ale-houſe, in front of which is a drummer, who, by beating on his drum, endeavours to ſhake off the thoughts of leaving his family, who, in vain, attempt to affect him, by their tender farewells. On his right, is a fife, adding *his* noiſe to that of the drum; this lad, by the ſweetneſs of his figure, is a beautiful contraſt to the ruggedneſs of thoſe objects about him. There are, in many places of this excellent picture, objects, perhaps, leſs proper to deſcribe, than to paint. Whence is it, that the ear is more offended with indelicacy, than the eye? Becauſe, we can look on certain objects, in a picture, and, pretend not to ſee them; but, it is not ſo eaſy to liſten, and, pretend not to hear. The object, I am going to take notice of, is, however, not too groſs to be mentioned; it being that only of a ſoldier, to whom a journey to *Montpelier*, would be much more beneficial, than this to *Scotland*; love having given him a wound more real than that, of which the *Mirtillas*, and, *Coridons*, ſo much complain of, in romances. He is repreſented, in exceſs of pain, reading a bill of Dr. *Rock*'s, * poſted up againſt the houſe. His improper ſituation, obliges the girl, whom a curioſity of ſeeing the crowd has drawn to the window, to cover her eyes, with her hand, but, whether ſhe does this effectually, ſhall be left to the ſpectator; he may imagine what he pleaſes. In the group, on the right of this plate, oppoſite to that of the drummer, is another ſoldier, exceeding drunk, whom his comrade (who has ſnatched up a hen from her brood of chickens, and, conveyed it into his pouch) is, in vain, endeavouring to give a draught of water; a ſort of female ſuttler offering him a glaſs of gin, with more ſucceſs, which the infant, on her back, who ſeems too well accuſtomed to this pernicious liquor, is trying to get at; for, ſo general is the uſe of it, among the lower claſs of people, become, as to be the comforting cordial of every age. † Behind the group, laſt mentioned, at ſome diſtance, is a grenadier handling a child, that is watching the linen, very rudely; her action of defence giving us to underſtand, that he is carrying matters a little too far. This gives another, before him, an op-

* A noted advertiſing quack.

† *Vide*, the print of, *Gin-Lane*.

portunity

portunity of carrying off a ſhift, that was hung up to dry, the property of the publican, whoſe houſe is three ſtory high, and, whoſe windows are full of women of the town. Their different degrees of rank, are well deſcribed, by the different manner in which they are dreſſed, which humourouſly agrees with the particular ſtory in which the painter has placed them. In one window, is an old procureſs, lifting up her hypocritical eyes, praying for their ſafe return; in a ſecond, an artful jade, pretending to refuſe a letter, which an officer, below, is conveying to her, with all the ſeeming proteſtations of ſincerity, on the point of his ſpontoon; in a third, is one handing a glaſs of ſpirits to another; and, in a fourth, one, apparently, of better diſpoſition than the reſt, caſting a piece of money into the hat of a poor cripple, below. On the other ſide, behind, are two fellows ſtripped, and, boxing; a circumſtance we, ſeldom, miſs ſeeing, wherever there is a crowd. In this conteſt, more ſeem engaged than the two men who are fighting. Here, we ſee a woman, ſuppoſed to be the wife of one of them, eager to get in, to part them, but, kept back; there, a fellow encouraging on him, who appears to flag, thro' the loſs of an eye. But, the principal figure is, the cobler, above, near the ſign-poſt, who is finely deſcribed, with doubled fiſts, ready, to fly at him who ſeems the victor; or, in the bruiſers phraſe, *to take up the conqueror*. In ſhort, to give a particular deſcription of every minute object in this print, the taſk would be almoſt endleſs, and, to throw out any reflections on the various matter, would be needleſs. Let it ſuffice to ſay, that herein is a faithful repreſentation of nature, which ſpeaks for itſelf, and, ſo largely enriched with the true *vis comica*, or, ſpirit of humour, that, the more we examine it, the greater pleaſure we have; and, the longer we view it, the more beauties we find.

COLUMBUS

BREAKING THE

EGG.

THOUGH encouragement of merit is one of the moſt political acts of ſociety, yet, to the diſadvantage, and, diſgrace of this country, it is, here, totally, diſregarded. A number of ingenious men, of all profeſſions, have ſpent their days in obſcurity, who, if brought into light, would have been particularly ſerviceable to the community, and, an honour to this nation. The patriotic ſociety of arts and ſciences, has, indeed, been at ſome pains, and, expence, to cultivate genius, by giving pecuniary rewards to men of merit; and, the public have, already, felt the good effects of that laudable inſtitution; but, ſtill, through the ſmallneſs of its fund, it is not able to do that good, which would, neceſſarily, flow from univerſal, private encouragement. Such, however, is the envious, and, ungrateful diſpoſition of mankind, that we ſee no merit in any thing; ſo far from encouraging ingenuity, we do not allow it its juſt praiſe; nay, we ſtudy to deprive it of the little it may chance to meet with. Men of invention were, formerly, adored; whereas, now, there is no ſuch thing as invention in being. Whatever diſcovery is made, was known, by many, before. Senſible of this prevailing folly, and, by way of diſarming the envy of his cotemporaries, Mr. *Hogarth* humouroufly engraved the plate under conſideration, as a head-piece to his receipt, for the ſubſcription-money of his *Analyſis of Beauty*; * a treatiſe, wherein

* *Vide*, note to page 131.

are

are ſome judicious diſcoveries in the art of painting, (particularly, that of the ſerpentine line's being the line of beauty) that do honour to his memory, and, will ſerve as a ſtanding teſtimony of his ſuperior ſkill, and, ingenuity.

Dent Sculp.

THIS plate, then, as a fable, expoſes the folly of ſuch perſons as have been mentioned. *Chriſtianus Columbus*, a Genoeſe, in the year 1499, ventured round the globe, in ſearch of undiſcovered land, at the expence of *Ferdinand*, and, *Iſabella*, king and queen of *Spain*; when he fell in with the vaſt continent of *America*. Upon his return to *Spain*, inſtead of meeting with that praiſe, the great undertaking was entituled to, and, the ſervice he had done the Spaniards, demanded; they, ungratefully, made light of it, and, conſidered it, as what any one could equally have done. It was but, ſaid they, ſailing in ſuch and ſuch a latitude, and, land ſtood right before him. To convince them of their ſtrange way of thinking, and, expoſe them to the reproach of ſelf-conviction, he is ſuppoſed, at a public entertainment, upon removal of the covers, to have propoſed to ſome of theſe envious boaſters, (the company preſent) their ſetting up an egg upon its ſmaller end. They are, here, repreſented, as having been, a long time, buſied in attempting it, but, to no purpoſe. At laſt, *Columbus*, to convince them it was readily to be done, if they knew

knew but how to ſet about it, ſtrikes the egg againſt the table, flattens its end, and, ſets it up; ſaying, at the ſame time, "Now, gentle-"men, you can *all* do it."——The effect this produces upon their minds, is viſible in their faces, and, ſerves to ſhew the abſurdity of people's crying out, there is no art in doing a ſimple thing, when, in reality, ſimple things, frequently require great readineſs of thought, and, ſolidity of judgment. With reſpect to the eels, they allude to the ſerpentine line, or, line of beauty; which our author has deſcribed in that manner, as moſt conſonant with eggs, they being both eatables, and, by this means, preſerved a conſiſtency on the table, and, an analogy between the caſe of *Columbus*, and, that he expected to meet with himſelf.

LEARN, then, from hence, ye ſnarling critics, not to expoſe yourſelves, in attempting to ridicule others; and, know, that ſilence is the greateſt teſt of wiſdom!

THE

THE

COCK-MATCH.

AS there are few ſcenes in life, expreſſing the folly of mankind, that Mr. *Hogarth* has not taken an opportunity of expoſing; this, among the reſt, is, alſo, worthy of our notice, being, like that of horſe-racing, one of the faſhionable diverſions, calculated to ſupport the ſpirit of gaming, which this country is remarked for. Excluſive of this, I am perſuaded, it can afford very little entertainment, unleſs we delight in cruelty, and, find pleaſure in giving pain; for, an act of cruelty it muſt, certainly, be allowed, to be inſtrumental to the ſufferings of nature, to behold, with ſatisfaction, two poor animals ſeeking the death of each other, and, to rejoice at the ſight of blood.

TAKE notice, then, of this group of gamblers, of all ranks; as well noblemen, as butchers, chimney-ſweepers, ſhoe-blacks, poſt-boys, thieves, and, blackguards of all denominations; I ſay, noblemen, for, to what meanneſs will not men ſubmit, to gratify their reigning paſſion? Read in their faces, the diſpoſition of their hearts. Look, ſtedfaſtly, on him, in the middle; ſee him loſt in the enjoyment of his favourite amuſement; eager to bet, and, full of caſh, he is the dupe of every one preſent, who are but too ready to take the advantage of his weakneſs. In this confuſed ſtate of his mind, is one villain, purloining of a bank-note from him; behind whom, is another, actuated by envy, wiſhing to do the ſame, and, grudging his neighbour the happy opportunity. The next, but one, above the laſt I noticed, is a blind man, who, with that old ſporter, on the other ſide, (ſuppoſed to have loſt his hearing, and, the uſe of his limbs, by age) is introduced, by way of intimation, that ſo bigotted are we to our particular inclinations, that, although we have not powers to indulge them, ſo much as we could wiſh, ſtill are we deſirous to partake of the enjoyment, though it be, even, but a taſte. Next the pit, on the left of this plate, is one man, regiſtering the bets; another, with a bag, containing a favourite cock, for a by-battle; and, near him, another, with the utmoſt eagerneſs, bawling out, "*Ginger* againſt *Pye*, for that "piece; who ſays done?" Above, without the pit, is a Frenchman, turning

turning up his noſe, at this inſipid entertainment, dropping his ſnuff in the eyes of the man below him. Indeed, many of our diverſions have met, and, do ſtill meet with the contempt of foreigners, who, from ſuch vulgar and low-bred amuſements, have, too juſtly, looked upon us, with an eye of diſdain, and, conſidered us as an rough, and, unpoliſhed people. That picture, hanging againſt the wall, is the portrait of one *Nan Rawlings*, a noted woman, who lived by gaming, and, who, for that purpoſe, made it her buſineſs, conſtantly, to attend horſe-racing, cock-fighting, and, all ſorts of public diverſion. In the middle of the pit, is the ſhadow of a man, drawn up, in a baſket, to the cieling, (there being no room to introduce the figure) a puniſhment inflicted on ſuch perſons, as bet more money than they have to pay; he is repreſented, as offering his watch, to redeem his liberty. On this ſide of the pit, are a number of perſons, at the ſame employ, betting, and, taking of bets; among whom, is one, overpowered with liquor, looking, with concern, on his almoſt-empty purſe, and, condemning himſelf for his folly, in playing it away.

UPON the whole, the moral tenor of this piece, is to create in us, a diſguſt of ſuch vulgar entertainment, and, an abhorrence of ſuch inhuman merriment, where the gentleman is diſgraced, and, the man degraded.

THE

COUNTRY

INN-YARD.

IN order, to give ſuch perſons, as are unaccuſtomed to travelling in a ſtage-coach, ſome ſmall idea of the entertaining ſcene that occurs, on its leaving an inn, and, proceeding on its journey; and, to give ſome deſcription of the manners, and, ſtrange appearance of its paſſengers, Mr. *Hogarth* deſigned the print before us; which muſt be allowed to be as full of incident and humour, as the ſubject will admit of; and, by way of further enlivening it, he has ſuppoſed the time to be that of *electioneering*, which is, uſually, attended with hurry, mirth, and, uproar; * a ſeaſon of feſtivity, when buſineſs is laid aſide, and, pleaſure takes the lead. But, not to treſpaſs any longer on the patience of my reader, I refer him to the plate itſelf, that he may enjoy it, in its true ſpirit, and, feaſt his imagination with the view.

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* *Vide*, The Election, page 41.

BEHOLD,

BEHOLD, then, a well-diſpoſed group of inſide and outſide paſſengers, in their travelling dreſſes: for, whether people cover themſelves, on theſe occaſions, ſo whimſically, by way of diſguiſe, or, in order, to keep themſelves warm, and, preſerve their better cloaths; whether on either, or, both accounts, I ſhall not take upon me to determine; but, ſuch is the prevalence of cuſtom, that ſtage-coach paſſengers affect a meanneſs in their outward appearance, and, dreſs themſelves in a very aukward and ridiculous manner. As a proof and illuſtration of this, ſee the monied man, on the right of the ſteps, of whom the poſt-boy is, in vain, ſollicising his cuſtomary fee; I ſay, *monied man*, for his coming part of the way in a poſt-chaiſe, his ſword, and, covetous diſpoſition, import him ſuch; ſee him, in all the outward ſhew of poverty, and, meanneſs! Take notice of the luſty, old gentlewoman, getting into the coach, in much ſuch another dreſs, with her fellow-traveller, behind, handing in her dram-bottle! a convenience elderly women generally carry with them, either under a pretence of keeping the duſt from the throat, the cold from the ſtomach, or, ſupporting their ſpirits under a fatiguing journey. The other paſſengers are the tall old lady, in a joſeph, and, a velvet travelling hood; and, the man, in front, diſcharging his bill. This man, (an original) we are told, by the act of parliament in his pocket, and, his threatening

threatening countenance, is cautioning his landlord againſt impoſition, idly imagining, his carrying with him the act againſt extortion, and, his ſignificant looks, will ſave him a little money, on the road; I ſay, *idly*, for ſo accuſtomed are maſters of country inns to all diſpoſitions, that they will carry their point, though they are obliged to ſwear to ſome, and, plead conſcience to others. Travelling in a ſtage-coach, with agreeable company, of different turns of mind, is certainly pleaſurable; for, there, mirth is tempered with ſolidity, and, good-humour is ſupported with pleaſantry, ſo that the paſſengers may be conſidered as a little ſociety, where harmony preſides, and, good-fellowſhip's in waiting. But, now, on the other hand, let us imagine ſix, luſty people, of perverſe, and, oppoſite tempers, crammed into a narrow, jolting carriage, on a ſultry day, with a ſquawling child; ſome pulling the windows up, others quarrelling to have them down, and, all crowding for room; one wanting to ſtop, another ordering the coachman to go on; in ſhort, conceive them almoſt ſmothered with duſt, and, ſweltered with heat, ſcolding, fretting, ſtewing, with the child ſqualling, and, you will have a juſt idea of the preſent company, proceeding on their journey. On the top of this vehicle, are two men, finely contraſted, an Engliſh ſailor, and, a French footman, this inn being ſuppoſed on the *Dover* road; one, in high ſpirits, the other, in low, alluding to the ſituation of the two nations in the year 1747. To add to the ſcene, we are to conceive this inn-yard, in the greateſt noiſe, from the roaring of the drunken fellow at the window, the ſounding of the horn, the landlady bawling, and, ringing the bar-bell, for her maid, whom a fellow is kiſſing in the paſſage, and, the uproar among the people at the back of this plate, who are chairing a man dreſſed up like an infant, in ſwadling cloaths; with a rattle, in one hand, and, a horn-book, in the other, in ridicule of the age, and, incapacity of their repreſentative; for ſo venal are we grown, and, ſo degenerate in our principles, that, let the candidate be what he will, if he has but money, he is ſure to ſucceed.

THE COMPANY OF STROLLERS.

IF variety is any ways entertaining, or, if the life of a painting consists in its diversity of figures, the piece before us claims our particular attention; none can be more filled with contrasted subjects, nor, can the *vis comica* be more conspicuous: every group is crowded with humour, every subject, with matter of laughter. Here, we see confusion mixed with uniformity, and, inconsistency united with propriety; royalty let down by the ensigns of beggary, and, beggary set off by the *regalia* of royalty. Most people are, indeed, acquainted with stage exhibitions, but, few have any idea of their *apparatus*. Mr. *Hogarth*, therefore, desirous of communicating that satisfaction, he, frequently, enjoyed himself, and, of profiting by the design, published this plate, in the year 1738, when the attention of the public was called to this set of people, it being just before the act against strolling players took place. This salutary law, though it put a stop, for a time, to things of this sort, yet, like some other good laws, presently lost its influence; when, new companies, *phœnix*-like, rose, with vigour, from the dying embers of former ones; by which means, scenes are continually produced, similar to this before us, and, the subject, far from being antiquated, is rendered, daily, novel.

THE

Dent Sculp.

THE place from whence this ſcene is taken, is ſuppoſed to be a barn, belonging to an inn, in ſome country town, intimated by the corn and flail, aloft, the hen and chickens, at rooſt, (though here) upon a wave, and the eggs, upon the bed. The time is evening; the company from the theatres at *London*, dreſſing, and, preparing to perform a farce, which, we are told by the play-bill on the bed, is called, *The Devil to pay in Heaven*; (a very ſuitable ſubject!) with entertainments of tumbling, and, rope-dancing. Such we are to conceive their poverty, that they have but one room for all purpoſes; witneſs the bed, the gridiron, the urinal, the food, and, all the ſtage apparatus; *viz.* ſcenes, flags, paint-pots, pageants, bruſhes, clouds, waves, ropes, beſoms, drums, trumpets, ſalt-boxes, and, other muſical inſtruments; crowns, mitres, helmets, targets, dark-lanthorns, cuſhions, periwigs, feathers, hampers of jewels, and, contrivances for conjuring; thunder, lightning, dragons, daggers, poiſon, candles, and, clay. The characters they are dreſſing for, in this farce, are *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Diana*, *Flora*, *Night*, *Syren*, *Aurora*, *Eagle*, and, *Cupid*; with devils, ghoſts, and, attendants. *Jupiter*, we ſee, is holding *Cupid*'s bow, directing the little fellow to reach his ſtockings, which were hung up to dry, upon the clouds. Queen *Juno* is rehearſing her part, while the ſable goddeſs *Night*, repreſented by a negro girl, in a ſtarry robe, is mending a hole in her majeſty's hoſe. *Diana*, though ſtripped, is raving in all the high-ſwoln rant of tragedy; while *Flora*, at her feet, is attentively pomatuming her hair with a tallow candle, ready to powder it with flour from a drudging-box, heedleſs of her wicker toilet's taking fire from a neighbouring flame. On the right of her, is *Aurora*, with her *roſy* face, ridding the charming, *intoxicated Syren*, of ſome of her cloſe companions; while ſhe is comforting a female hero, wrapt up for the tooth ach, with a glaſs of ſpirits, who, greatly unlike the generality of her ſex, is weeping at the thoughts of wearing the breeches; for the ſmallneſs of a ſtrolling company frequently obliges women to play the parts of men, and, men to fill the characters of women; nay, by the monkey's being habited, in the further corner, we are made acquainted, that the farce they are going to perform, has ſuch a variety of characters, that they are under a neceſſity of making the monkey perform the part of an attendant. Beneath this woman's feet, is a girl, dreſſed up by way of *Eagle*, cramming a new-born infant with ſcalding pap. Humouroufly has our author ſet the pannikin upon the act of parliament againſt ſtrolling players, and, that upon a crown, intimating this company's mortified contempt of that judicious law, and, their great abhorrence of this ſtep of government. At the back of this plate, are two young devils (their horns juſt budded) contending for a draught of beer: we may judge of their drought by their eyes. Behind them, is a female tumbler, and, the ghoſt,

employed in extracting blood from the tail of a cat, in order, to assist them in some sanguine representation. The faces of these two women are finely contrasted; in one, we observe age, and, pleasantry; in the other, youth, and, distress. But the greatest piece of humour in the whole, is the agreeable engagement of two of the company, in a cloud, above; who, though retired from the eyes of all below, are unguardedly open to the discovery of a man, through the broken roof. Mr. *Hogarth*, by giving them the names of *Oedipus* and *Jocasta* *, would intimate, that so lost are these people to every sense of virtue, that they hold all things in common, and, give a general loose to unbridled appetite. Well might the legislative power think them worthy its attention: wisely did it enact a law for their suppression; and, pity is it, 'tis so little disregarded!

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* *Oedipus* was the son of *Jocasta*, by *Creon*, king of *Thebes*. His father being told by the oracle, that he should one day be slain by him, gave him to a shepherd, with orders to kill him. This shepherd not having resolution to slay him, with his own hands, left him in the woods, where he thought he would die with hunger. A herdsman, going that way, by chance, found him, took him home, and, presented him to the queen, who brought him up as her own son. When he was grown up, he went in search of his father, whom he slew through ignorance, in a scuffle that happened between them; thence, returning to *Thebes*, he, in the same ignorance, married his own mother, *Jocasta*, and, had issue by her.

PAUL

PAUL

BEFORE

FELIX.

THOUGH I have avoided treating this work, with an air of piety, as much as poſſible, conſiſtent with my original deſign, that of improving the mind, under the appearance of amuſement, in order, to obviate that heavineſs, ſo oppoſite to the ſpirit of our author's performances; yet, I am, now, upon a ſubject, that cannot be handled otherwiſe than ſeriouſly, unleſs I was inclined to laugh at religion, and, make a mock of ſacred things. Indeed, whenever Mr. *Hogarth* found himſelf under a neceſſity of indulging a ſerious turn, (for, though he was the child of humour, he was, ſtill, the child of virtue) he, at the ſame time, ſenſible of the degeneracy of mankind, in ſtriving to baniſh all ſober reflection, I ſay, ſenſible of this, and, falling in, for wiſe purpoſes, with the diſpoſition of the public, he ever introduced ſomething droll, in hopes of ſurprizing the unthinking man into virtue, and, correcting his vices, under the maſk of entertainment. This was his deſign, in the plates before us; where, firſt, he treats the ſubject ſeriouſly; afterwards, with that fund of humour, of which he, of all his cotemporaries, was the greateſt maſter.

THE ſubject of the plate, under conſideration, is that of the preaching of St. *Paul*, when brought, as a priſoner, from *Jeruſalem* to *Cæſarea*, and, ſummoned to appear before *Felix*, the governor of *Judea*, as we find it recorded in holy writ, to anſwer to many miſdemeanors, alledged, though maliciouſly, againſt him. This *Felix* was a favourite, a creature of *Claudius Cæſar*, then, emperor of *Rome*. He was particularly ſenſual, and, avaricious; and, excerciſed in *Judea*, where he was appointed governor, ſays the Roman hiſtory, a royal power, with a mercenary ſoul. When this is conſidered, the heads, on which the apoſtle ſpoke, appear to be choſen with great art and propriety, and, calculated to rouſe the perſon to whom they were addreſſed, from that ſtate of inſenſibility, into which he had long been plunged. He treated of *righteouſneſs*, (that is, juſtice) *temperance, and, judgment to come.* How admirable a leſſon is this conduct of St. *Paul* to the modern preachers of the age!—Suffer me, reader, here, to indulge a reflection, the plate, before us, inſpires me with.——In this age, when a man preaches, to eſtabliſh his reputation, and, makes the cauſe of religion ſubſervient to his own, he, generally, makes choice of ſubjects that will diſplay his talents, and, flatter his hearers: thus, was he to addreſs himſelf to a ſet of lukewarm worſhippers, he would diſcourſe only

only on *morality*, ſimply ſo called, and, be afraid to pronounce that venerable name, at which every knee ſhould bow: was he to preach before ſuch whimſical perſons, as are offended at the recommendation of good works, he would talk of nothing but election, reprobation, and, the irreſiſtableneſs of grace: was he to aſcend the pulpit before an unbridled court, he would preach only on the goſpel liberty, and, the extent of divine mercy. I am ſorry to ſay it, but true it is, that ſome of the clergy have found out an art of connecting their intereſt with their duty; an art truly deteſtable, though too frequently practiſed. Thus, a *polite* preacher trys to accommodate his ſermons to the diſpoſition of his hearers, and, is very *careful* not to touch on ſubjects that may give *offence*; though treating on ſuch ſubjects is, perhaps, his immediate duty. Upon this principle, had *Felix* ſhewn any deſire of knowing the goſpel, St. *Paul* had a fine opportunity of ingratiating himſelf, in a very pleaſing manner. The chriſtian religion being favourable to all men, St. *Paul* might have diſcourſed upon one of thoſe points, that would have flattered his ennobled hearer; he might have ſpoken of the greatneſs of ſovereigns, and, its relation to that of the ſupreme Being; he might have ſaid, *the magiſtrate carries not the ſword, in vain*; that God, himſelf, has told them, *they are gods, and, children of the Moſt High*. But, all this art was unknown to our apoſtle; he pierces the ſtubborn heart of *Felix*, penetrates to the centre of his paſſions, finds a way to that conſcience, that had long been buried; and, ſhakes the ſinner in his greateſt ſecurity. He preaches of *righteouſneſs, temperance, and, judgment to come*. He preaches of *righteouſneſs*: here he ſupported the rights of the widow, and, the orphan; made it appear, that kings and magiſtrates are eſtabliſhed to uphold the intereſts of the people, and, not to follow their own caprices; that the end of ſovereign power, is, that all may be happy under the vigilance of one, and, not that one ſhould prey upon the ſubſtance of all: that abuſe of power betrays a baſeneſs of ſoul, and, that 'tis an act of cruelty to oppreſs the wretched, who have nothing but their cries or their tears, to defend them. He preaches of *temperance*: here, he ſet forth the diſorders of luxury, and, its inconſiſtency with chriſtianity. In ſhort, he preaches of *judgment to come*; and, 'twas this that gave weight to his miniſtry: he proved the truth of it, deſcribed its preparation, diſplayed its dreadful pomp, and, made its awful ſounds reſound in the ears of *Felix*, who, at that time, knew no other god, than an inceſtuous *Jupiter*, or, a voluptuous *Venus*. He ſets before him the great, and, the ſmall; *Felix*, the favourite of *Cæſar*; and, *Paul*, the priſoner of *Felix*; he ſets them before him, all ſummoned with a *Riſe, ye dead, from your graves, and, come to judgment*. At this, his mind is alarmed, his heart quakes, the roll drops from his trembling

trembling hand, his teeth chatter, his knees beat one againſt another, and, his whole frame ſhudders.——It were ſincerely to be wiſhed, that every preacher would endeavour, in this reſpect, to imitate St. *Paul*; not ſuffer their ſelf-intereſt to connive at irreligion, but ſtand forth in the cauſe of God, be it as unpopular, or, as unfaſhionable, as it may!——What a ſurprizing ſight is here!—The governor trembles, while the priſoner ſpeaks with firmneſs! The priſoner, though in chains, makes his judge tremble! Behold the miraculous force of conſcience!—Take notice of the united attention of the whole court; and, remark the effect in their faces! One is enraptured at his doctrine; a ſecond, receives the dreadful truths with ſalutary fear; a third, is inwardly convicted; a fourth attends, with eagerneſs, to catch the heavenly accents, from his tongue; and, *Tertullus*, under the column, on the left, ceaſes his accuſation, with diſappointed amazement. With reſpect to *Ananias*, the high-prieſt, his eyes and poſition manifeſtly declare his abhorrence of the man, give us to underſtand, that the apoſtle's words rankle in his heart, and, that though he ſecretly feels the power of conviction, ſtill he cannot ſmother his profeſſed hatred of the chriſtians. This plate, for the boldneſs of its figures and diſpoſition, their variety of expreſſion, and, the beauty of its colouring, may be reckoned one of our author's moſt capital performances. There are one or two things, in this print, that may not be unneceſſary to take notice of, though they have no connection with its ſubject; thoſe are the pageants, conſiſting of a croſs, to which a piece of ſilk is hung, bearing the following inſcription, S. P. Q. R. that is, *Senatus Populuſque Romanus* *; and a bundle of rods, with an ax bound up in the midſt of them, ſo as the top may appear, called *Faſcis* †. Theſe trophies, or, pageants, were, uſually, carried before the magiſtrates, or, heads of the people, upon any ſolemn occaſion; and, are, here, introduced to fill up the piece, and, preſerve a conſiſtency ‡.

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* The ſenate, and, the Roman people.

† *Id eſt*, a bundle. Theſe *Faſces*, by their number, declared the dignity of the perſon, before whom they were carried. Thus, among the *Romans*, a dictator had 24 *faſces* carried before him; a conſul, 12; and, a prætor, 2.

‡ At the bottom of this plate, is engraved the following text of ſcripture: "And, as he reaſoned of righteouſneſs, temperance, and, judgment to come, *Felix* trembled." *Acts* xxiv. 25.

THERE

Dent Sculp.

THERE is very little difference between this plate and the laſt, otherwiſe, than that the expreſſions in the countenances of the firſt, vary, in ſome meaſure, from thoſe we meet with in this; and that, here, is introduced *Druſilla*, the wife of Felix, in conformity to ſacred record; whom our author has deſcribed, as a fine woman, to whoſe natural beauty he adds a luſtre, by the contraſted faces of the people round her. Indeed, the preſence of *Druſilla* ſerves to heighten the character of St. *Paul*, whoſe ſubject of diſcourſe, before *Felix*, on this occaſion, ſeems to be choſen with more ſagacity and propriety. *Druſilla* was a Jeweſs; her firſt huſband was a Heathen king, who, in order, to pleaſe her, ſubmitted to the moſt rigorous ceremony of Judaiſm. Notwithſtanding this, *Felix* happening to ſee her, fell in love with her, and, in oppoſition to that ſacred knot, that bound her to one huſband, aimed at obtaining her. He urged his ſuit, and, was heard. *Druſilla* broke through her firſt engagements, left her legal huſband, and, married him; for *Felix*, a Roman; *Felix*, the governor of *Judea*, and, favourite of *Cæſar*, was a conqueſt too noble to loſe. Thus, we ſee, greatneſs and riches have attractions, which can be ſcarcely withſtood, and, againſt which the pureſt virtue has need of all her fortitude, to arm her. When we conſider, then, the characters of *Felix* and *Druſilla*,

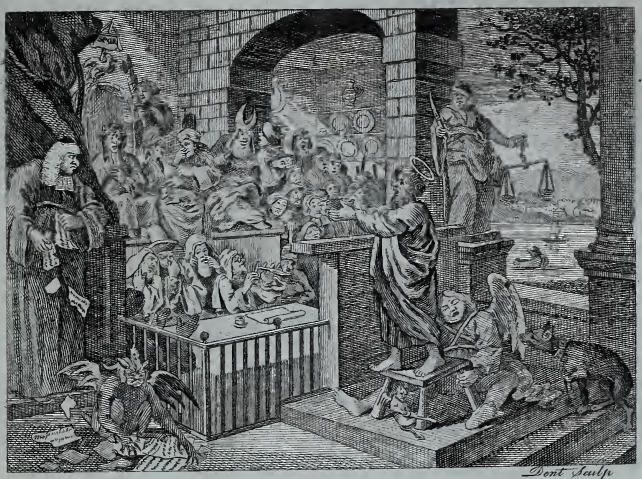
Druſilla, we ſhall much more admire that part of St. *Paul*'s ſermon, which treated of *temperance*: for, beſides the effect it had upon the luxury and licentiouſneſs of *Felix*, it made *Druſilla* ſenſible, that there is nothing more odious, in the eyes of the world, than a woman without honour; that modeſty is the greateſt ornament of her ſex; that an attachment, if not cemented by virtue, muſt be of ſhort duration; and, that thoſe who admit of criminal converſation, are the firſt to detect it. In ſhort, it taught them both, that virtuous actions are the teſt of a good heart, and, that, when the heart is bad, the mind can never be at eaſe.

HREE,

ERRATUM,

IN THE COUNTRY INN-YARD.

Page, 181, *line* 19. *for* hood; and, the man, *read*, hood, the child, and the man.



HERE, we ſee the matter treated with that ſpirit of humour, for which our author was ſo much diſtinguiſhed; and, leſt the bigotted religioniſt ſhould cenſure him, as profane, for ſo doing, let it be conſidered, that ſuch is the degeneracy of mankind, that naked truth often diſpleaſes, which, if dreſſed up, according to the faſhion of the times, would be greatly admired. This conſideration has given him an opportunity of ridiculing *Rembrandt*'s manner of painting *, which he has, here, done with great vivacity. So much for the deſign: now, for the explanation. The principal perſons, before whom St. *Paul* is preaching, are *Felix*, *Druſilla*, the high-prieſt, and, *Tertullus*: the reſt are hearers. *Felix* is known by his temples being wreathed with laurels, the cuſtomary tire of a Roman governor: *Druſilla* is painted, with a dog in her lap; (alluding to the ridiculous occupation of our modern ladies) the high-prieſt is deſcribed, as ready to fly at our apoſtle, with rage; and, *Tertullus*, as a ſerjeant-at-law, is repreſented, in a fit of mortified anger, tearing his brief, or, the accuſation he, unjuſtly, brought againſt him. It would be unneceſſary to repeat my remarks on what St. *Paul* is ſaying: I ſhall only

* A Dutch painter, who, conſtantly, in his ſcripture-pieces, introduced ſome abſurdity or other, as, a cat and dog fighting, &c.

obſerve, that he excites the aſtoniſhment and fear of all; which laſt ſeems to have worked ſo ſtrongly upon the governor, as to relax all his powers of retention, and, empoiſon the ſurrounding air, with a ſmell ſomething leſs odorous than court-perfumes. The poſitions of *Druſilla*, the perſon, next her, the *faſcis*-bearer, above, and, the three, below her, are finely executed; and, the expreſſion of their faces, is great and maſterly. Mr. *Hogarth* has not forgot to introduce a whining, hypocritical old woman, or, two, and, a perſon aſleep, into the group of by-ſtanders, in order, to complete the ſcene: had *this* been omitted, it muſt have been declared imperfect. He has pictured St. *Paul*, as a little man, has placed him upon a ſtool, that he might command the whole court, and, be able to *lay down* the law, to *all*. An angel is repreſented, as holding this ſtool, and, is ſuppoſed to have cloſed his eyes, with collected attention. Now, as wickedneſs is ever upon the watch, to enſnare the unwary, and, take advantage of an unguarded moment, we muſt acknowledge, 'tis, here, admirably deſcribed. A black dog, belonging to *Felix*, an emblem of his malicious maſter, is creeping, to fly at this celeſtial inhabitant; and, the devil is taking this opportunity to ſaw the apoſtle down. On the left of this plate, is one of *Satan*'s ſpies, gathering the pieces of the torn accuſation *, as they fall from *Tertullus*'s hand, reading what he ſaid upon the ſubject, and, turning up his noſe at its want of ſufficient virulence; intimating the diſpoſition of a ſuborned witneſs, who will ſtudy to blacken the accuſed to the utmoſt of his power, and, if innocence ſhould chance to bear up againſt it, condemn himſelf, for not having done it completely. Another thing we muſt not omit taking notice of, is, the pedeſtrian figure of *Juſtice*, on a pedeſtal, differently repreſented to what ſhe uſually is. Here, we ſee her, corpulent, grown fat by the law, hardly able to bear up againſt the bags of gold hanging at her ſide; one of her eyes uncovered, and, that directed, with a look of caution, to *this* court of judicature; her hair, on her blind ſide, ſtanding on end; one ſcale weighing down the other, and, inſtead of the ſword, ſhe is, cuſtomarily, painted with, holding, in her hand, a butcher's knife, (a ſymbol of perſecution) on which is engraved the city-dagger †, (alluding to the metropolis being the ſeat of juſtice) and, that pointed to-

* The words of this accuſation may be ſeen in the 24th chapter of the Acts of the Apoſtles.

† In the arms of the city of *London*, the principal thing is a dagger.

wards the bench; giving us to underſtand, that, though our laws are wiſely framed, yet, ſuch is the frequent, partial diſtribution of them, that offenders often eſcape the *laſh*, while innocence falls beneath the *blow*. 'Tis, therefore, incumbent on the magiſtracy, if they hope, themſelves, to be acquitted hereafter, to act with that uprightneſs, impartiality, and juſtice, that diſtinguiſh the good man from the bad.

ERRATUM,

IN THE COMPANY OF STROLLERS.

Page, 185. *line* 27. *for*, wrapt up for, *read*, complaining of, &c.

MR. GARRICK,

IN THE CHARACTER OF

RICHARD THE THIRD.

DRAMATIC performances, when judiciously chosen, conducted with decorum, and, well represented, have been ever considered as conducive to the good of society, in their improvement of the mind, their open correction of vice, and, public commendation of virtue. In theatrical exhibitions, the follies of the age are exposed, and, its virtues appear, in all their lustre. By these means, man has been led to avoid the one, and, embrace the other. Hence, it frequently happens, that society reaps a benefit, which it would not, probably, meet with, from the most prudent counsels, and, experienced lessons of the wise and aged. For this purpose, then, in populous cities, the sanction of government has been granted to these public amusements, and, inspectors of plays appointed, that nothing might be exhibited, tending to corrupt the heart, or, hurt the morals of the people. Under such good regulations are our plays in *London*, that there cannot be a finer school, and, happy are the public, when provided with an able instructor; for, such I call an experienced player, who feels the character he represents, and, gives its instructive parts their due weight. While he is admired for his excellence, he should be honoured for his importance, he being of more real service to the community, than many books of instruction extant: for, to this school we flock, through inclination, and, listen to what we are, there, taught, with great attention. Here, are the passions roused, reflection is set to work, and, the heart is wrought upon: the mind gives way to conviction, and, impressions are made, that are not easily effaced. Let us, then, pride ourselves in the existence of a GARRICK, and, let us tell it, with pleasure, to succeeding ages, that he *may have been* equalled, but, was *never* exceeded.

THE

THE part, before us, in which Mr. *Garrick* is repreſented, is that of *Shakeſpear*'s *Richard* the third. Thoſe who are acquainted with this prince's character, need not be told, that he was, naturally, bold, courageous, and, enterprizing; that, when buſineſs called him to the field, he ſhook off every degree of indulgence, and, applied his mind to the exigency of affairs. This may ſuffice for his being ſtripped no otherwiſe than of his armour, having retired to his tent, in order, to repoſe himſelf upon his bed, and, eaſe the fatigues of the preceding day. See him, now, haſtily riſing, at dead of night, in the utmoſt horror, from his own thoughts, being terrified, in his ſleep, by the dreadful phantoms of an affrighted imagination, ſeizing on his ſword, (a poor protection againſt an inward alarm!) by way of defence, againſt that foe, his diſordered fancy preſents to him. So great is his agitation, as to actuate every nerve and muſcle, and, even force the ring from his finger. By this, we ſee, that when the heart is affected, it communicates its ſenſibility to the extremeſt parts of the body, from the center, to the circumference; as diſtant water is put in motion, by circles, ſpreading from the place of its diſturbance. The paper, on the floor, containing theſe words,

" *Jockey*,

" *Jockey*, of *Norfolk*, be not ſo bold;
" For, *Dicken*, thy maſter, is bought, and, ſold;"

brought him by the duke of *Norfolk*, ſaying, he found it in his tent; and, lying, here, unattended to, as a mark of contempt; tells us, that, let a man ſteel himſelf ever ſo much againſt the arrows of conſcience, ſtill, they will find a way to his breaſt, and, ſhake the ſinner, though in his greateſt ſecurity. And, indeed, we cannot wonder, when we reflect on the many murders he was guilty of, deſerving of ſevereſt puniſhment; for, providence has wiſely ordained, that ſin ſhall be its own tormentor, otherwiſe, in many caſes, the offender, through his worldly greatneſs, would, frequently, in this life, eſcape unpuniſhed, and, the deſign of heaven, would, then, be fruſtrated. But, *Richard*, though he reached a throne, and, by that means, was exempt from the ſufferings of ſubjects, yet, he could not diveſt himſelf of his nature, but, was obliged to give way to the workings of the heart, and, bear the tortures of a diſtracted mind: for kings, tho' kings, are men. The expreſſion in his face, is a maſter-piece of execution, and, was a great compliment paid by Mr. *Hogarth* to his friend, Mr. *Garrick*; yet, far from being unmerited, as all that have ſeen him in the part, muſt acknowledge the *greatneſs* of the player. More *might* be ſaid in his praiſe, but——Mr. *Garrick* is ſtill alive. Without the tent, we have a diſtant view of the camp, and, of the royal guard, warming themſelves by ſome blazing wood; objects, with others in this print, deſigned to fill up, and, enrich the piece, whoſe moral tenor informs us, that conſcience is armed with a thouſand ſtings, which royalty itſelf is not ſecure from; that, of all tormentors, reflection is the worſt; that crowns, and, ſceptres, are baubles, compared with ſelf-approbation: and, that nought is productive of ſolid happineſs, but inward peace, and, ſerenity of mind.

MOSES

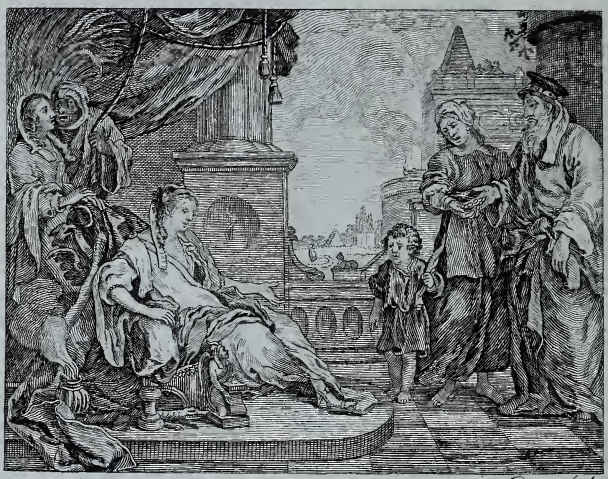
MOSES

BROUGHT BEFORE

PHARAOH's DAUGHTER.

IN paintings, be the ſubject almoſt what it will, it is ſure to pleaſe, if the colouring be bright, the figures well diſpoſed, and, the execution maſterly; circumſtances we never fail of meeting in Mr. *Hogarth*'s works; where art is ſo judiciouſly blended with nature, that every object ſeems to ſpeak and think. In no one plate is his peculiar excellence more conſpicuous, than in this, which he has greatly ſet off, by an introduction of age and infancy, the ordinary, and, the comely; youth and beauty, excluſive of all things elſe, being found to captivate the eye, and, charm the imagination. But, as it is an ill compliment to our author, to be continually pointing out thoſe beauties, that are ſufficiently viſible of themſelves, I ſhall break off, and, let the picture ſpeak for itſelf.

THIS



Dent Sculp.

THIS picture, among the many at the *Foundling-Hospital*, was one designed, both to decorate and recommend that noble charity; and, surely, Mr. *Hogarth* could not have pitched upon a subject more applicable to the occasion. Every one must know the design of this charitable house of compassion, which is calculated for the maintenance and education of exposed, and, deserted infants; an institution of so political and merciful a nature, as to be, in all respects, worthy the royal sanction, with which it is honoured. Let the spectator keep this in view, and, call to mind the story of *Moses*, who was hid by his parents, for three months, from the wrath of *Pharaoh*, who had commanded every male child, of the Hebrew women, to be cast into the river, and, he must acknowledge their similitude. When they could hide him no longer, his mother put him into a basket, made for that purpose, laid him in the flags, by the river's side, and, thus, left him to the mercy of providence. It chanced, that *Pharaoh*'s daughter came down to this place, in order, to wash herself: and, seing the basket, directed one of her maidens to bring it to her. When the child was brought, it cried, and, thus, excited her compassion: upon which his sister, *Miriam*, who had, unknown to her mother, stood by, and, watched him; and, at that time, had not quitted the place; proposed to the princess,

ceſs, her going to fetch a Hebrew nurſe for it: the royal maid conſenting, ſhe fetched its own mother, whom the princeſs conſidering only as a nurſe, bad inſtantly to take it, telling her, ſhe would, herſelf, reward her for her trouble. Some time after, when the child was grown a little older, this great and amiable perſonage had him brought to her, and, adopted him her ſon. This laſt circumſtance forms the ſubject of the print, before us; where, on one ſide, we obſerve the illuſtrious fair-one ſeated, in all the pride of eaſtern magnificence, and, with a gracious countenance, (royalty's greateſt glory) holding out her compaſſionate hand, inviting the infant to her. On the other ſide, we ſee the mother-nurſe receiving, with tears in her eyes, her ſtipulated wages, diſtreſſed to the utmoſt, at the thoughts of parting with her deareſt child. The benevolence of the princeſs, the wonder and concern of her attendants, the ſelf-importance of her treaſurer, the innocent alarm of the boy, and, the grief of its mother, are ſhewn in their reſpective faces, and, preſent us ſo fine a group of expreſſions, as can ſcarcely be equalled. Reflect, now, on the *Foundling-Hoſpital*, and, ſee, in this hiſtory of *Moſes*, the princely deſign of that merciful houſe of refuge, where the deſerted, helpleſs babe, is reſcued from the jaws of deſtruction; where it is brought up, to be uſeful to ſociety, to bleſs its heavenly benefactors, and, to know its divine creator. The Hebrew woman, here, parting with her infant, though not directly ſimilar, muſt awaken in us the idea of a neceſſitous parent, perhaps, a mournful widow, with a diſappointed, wounded heart; and, with all that diſtreſs, woe, and, deſpair, that attend the dreadful *lot* of excluſion, carrying back, to an empty abode, her famiſhing child; when nothing but extreme want and neceſſity could ſo far have prevailed over parental affection, and, the ties of nature, as to induce her to take the tender, young creature, from her boſom, and, reſign it to ſhe knows not whom, under public care. This thought, as well as that of ſaving deſerted children from periſhing, whom unnatural parents ſhall, at any time, leave to be picked up by the inquiſitive eye of public benevolence, one would imagine, ſhould be ſufficient to claim the concurrence of individuals, (whom providence may have enabled to aſſiſt) to the ſupport of government; that the charitable door of this friendly roof might be always open; and, that excluſions ſo grievous to particular perſons, and, ſo hurtful to the community, might be no longer known*.

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* Beneath this plate, is engraved the following text of holy writ: "And the child grew, and, ſhe brought him unto *Pharaoh's* daughter, and, "he became her ſon; and, ſhe called his name *Moſes*." *Exodus*, 2. verſe 10.

A

MIDNIGHT CONVERSATION.

AMONG all the vices mankind is guilty of, that of immoderate drinking is not one of the leaſt. We, ſome how or other, in this, run counter to the dictates of nature. So infatuated are men, that, in order, to gratify a friend, or, indulge an inſatiate appetite, they will, frequently, make beaſts of themſelves, and, give riſe to diſorders, they ſhall not, ſometimes, get rid of for years to come. Other vices, in the commiſſion of them, afford ſome degree of pleaſure; but, drunkenneſs carries its puniſhment along with it. What is it but a diſtemper of the head, a ſubverſion of the ſenſes, a tempeſt in the tongue, a ſtorm of the body, the ſhipwreck of virtue, a woeful loſs of time, and, a voluntary madneſs? It is like a ſudden land-flood, that brings down from the higher grounds abundance of filth and naſtineſs. In ſhort, 'tis a vice of ſo irrational, ſo beaſtly a nature, as to well deſerve the ſevereſt cenſure. Senſible of this, our author holds forth to view the picture of the drunkard, ſhews us the various effects of ebriety, and, laſhes the offender with a ſcourge of his own providing. Mr. *Hogarth*'s reproof, in this ſcene, has been rather too perſonal, he having pointed out, here, a particular club, and, ſatirized its members. However, as ſome of the gentlemen are ſtill alive, I ſhall make no other than general remarks, there being many, at preſent, whom each character will fit; thouſands, whom each object, in the plate, will aptly repreſent.

HERE,

Dent sculp.

HERE, then, we ſee aſſembled a ſet of *ſociable* beings, met, if we can believe it, for the ſake of converſation, and, the mutual enjoyment of each other's company; but, how far this rational entertainment took place, the ſcene, before us, will give us to underſtand. Though we are to ſuppoſe, they met at the beginning of the evening, we are told, by the clock, and, the expiring candles, that the hour, now, is four in the morning; notwithſtanding which, the bowl is juſt repleniſhed. By the number of empty flaſks upon the mantle-piece, and, other objects upon the floor, we learn, what a quantity of liquor they have ſwallowed. Exceſs of drinking produces various effects on different conſtitutions; ſome it ſickens, others it maddens, and, others, again, it ſtupifies; but, ſtill, it ſtrikes at the underſtanding, and, deprives the man of his only guard, his reaſon. How finely are theſe characters, here, deſcribed, and, with how great a fund of humour!—In front, are two, ſo far gone, as to loſe the uſe of their legs: on the right, is one, not quite ſo loſt, but ſtill enough to fire his ruffle, inſtead of his pipe. This man, we learn, by the news-papers in his pocket, is a coffee-houſe politician, one of thoſe extraordinary beings, who talk of what they do not underſtand, and, foment ſedition, through a deſire of being thought wiſer than their neighbours. Better were it, ſuch men were always ſenſeleſs, than that their tongues ſhould

run to the disgrace of themselves, and, the destruction of society!—On the right of him, is one, sick to the heart, reaching to vomit. The next, is one of those *jolly* parsons, (eager to drink an indecent toast) who pride themselves more in the number of bottles they can *carry off*, that is, swallow, without being intoxicated, than in any one thing else, whatever. Behind, is a barrister at law, brimful of wine, attempting to listen to his drunken client. The faces and position of these two are highly executed, as are, indeed, those of all the rest. On the left of this plate, is one fast asleep, and, snoring, as loud as we can imagine; and, near him, two veterans at the bottle, back to back, seemingly *set in for it* for hours to come; two of those nightly heroes, who, by frequent use, can *bravely* drink, while others fall; and, boast sobriety, even, in the greatest act of intemperance: a striking instance of the infatuation of some men, who pride themselves in their folly, and, glory in their very weakness. To give a picture of the drunkard, has been thought by many, sufficient to make the vice detested. Agreeable to this, suffer me, as a sequel to the plate before us, and, as a further dissuasive from the evil, to present you his portrait, drawn in *words*, by a divine of our church. How deserving is he, says he, of respect, when we behold him tottering and staring, with his mouth as open as his eyes, perhaps driveling, and, doing other unseemly actions, fit to make such as see him, sicken at the sight of him?—If he be not too far gone, as the phrase is, the idiot is very apt to be mighty fond of every one he meets, will entertain them with a particular detail, interlarded with a thousand oaths, of the number of bottles he can carry off; and, inform them, how often he has been drunk that week; and, what jovial souls, that is, what incorrigible sots, he has, lately, conversed with; and, when he has stunned your ears with this long bead-roll of nonsense, and, blown his hot, beastly, sour breath, in your face, till you are heartily fatigued with his impertinence; then he lays fast hold of you, roars out the most private affairs of his family; and, though, perchance, you should be an utter stranger to him, yet, if any one has been so unguarded, as to entrust him with a secret, out it comes, at all adventures, no matter for the consequence: further, to let you know he is of some consideration, he will give you the history of all his acquaintance, and, if he can recollect any one instance of their ill conduct, you are sure to have it, with large additions, to let you understand they are all as bad as himself. He concludes, either by oversetting some of the company, and, tumbling with them on the floor, and, by that means, giving the rest an opportunity to retire; or, retiring himself, with an invective against sobriety, humming over an old song, to prove himself in

the

the right, and, condemn the behaviour of his ſoberer company. A very wiſe ſcheme of life, this!—But, obſerve him when his head begins to ſettle.—How low are his ſpirits ſunk!—What ſecret reſolutions does he make, and, how does he deteſt himſelf!—When the qualm, however, is once gone off, and, he feels his conſcience giving him a check, then, he repeats the nauſeous draught, and, thus, his life is one continued ſcene of riot and exceſs. In ſhort, he renders himſelf a torment to his family, troubleſome to his acquaintance, and, uſeleſs to the commonwealth *.

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* At the bottom of the plate, are engraved theſe words; added ſome time after its firſt publication, through a deſire of Mr. *Hogarth*'s, not to give offence, by its perſonality.

Think not to find one *meant reſemblance* there;
We laſh the *vices*, but, the *perſons* ſpare.
Prints ſhould be *priz'd*, as *authors* ſhould be *read*;
Who ſharply ſmile prevailing folly dead.
So RABELAIS *taught*, and, ſo CERVANTES *thought*;
So *nature dictated* what *art* has *taught*.

ERRATUM,
IN PAUL BEFORE FELIX.
Page, 192. *line*, 7. *for*, deteſt, *read*, dereſt.

THE

FAIR.

THE tumultuous ſcenes of life, to ſuch as have diſcernment, are found to be crowded with infinite humour. As a proof of this, we need only refer to the lord-mayor's-ſhew, in this work, the execution ſcene, the March to *Finchley*, the election prints, and, this, before us; where every one that is the leaſt acquainted with them, muſt allow each group to be droll, real, and, natural. The ſubject of the plate under conſideration, is that of the Borough fair, (a fair, held, ſome time ſince, in the borough of *Southwark*, though now ſuppreſſed, on account of the ill conſequences attending ſuch meetings, in very populous, trading places.) Fairs were originally deſigned as general markets, though, now, through the licentiouſneſs of the times, they are reduced to little elſe than ſeaſons of diſſipation, riot, and, intemperance. This of the Borough was ever compoſed of the inhabitants of town and country, and, therefore, of all fairs, was one that afforded the greateſt variety; eſpecially, as, of late years, it was devoted to every thing looſe and irregular. A view of the ſcene, of which the following print is a faithful repreſentation, will affirm this truth.

Anno Mundi.

THE principal group, upon the left, consists of the fall of a scaffold, on which was assembled a strolling company, pointed out, by the paper lanthorn hanging in front, to be that belonging to *Cibber* and *Bullock*, ready dressed to exhibit (as Mr. *Hogarth* has drolly applied it) *the fall of* Bajazet. Here, we see *merry-andrews*, monkeys, queens, and, emperors, sinking in one general confusion; and, that the crash may appear the greater, the stand, beneath, is humourously supposed to consist of earthen-ware and china. Notwithstanding this fatal overthrow, few below are seen to notice it, through a collected attention to other objects: witness the boys and woman gambling at the box and dice, the upright monkey, and, the little bag-piper dancing his wooden figures. Thus, frequently, are our thoughts so much engaged, as to render us, often, insensible of our danger. Above this scaffold hangs a painting, the subject of which is the *stage-mutiny*; whose figures are as follow. On one side, is *Pistol* strutting, (crying out, *Pistol*'s *alive) Falstaff*, justice *Shallow*, and, many other characters of *Shakespear*, carrying flags in triumph, bearing these inscriptions, *Liberty and Property*; *we eat*; &c. on the other, the manager, bearing in his hand a paper, on which is written, *it cost* 6000 *l.* a scene-painter, having laid his brushes aside and taken up a cudgel; and, a woman, holding up an ensign, bearing the words, *We'll starve 'em out*. In the corner, is a man, *quiet, and, snug*, hugging a bag of money, laughing at the folly of the rest; and, behind, a monkey, perched upon a sign-iron, supposed to be that of the *Rose*-tavern in *Drury-lane*, squeaking out, *I am a gentleman*. These paintings are, in general, designed to shew what is exhibited within; but, this alludes to a dispute that arose (at the time when this print was published, which was in the year 1733) between the players and the patentee of *Drury-lane* theatre, when young *Cibber*, the son of the *Laureat*, was at the head of the faction. As these places are crowded with exhibitions of different kinds, in order, to amuse the idle, and, fill the pockets of their respective proprietors, we must consider the whole as directed to one point of view. Above, on one side, is an equilibrist swinging on a slack rope; and, on the other, a man flying from the tower to the ground, by means of a groove fastened to his breast, slipping over a line, strained from one place to the other. I remember, on this subject, that a prelate being asked permission for a rope to be fixed to the steeple of a cathedral church, for that purpose, replied, the man might fly *to* the church whenever he pleased, but, he should never give his consent to any one's flying *from* it. At the back of this plate, is *Lee* and *Harper*'s great booth, where, by the picture of the wooden horse, we are told, is represented, the siege of *Troy*. The next paintings

consist

conſiſt of the fall of *Adam*, and, *Eve*; and, a ſcene in *Punch*'s opera. Beneath, is a mountebank, exalted on a ſtage, eating fire, to attract the public attention; while his *merry-andrew*, behind, is diſtributing his medicines. Further back, is a ſhift, and, hat, carrying upon poles, deſigned as prizes to the beſt runner, or, wreſtler. In front, is a group of ſtrollers, parading the fair, in order, to collect an audience for their next exhibition; in which is a female drummer, at that time, well known, and, remarked for her beauty, which, we obſerve, has caught the eye of two countrymen, one old, the other young. Behind theſe men, is a buſkined hero, beſet by a *Marſhalſea*-court officer †, and, his follower. Theſe ill-looking fellows are well deſcribed. To the right is a ſavoyard, exhibiting her farthing ſhow; and, behind, a player at back-ſword, riding a blind horſe round the fair, triumphantly, in all the boaſt of ſelf-important heroiſm, affecting terror in his countenance, glorying in his ſcars, and, challenging the world to open combat: a folly, the Engliſh are remarked for. To this man is one directing the attention of a country gentleman, taking that opportunity to rob him of his handkerchief. Next him, is an artful villain, decoying a couple of country, unthinking girls, to their ruin. Further back, is a man kiſſing a wench, in the crowd; and above, a juggler, performing ſome dexterity of hand. It would be needleſs, and, endleſs, to enter into a diſſertation on the various matter of this plate; let it ſuffice to ſay, it preſents us many groups of ſpirited and laughable characters; ſhews us to what degeneracy the taſte of the people is now arrived; and, it is hoped, while it pleaſes the eye, will improve the underſtanding.

† A bailiff.

F I N I S;

OR, THE

T A I L - P I E C E.

AS many of Mr. *Hogarth*'s admirers were desirous of having his works bound up together, considering them as much, if not more, worthy of study, than many books, that are extant; he thought it necessary, in order, to complete the whole, and, preserve that consistency he had been ever observant of, to add some print, by way of tail-piece, in contrast to the customary frontispiece of the generality of publications. What, then, should *this* be? Something allusive to *The End*.— In the following plate, then, he gives us a collection of such things as bear, indeed, some affinity to the Latin word, FINIS, which we meet with in the last leaf of every book; but, that it may not be totally barren of design, and, humour, takes this opportunity of ridiculing the many, glaring absurdities that are often seen in old, celebrated pictures of serious cast, (owing to the ignorance of their painters, in introducing low, obscene, and, frequently, profane matter into them) by mixing, here, the mean, with the sublime, and, the trifling, with that of much importance. Analagous, therefore, to *Swift*'s art of sinking in poetry, he calls it *the* BATHOS, *or, manner of sinking in sublime paintings*; and, inscribes the plate to the dealers in dark pictures.

As

As there is no great connection among that variety of objects we obſerve in this print, excepting of a conformity with *the End*, I ſhall not confine myſelf to any order, but, mention the various matter, as it occurs. On one ſide, then, we ſee a ruinous tower, having, in front, a decayed clock, or, time-piece; contiguous to that, a grave-ſtone, and, nearer to us, the remains of a column, againſt which lies the figure of *Time*, in the utmoſt agony, breathing out his *laſt*. The emblems, with which he is cuſtomarily painted, *viz.* his ſcythe, and, hour-glaſs, lie, broken, beſide him. In one of his hands, is a fractured pipe; in the other, a roll of parchment, containing his will, in which he has bequeathed all and every atom of this world to blank *Chaos*, whom he has appointed his ſole executrix. This will is ſealed and witneſſed, by the three ſiſter *Fates*, *Clotho*, *Lacheſis*, and, *Atropos*. Beneath this will, lies a ſhoemaker's *laſt*, and, a cobler's *end*. On the left of theſe, is an empty, ragged purſe, a commiſſion of bankruptcy, with the ſeal affixed, ſuppoſed to be taken out againſt poor *Nature*, and, a play-book, opened at the cloſe of the laſt act, where *exeunt omnes* ſtands forth to view. In the middle, is the remnant of a bow and quiver, a crown deſtroyed, and, a worn-out ſcrubbing-bruſh. On the other ſide of this plate, is a withered tree, a decayed cottage, and, a falling ſign of *the world's end*, deſcribed by the terreſtrial

globe, burſting out in flames. At the foot of this poſt, is our author's print of the *Times* *, ſet on fire by little better than a ſnuff of burning candle. Near this, lies a cracked bell; a broken bottle; a piece of old rope, or, a *rope's end*; a beſom, worn to the ſtump; the ſtock of a muſquet; a whip, laſhed away to the handle; a capital of the *Ionic* order, and, a fractured painter's palette †. At ſome diſtance, is ſeen a man, hanging in chains, and, a ſhip, foundering at ſea; and, to complete the whole, in the firmament, above, is the moon ‡, darkened, by the death of ſol §, who, with his lifeleſs courſers, lies, ſtretched upon a cloud, his chariot wheels broken, and, his ſource of light extinguiſhed.

THUS, however jumbled together may the objects, in this plate, be, with a deſign of expoſing the abſurdities of ſome ancient paintings; they ſerve to put us in mind, that life is little better than a *jumble* of incidents, that the end of all things approaches, and, that a day will, ſooner or later, come, when *Time* itſelf, ſhall be no more.

MEMENTO MORI ‖.

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* A political print, publiſhed in *September*, 1762, in favour of lord *Bute*'s party, which being merely temporal, was not thought of conſequence enough to appear in this collection.

† Alluding to our author's profeſſion.

‡ It is well known, that the moon receives her light from the ſun.

§ The ſun; pictured by poets, as being drawn in a chariot, by four horſes, daily, round the earth.

‖ Remember thy latter end.

FINIS.

AN

INDEX

OF THE

CONTENTS of this VOLUME.

A

ADminiſtration, condemned, *Page* 52. Bad one illuſtrated by a ſtory 53
Affection, the want of it in married people, the cauſe of their ruin — 57, 59
Ambition —— 38
Arts and ſciences, the ſociety of 174
Aſylum, ſome account of it 16
Author, his apology *Pref.* viii.
Authors, their diſtreſs 23, 124
Their pride, *ibid.* their folly *ibid.*

B

Bailiffs, their office 26
Barber ſurgeons, ridiculed 160
Bawds, their artfulneſs 3
Bawdy-houſe, its revels deſcribed — — 25
Beauty, the line of, what *Pr.* i, ii
B—kf—d, alderman *Pref.* vii
Bedlam deſcribed 37, 38
Beggar's Opera, ſome account of —— —— p. 121
Birds, blinding them cenſured 133
B—lt—n, dutcheſs of 121
Bon mot of a prelate 208
Books, certain ones cenſured 147
Boxing-match, a view of one 170
Bribery, its effects 47, 92
Bridewell, ſome account of it 8
Bridgman, the gardener 21
Broughton, the prize-fighter 138
Bull-baiting, a barbarous diverſion —— —— 135

C

Calais-gate, a view of 105
Canvaſſing for votes, deſcribed 47. Story relative to it 48
Caracatura and Character, a diſtinction between them 129—131
Cats,

Cats, worrying of them cenſured, p. 134. How accounted for *ibid.*
Chairing a member, a view of 55
Charing-croſs, a view of 159
Charity, the great want of it 30
Charity ſchools cenſured, 134, 150
Chartres, Col. ſome account of him —— —— 3
Ch—th—m, earl of *Pref.* vii
Children, advice to, in marriage 70, 71
Chorus-ſingers burleſqued 163
Chriſtians, their duty 76
Church, how we ſhould behave there 76, 77. The conſequence of neglecting it 78
Churches, the groſs neglect of them —— — 30
Churchill, Charles, ſome account of *Pref.* v. vii
Clergy, their diſtreſs and folly, 2. Their oſcitancy and lukewarmneſs, deſcribed, 107, 108. What owing to, *ibid.*
Coach, travelling in a ſtage, ridiculed, 182. Its paſſengers deſcribed —— 181
Coachmen, hackney ones, their barbarity to their horſes 136, 137
Cock-lane ghoſt, an account of 114
Cock-pit, a view of one 178
Cocks, throwing at them condemned, 133. Fighting them cruel —— 135, 177
Columbus, ſome account of 175
Conſcience, a guilty one deſcribed, 85, 86, 197. Its effects, 198
Covent-garden, a view of 154
Counſellors going 4 in a coach, ridiculed —— p. 137
Credulity of the Engliſh 113—118
Cruelty, its diſgrace to a chriſtian country — 144
Cuckolds ridiculed 159
Cudgel-player ridiculed 209

D

Devotion, outward, cenſured 154
Diligence — — 73
Draymen, the ill conſequence of their riding on the ſhafts 137
Dreſs, the pride of women in it at church, 77. Folly of the French — — 106, 156
Drovers, their cruelty 135
Drummer of *Tedworth* 114
Drummers at weddings, a nuiſance — — 84
Drunkard, deſcribed 204, 205
Drunkenneſs, its ill effects 150, 151, 203. Defined 202
Druſilla, ſome account of 191
Du-bois, the fencing-maſter 21
Duelling — — 67

E

Ear, why 'tis more offended with indelicacy than the eye 172
Education, the good effects of it 135
Election, feaſt deſcribed, 43, 44. Its riots, 43, 56, 182. Story relative to one 44
Electors arms —— 45
Engliſh, their folly with reſpect to muſic —— 119
Enthuſiaſm deſcribed 113—118
Epicure, his cruelty 132

Evening, described, p. 158. Its walk in summer ridiculed *ib.*
Execution of a malefactor, a view of one, 93. Described 94

F

Fair, view of one, 207. Its origin — — 206
Fanaticism described 113, 118
Farinelli —— 22, 65
Fascis, Roman, what 190
Felix, some account of 188
Fig, the prize-fighter 21
Fleet-prison —— 34
Foundling-hospital, some account of —— 200, 201
French troops, embarkation of, 100. Their bad pay 104. Bad food, 105. Their pride 106
Frolics, inconsiderate 155
Funeral of a whore, satirized 12

G

Gaming, the folly of it 32, 33
Gaming-house, described 32
Garrick, Mr. complimented 196, 198
Gentlemen, advice to young ones — — 39, 40
Gibson, bishop of *London*, his pastoral letter satirized 7
Gin, its pernicious effects 149--152
Gunston, Sir *John* 7
Guttling, its disgrace 88

H

Hampstead, a distant view of 93, 170
Handel — — 22
Happiness, our mistaken notions of it —— 17
Heir, the extravagance of a young one, p. 18—40. His levee — — 21
Highgate, a distant view of, 93, 170
Hog-lane, St. *Giles*, a view of 156
Honesty, its consequence 80
Hoops, their enormous size ridiculed — — 147
Horse-guards, building, ridiculed — — 47
Host, a view of the carrying it 105
Hypocrisy, a characteristic of the French and Great, 157. In religion laughed at 13

I

Jew-bill — — 43
Inn-keepers censured 182
Jocasta, the story of 186
Judges ridiculed — 131
Judicature, courts of, ridiculed 193—195

K

King, his speech, *Nov.* 29, 1748, commemorated 147

L

Laugh, its various distinctions 163
Leatherhead, porter to the Rose-tavern, *Drury-lane* 25
L—c—st—r, lord 37
Lock-Hospital — 7
Lockman, Mr. complimented 147
Lord-mayor's shew, view of it, 96. Described — 98

M

Madness, various kinds of it 37, 38
Magdalen-

Magdalen-houſe, ſome account of it — — p. 9
Magiſtrate, a criminal brought before one — — 91
Maid, an old one ridiculed 154
Marriage-act — 43
Men, their faithleſsneſs 140
Merit diſregarded, a diſgrace to this country 174
Methodiſts, the riſe of 108
Miſer ridiculed — 19
Mizebank, Dr. ſatirized 10
Monument of *London*, a view of 83
Morning deſcribed 154
Moſes, the ſtory of 200
Murder, a horrid inſtance of 139
Murderer diſſected 154

N

Nero, the emperor, ſome account of — — 134
N— —, duke of 56
Night deſcribed, 160. A rejoicing one, *ditto* *ibid.*
Night-cellar, a view of one 89
Noon deſcribed — — 156
North-briton, *Pref.* v, vi

O

Oath, the little regard paid to it 51
Oedipus, the ſtory of 186

P

Painting and poetry, their ſimilitude — — 153
Paintings, old ones ridiculed, 210—212
Palace, St. *James's*, a view of 26
Parents, advice to 39, 70
Parnel, Mr. complimented 45
Paul, St. the ſtory of, 188. His preaching — — *ibid.*
Pawn-brokers cenſured, p. 148, 150
Periwigs, the folly of great ones, 126, 127. The different orders of thoſe worn at the coronation — — *ibid.*
Philip in the tub — 83
Philoſophy — — 37
Phyſicians, their pride 69
Players, good ones, of what uſe, 196. Strolling ones dreſſing, deſcribed — — 185
Plays, of what ſervice to ſociety 196
Politician ridiculed, 35. Cenſured — — 204
Polling at an election deſcribed 51, 52
Poor, their diſtreſſes 160
Porters of *London*, their folly 80
Preacher, bad one deſcribed, 110. Mercenary ones, *ditto*, 115. The degeneracy of modern ones 188, 189
Prude, condemned 38
Pſalm-ſinging, how it ought to be performed — 76

Q

Quacks, ſatirized 10, 62, 167
Quality, people of, their character, 22. Pride, 58. Indifference in wedlock, 60 61. Extravagance, 61. Depraved taſte, *ibid.* Their folly, 64. in buying pictures, 69. china, 64

R

Rabbit-woman, an account of 115
Rake, his adventures 24
Rawlins, *Nan* — — 179

Religion,

Religion, want of it shewn, p. 110, 111
Rembrandt — — 193
Richard the third, his character 197
Rock, Dr. — — 155
R——ne, Rev. Mr. 117
Rout — — 60

S

Sadlers-wells, a view of 158
Sailors, their hardship 55
Serpentine line *Pref.* i, ii
Shebbeare, Dr. —— 51
Sheriff's feast described 88
Sloth — — 73
Soldier, enlisting one, 102. English described, *ib.* French, *ditto* 100
Squibs, the ill consequence of them — —— 160
Stile, new — — 43
Suicide —— —— 69
Superstition — — 37
Surgeon's Hall, a view of it, 142. Their unfeeling disposition —— — 143

T

Tale-tellers of *Scotland*, described — — 109
Taylor, chevalier —— 167
Taylors, ridiculed 38, 55
T—mple, lord — *Pref.* vii
Theatres, the employ of the polite there —— 163
Time, its instability, 155, Its end described 211, 212
Tories — —— p. 43
Tottenham-court turnpike, a view of — — 171

U

Venality — — 56
Viciousness hardened, described 78, 82
Villars, Sir *George*, his apparition 117
Universities, their public lectures ridiculed 164

W

Ward, Dr. — — 167
Weavers at work 74, 79
Wedding, a fashionable one 29
Whigs — — 43
White's chocolate-house ridiculed — — 27
Wh—tf—d, Rev. Mr. described 115
Wilkes, Mr. some account of *Pref.* vi, vii
Witch, painted —— 116
Witchcraft, an old woman's cure of —— — 115
Women, their danger from their lovers, 13. Advice to them, 14. Their credulity 140
Women of the town, their extravagance and inconstancy, 4, 5. Hypocrisy, 5, 12. Distress, 6, 10. Punishment, 8. Funeral, 12. Arms, *ib.* Insincerity, 85, Treachery 89

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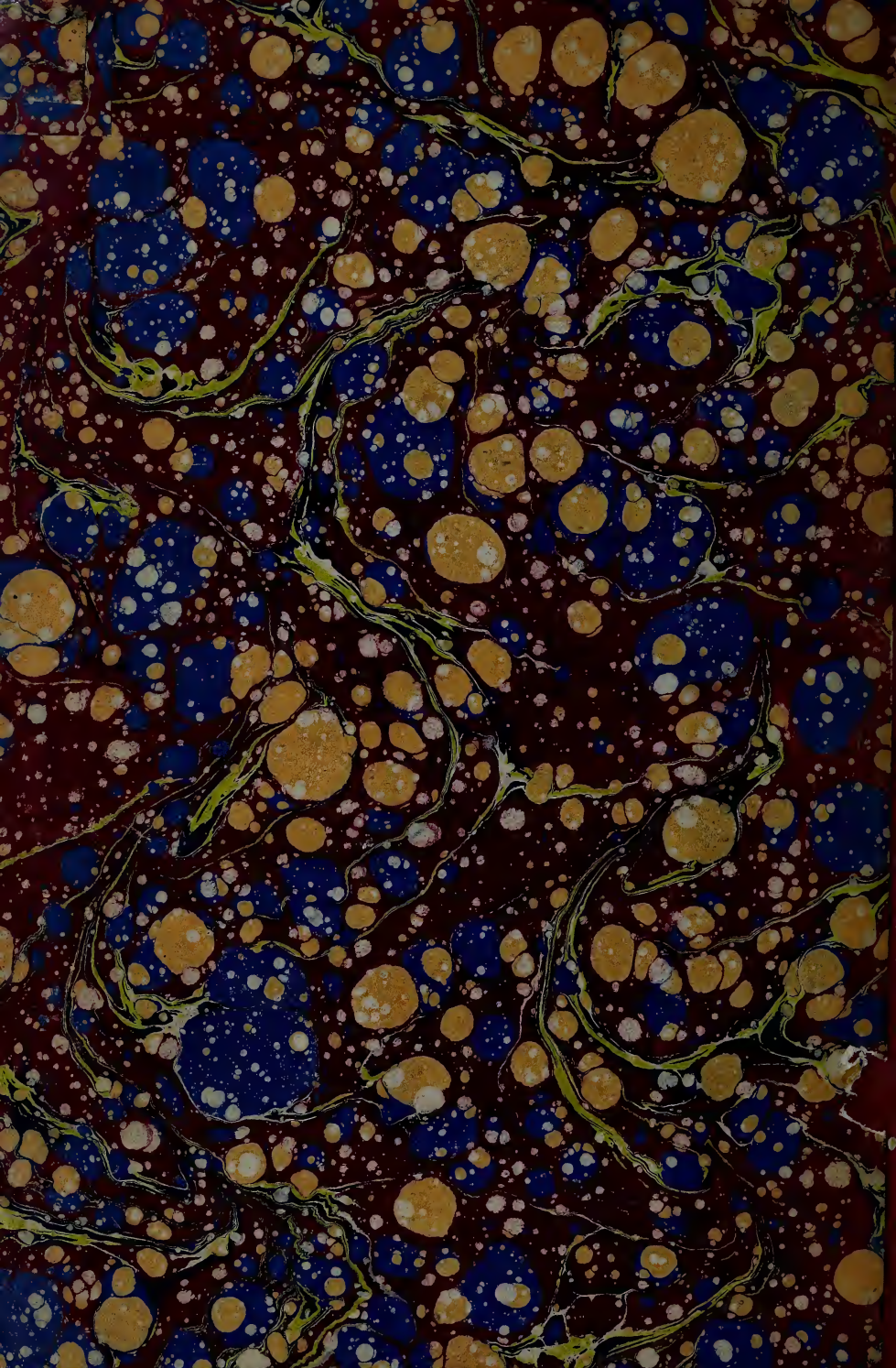
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